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THOMAS N. DOUTNEY:

HIS LIFE-STRUGGLE, FALL, AND REFORMATION.

ALSO

A Vivid Pen-Picture of New York,

TOGETHER WITH

A HISTORY OF THE WORK HE HAS ACCOMPLISHED AS A TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Profusely Illustrated.

BOSTON:
RAND AVERY COMPANY.
Franklin Press.
1887.

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TO

THE BEST PART OF MY LIFE,

My Wife,

THIS STORY OF MY "LIFE"

IS TENDERLY DEDICATED

BY THE MAN SHE HAS BLESSED FOR LIFE,

HER HUSBAND.

INTRODUCTION.

Whoever wishes to know the life that is lived in New York and the other large cities of America, by thousands upon thousands of human beings, let him read this book.

Whoever wishes to peruse the simple, truthful narrative of the sins, sufferings, struggles, yet, by the grace of God, the ultimate reformation and triumph, of an average human being, — such as Thomas N. Doutney, — let him read this book.

Whoever wishes to learn the history of temperance work in this country, let him read this book.

And whoever sincerely desires to know the true nature of the demon Alcohol, and the real character of that hell, Intemperance, — from which only the blessing of God on his own exertions can rescue the rum-drinker and the rum-seller, — let him read this book.

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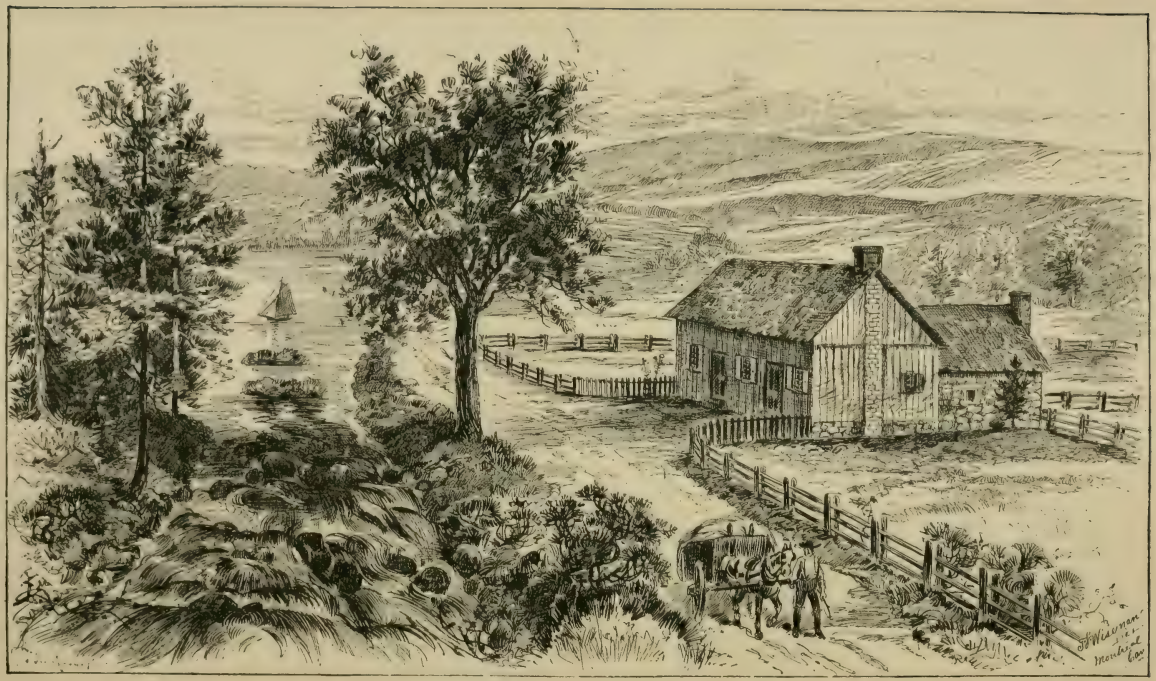

The house in which Thomas N. Doutney was born, May 4, 1846, at La Tortue, village of La Prairie, P.Q. This house is situated directly opposite the "sault," the great rapids. [Sketched specially for this book by Wiseman of Montreal.]

THE LIFE-STRUGGLE OF THOMAS N. DOUTNEY.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTHPLACE AND MY PARENTAGE. — MY FATHER'S CAREER. — MY MOTHER AND MY FAMILY. — "JUST AS I AM."

THERE is a certain good or ill fortune, as the case may be, that is derived by each one of us, not only from the circumstances connected with our birth, but from our birthplace. To my mind, it is a positive misfortune to be born amid local surroundings that have no beauty; while it is a direct happiness in itself to be ushered into existence, and to grow up, amid beautiful scenery, amid delightful valleys, or vast green woods, or beneath the grand mountains, or beside the yet grander sea.

I therefore really feel grateful that I was born in one of the finest portions of Canada, on the right-hand bank of that mighty river, the St. Lawrence, which is year by year growing in the esteem of tourists, and which, though not so vast as the Mississippi, nor so romantically beautiful as the Hudson, still possesses characteristic attractions of its own which will always render it an object of deserved admiration and interest.

I was born in the village of Laprairie, in Canada East, nearly opposite Montreal, to which city my parents removed shortly after my birth. Now, there are few cities which, in point of picturesque beauty, surpass Montreal. With its houses built of the gray limestone from the adjacent quarries, with its

numerous tall spires, its many glittering roofs and domes, with its scores of beautiful villas studding its lofty background, the city presents as charming a panorama as is to be seen on the entire continent.

It was in this beautiful city that my early youth was passed, and my first, and therefore most indelible, impressions of life were formed. My father's home was in the immediate vicinity of the great Roman-Catholic cathedral, confessedly the largest and finest cathedral in America, surmounted by a tower, the view from which almost defies description. It may seem a little thing, this living near so grand and beautiful a building as this cathedral; but in reality, in its imperceptible but all-pervading effect upon the heart and mind of the constant beholder, it was a very important thing indeed. It became, as it were, part and parcel, and a very important portion, of my daily life. It was the first object I saw from my room-window in the morning, the last object I saw from my window at night ere I went to bed. It was with me in its might and beauty all the time. It stole into my soul unawares. Its quiet might and majesty were deeply impressed upon me, — far more deeply than I at the time myself imagined. In fact, boylike, I thought nothing about it, I suppose; but, notwithstanding my carelessness of the effect, the effect was there, and has remained there ever since. In all my wanderings and adventures, in my darkest hours as in my brightest, the grand yet beautiful proportions and outlines of that cathedral have been carried with me in my mind's eye, proving once more the positive truth of those oft-quoted words, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

My father's name was Thomas L. Doutney, and he was both a gentleman and a scholar. He came of a good old family; and he had been educated at La Salle University, in the famed old city of Quebec, the most celebrated and the most picturesque of American cities.

"It was the first object I saw from my window in the morning" [p. 2].

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Just as my heart has ever fondly turned to Montreal; so my father's heart always tenderly turned, in memory, to Quebec. My father was never wearied of telling me about the dear, quaint old city of his college days. He would graphically describe the fine Upper Town, the semi-aristocratic, semi-religious city which stretched within the walls, devoted part to dwellings, and part to religious edifices, — a city which, even in this nineteenth century, when the days of chivalry are recalled only in the novels of James or Scott, still resembles a mediæval town, such as the Crusaders might have lived in.

Having been educated in Quebec, my father settled in Montreal, and, on attaining the age of twenty-one, became the editor and proprietor of a journal — a daily journal — entitled "L'Aurore des Canadas." My father had always evinced an inclination towards political literature and press-writing, and had taken the trouble (in which respect he differed for the better from most press-writers) to familiarize himself thoroughly with all the practical departments connected with a newspaper. He had literally served "an apprenticeship" to "the newspaper business," and understood all the duties concerned therein, from printer's devil to managing editor and proprietor. He began at the very bottom of the ladder, and by his tact, ability, industry, and character worked his way to the top; and, had the administration to whose cause he devoted his talents and his paper remained in power, he would have become himself a power in the province. But the usual ministerial crisis came (it comes in Canada just as inevitably as it comes in the mother country); and, the ministry resigning, my father's paper's fate was sealed. Like the sensible and dignified dog in the story, who, when he saw preparations made to kick him out of the window, walked down stairs; my father, seeing that all the patronage would be withdrawn from his paper, did not wait to postpone the evil day, but suspended publication at

once. It was his wisest course; for, being now relieved from the necessity of supporting what could only be a burden and a failure, he was now free to take advantage of any outside opportunities which might arise. And they soon arose. Aware of my father's practical newspaper training, as well as newspaper abilities, various publishers made him offers of employment in responsible though not very lucrative capacities; and at different times he became connected with three of the prominent journals of Canada, — "La Pays," "La Minerve," and "The Montreal Gazette."

I may here remark, that, while on the staff of "The Montreal Gazette," my father visited the United States, and received marked attention in several of the leading cities of the Union. Carrying with him letters of indorsement from his Honor Charles Rodier, Esq., mayor of Montreal in 1858, he was received with the utmost courtesy by Hon. Daniel F. Tieman, mayor of New York, and other political magnates of the metropolis. Making a somewhat extended stay in New York, he connected himself with the business department of "The Army and Navy Journal" of New York, and wrote for several metropolitan journals. He afterwards located himself in Boston, becoming connected with one of the leading papers there, — "The Boston Post." But in the prime of life, at forty-five years of age, and in the midst of his useful career, he died suddenly, having experienced more than the usual vicissitudes of a newspaper career, and never having had an opportunity to do full justice to his abilities.

In this latter respect he was like thousands of other men; but as a loving father, ever struggling for the best interests and advancement of his children, and truly devoted to his family, he has had few equals and no superiors, so far as my knowledge and observation of life extends. His pride and delight were in us his children. Tears fill my eyes now when I think of

my dear departed father. He was much attached to a brother, who is still living, then doing business in Montreal as a wholesale merchant, highly respected, — William L. Doutney. He had also a favorite sister, who resides in Montreal: but his chief affection and pride were centred in his children; and for their sakes he toiled and struggled, for their advancement he planned and labored, with a self-denial worthy of all praise, and (what is more than any praise) worthy of all the love that can be given to — alas! all that remains of him now — his memory.

My mother — God bless her — was, like my father, a Canadian by birth and education. Her maiden name was Jane Smith, and she was in all respects a lovely woman. I can see now, as I write these lines, that I was more favored than I at the time appreciated in my parents. They loved each other, and they loved their children, — simple facts, which cannot be truthfully recorded of all parents nowadays.

I had six brothers and two sisters; and, take us for all in all, we were a happy family. Three brothers and one sister have since died, and the survivors are scattered; but still my thoughts often revert to the pleasant time when we were all alive and all together. I do not at all agree with the poet who says, —

> "Sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things."

On the contrary, I have cause to believe that the "pleasures of memory" are very real, and that their essential part is this very remembrance of "once happy days," even though, as the old song has it, they may "be gone now forever." And in my own case I can testify, that, to this hour, the recollection of some quiet, domestic evening in our humble but comfortable home in Montreal, under the wing, as it were, of the grand cathedral, with my father and mother and brothers and sisters, all gathered lovingly and harmoniously together, affects me like

the strain of once-familiar music, and thrills me with a sensation of pleasure which more than neutralizes the pathos inseparable from my recollections.

Perhaps I have special reason for fondly remembering my brothers and sisters, for they have been specially kind and loving to me in the various crises of my wandering life. My brothers, William B., Joseph F., and George P., Doutney, and my sister, Sarah Jane Doutney, have ever evinced a practical solicitude for my welfare. They were all loving brothers and a kind sister to me in my darkest hours of misfortune; and, although unworthy of such exalted love by pursuing the course I did, they never forsook me, but plead with me earnestly to amend my ways: and by the grace of God, and such constant intercessions to the throne of grace, I believe I stand where I do to-day, on praying-ground. God was truly kind in giving me such good parents and such loving brothers and sisters; and how can I repay them? Let it be my constant endeavor to be worthy of such devotion, and prove to them I am not unmindful of their attentions; and may I keep steadfast to the end! By so doing I shall make atonement for past errors and follies, and I know that their hearts will be gladdened at the joyful news. They all occupy good and responsible positions in the city of New York; and I mention their names and these facts so minutely, in relation to my connections, to show my sincerity in this narrative. The whole truth shall be told in a plain and simple way; and though some parts may be bitter to divulge, yet it must be set down just as I am, — or, rather, just as I have been, — and the reader will see that none can be so hardened and lost to shame but that they may return to the paths of virtue and rectitude. And, in the pages to come, I wish to give all the glory to the Lord Jesus Christ who has saved me; for without him I am weaker than a bruised reed, and in him alone is my trust.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS. — MUSIC AND FLOWERS. — THE JOYS OF SUMMER AND OF A CANADIAN WINTER. — MYSELF, MY SCHOOLDAYS, AND "HOME, SWEET HOME." — THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS. — THE DOWNWARD PATH. — MY FIRST "DRINK." — ONE POINT IN WHICH "THE LOWER ANIMALS" SET AN EXAMPLE TO MAN. — TWO TRUE STORIES WITH A MORAL.

I WAS sent to school at an early age, and was considered an apt scholar. I possessed a fair memory, and, if I once read a book carefully, could always remember its main points. But, although I do not think it advisable in this work to discuss the "vexed questions" appertaining to the system of modern education, I must say that my experience and observation have convinced me that too much stress is laid in our schools upon the exercise of mere memory. And I must insist, that the mere accumulation of facts, mere "cramming," is not education in the true sense of the term. A so-called "smart" child, who can repeat by rote, or, as it is miscalled, "by heart," or without book, the contents of a text-book, may yet be, to all intents and purposes, a fool, and be utterly ignorant of the meaning of the great truths which the mere words (which he or she, parrot-like, repeats) only imperfectly symbolize and convey. Instances are numerous in which the dunces of schools have become the great men and women of the world, while the examples are equally plentiful of the "crack scholar" of a class never being heard of after he or she left school.

Experience and observation have also convinced me, that children at schools are often overworked, with the best intentions

generally, alike on the part of parents and teachers, but on a mistaken notion that the more facts a child can repeat the more information that child is likely to retain, — an idea that is wholly unfounded. An overloaded mind, like an overloaded stomach, leads, not to health, but indigestion. Still, as a mere matter of fact, I must here record, that, judged by the ordinary standard, I was "a good scholar," a child who always "knew his lessons."

I was an impressionable child, too, rather imaginative, while at the same time of a social temperament, — a dangerous combination of qualities, as I have since found it. I was passionately fond of music, and on Sundays would revel in the sublime melody afforded at the grand cathedral.

While the notes of the organ pealed through the majestic temple, I would feel that ecstatic thrill which perhaps, of all human sensations, approaches nearest to the bliss of heaven. And I am sure that the religious element in my nature was deepened, not deteriorated or lessened, by the glorious music with which it was thus associated.

Music and religion should be like man and wife, never separated. It is to the practical application of this truth that the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal churches owe much of their success.

Father Cummings, who was, when living, the favorite pastor of St. Stephen's Roman-Catholic Church in New-York City, — a church so crowded twice every Sunday as to force the sexton often to close the church-doors upon late comers, — once remarked in his pleasant, shrewd way, "I trust to my organist and my choir to bring the people in: the church and I will attend to them after they are once brought in."

And it is recorded of a venerable bishop of the Episcopal Church, who was "as wise as a serpent, though harmless as a dove," that, when a pious old lady once remarked, holding up

her hands in horror, that she had heard the organist play, upon his sacred instrument, a selection from what she was told was the opera, — or, as she phrased it, "the Devil's music," — mildly yet forcibly replied by asking the old lady the unanswerable question, "Well, my dear madam, why should the Devil be allowed to have all the best music?" Why, indeed?

Why, indeed, should vice in general be rendered as attractive as possible, while virtue is allowed to seem *un*attractive? Why should the concert-saloon and the beer-hall resound with sweet or lively music, while the Sunday school or the temperance platform should be either deprived of music, or echo only with lugubrious strains? Why, indeed?

But music was not my only delight as a child: I was passionately fond of flowers and of the works of nature, as I think all healthy children are. I loved to wander in the fields; I loved to stroll by the river-side; I loved, in my unconscious yet heartfelt way, "to look up from nature unto nature's God."

I enjoyed the short but sweet Canadian summer greatly but I equally delighted in the bracing though sometimes severe Canadian winter.

After all, I am inclined to think that poets and novelists have descanted too enthusiastically upon the charms of summer. These are exquisite, doubtless, but they are also enervating. To lie all day under a leafy tree; to sleep, soothed in your slumbers by the rippling murmurs of a babbling brook; to chase the brilliant butterfly; to plunge into the bath; to sentimentalize in the soft moonlight; to pluck the roses in June; to enjoy the greenness of July; or to lazily swing in a hammock in the dog-days of August, — this is sweet in moderation: this is refreshing if it forms but part of a holiday, a vacation, a needed rest from labor. But to walk miles in cold, bracing air on snow; to "sled," or to "coast," or to skate; to brace yourself up, and venture out into a temperature approxi-

mating zero; to feel the keen air blowing against your cheeks, and to be impelled to the necessity of active physical exercise, — this is better than the summer siesta; better because it is braver. And there is a hardy happiness about a Canadian winter, which I thoroughly appreciated myself as a boy, and which, I am glad to find, is gradually growing into favor with the American public; as witness the *éclat* which attended the recent ice-carnival at Montreal, — an occasion which brought visitors from all parts of the United States.

For several years, what with my school, my school-companions, my cathedral music on Sundays and holidays, my happy summers, my still more delightful winters, and, above all, with my father and mother and brothers and sisters, my "home, sweet home," I was indeed happy, — happier than I have ever been since, happier, probably, than I will ever be again: for true happiness is like the plant that only blooms once in a lifetime; and, alas! alas! how many live and die without ever having found it bloom at all!

Then the "break" came. My father was obliged to leave Montreal on his business. My mother was taken sick, became a confirmed invalid, and was removed to a hospital. Pecuniary difficulties increased our other troubles, and my "home life" ended.

Sorrows seldom come singly, and in my case they overwhelmed me in whole troops. Financial and family troubles increased, till our once happy and united household was entirely broken up, like thousands of households before and since; while we poor children were thrown upon the mercy of a cold world.

For a while I could not fully appreciate the change in my position and prospects. I felt, and, alas! I acted, like one in a dream, who was sure he would soon somehow awaken to a more agreeable reality.

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"My companions, and the bar-keeper, and the men around, only laughed" [p. 11].

I was always of a social nature, and rather what is called "popular" among my companions; and I paid the full price of this curse of "popularity," for such mere "personal popularity" often is.

I was not forced to feel at once our changed pecuniary position. Although I was taken from school, I still had for a while a roof to shelter me, and even a little pocket-money; and my pocket-money and my popularity together ruined me. I was induced to drink, and soon formed a habit of drinking. I have recorded the fatal bane of my life in this short sentence.

Well do I remember — oh! shall I ever forget? — my first drink. I met a boy, a schoolmate, who asked me to accompany him into a gilded bar-room we were passing. I accepted the invitation, and I followed my youthful companion to the bar. We could scarcely yet reach up to the counter; but we regarded ourselves as men, and men we really were so far as having one of the worst appetites of men could constitute a man.

My companion was evidently accustomed to the place. He nodded carelessly to the bar-keeper, who nodded familiarly to him, and placed a bottle of whiskey before him on the counter. My companion poured the fiery liquid from the bottle into his glass, and I followed his example. My companion poured the fiery liquid from his glass down his throat, and I followed his example. Never shall I forget my sensations as I swallowed this my first glass of liquor. It seemed as if a fire were rushing through my veins. It seemed as if my brain and my body were dilating under the draught. I imagined myself for a moment a giant: and then the re-action came, and I only knew that I was deathly sick; that I — I, the child of a fond father's and mother's and brothers' and sisters' love and prayers — was drunk in a bar-room. Alas! I must then and there have been a sight to make the angels *weep*, though my companion and the bar-keeper and the men around only laughed. I must here

remark, that of course I did not at one bound become a whiskey-drinker: I did not, "at one fell swoop," become a drunkard. No: I had, previous to the sad scene just related, been for some time in the habit of drinking beer and ale and malt liquors; and I had contracted the habit of frequenting the public-houses and the beer-saloons. In nine cases out of ten, boys, like men, become drinkers and drunkards gradually, by a slow but sure progression, or, rather, retrogression. The famous ancient saying holds good (or bad) in these modern days: "*Facilis descensus averni*" ("Easy and imperceptible is the descent into evil"). It was thus in my case. I began first to sip, when a small boy, small-beer; then it was but a step, and a natural one, to cider; then but another natural step to ale; and then the ordinary and almost inevitable result followed, and I took my first drink of spirituous liquors under the circumstances and with the result already described. This first drink caused me, in its results upon my youthful system, a physical agony, which one would think would have had a permanently beneficial effect upon me in leading me ever after to dread and avoid the cause of such suffering. But, unfortunately, the suffering was but transitory; and the sin was soon repeated, with less suffering at the time.

There seems to be this characteristic difference between man, said to be endowed with reason, and the lower animals, which are endowed only with what is called "instinct." The latter will seldom repeat any experiment which has once been proved by them to be pernicious upon themselves. Whereas man, the lord of creation, so self-styled, — man, made in the image of his Maker, — will repeat, and will keep on repeating, an action, or a course of conduct, which he has proved, which he knows, to be injurious.

A monkey on board a ship some years ago was given some rum by the sailors, and for a while enjoyed himself hugely with

his liquor. He drank freely, swallowed glass after glass of the fiery liquid, and became hilariously drunk, to the intense delight of the crew in general, and of the captain in particular, who was a heavy drinker.

For a while Master Monkey was as happy as a king, or, as the phrase goes, as "drunk as a lord." Then "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and Master Monkey did not feel quite so kinglike or so lordly. Then he ceased his antics altogether, huddled himself up in a corner, and looked as he felt, intensely wretched and deathly sick. Master Monkey was paying the penalty of his intoxication.

In a few days he recovered from his sickness completely, and was as well as ever. So far the analogy between him and an ordinary "drinking" man was complete. So far the man and the monkey were precisely similar. But at this point all resemblance ended.

For when, a few days later, the sailors again offered Master Monkey some more rum, the monkey, instead of accepting the offer, — and the liquor, — resented the one, and fled from the other. He snapped at the sailor who offered him the rum, and then ran away, and climbed up the rigging, where he remained for hours. And never again, during that voyage, could the monkey be induced to taste one drop of that rum. Once the captain tried to force some of the liquor down his throat; but the brute (?) (was he a brute, after all? or, rather, which of the two creatures was the real brute, the monkey or the captain?) fought fiercely, and finally compelled the captain to desist.

A year later that vessel went down at sea, with all hands on board. A severe gale arose, and possibly it could have been safely struggled through with (for the vessel was stanch; and the captain, when sober, was really a skilful seaman); but the captain and crew alike were more or less under the influence of liquor — and the ship went down.

Now, in this instance, was not the order of nature clearly and directly reversed? Did not the monkey act like a man, or as a man should act? And did not the men act in a way that would disgrace a monkey?

Many similar anecdotes illustrating this point could here be given did space permit. Experiments have been tried with intoxicating liquors upon dogs and cats; and, in the majority of cases, the animal would never voluntarily repeat its intoxication.

True, there have been exceptional cases. I knew of a cat once that had formed an acquired taste for liquor, and whose antics, it must be confessed, while under the influence of whiskey punch, were very amusing, to the spectators at least; though I cannot answer positively for the cat. But, in the great majority of instances, the point I have made holds good. And it certainly is a good point — in favor of mere instinct and the lower animals.

The same point holds with regard to the use of tobacco. Animals which have once been made sick with tobacco, never, or "hardly ever," can be induced to give "the weed" a second trial.

A striking and terrible illustration of this fact was afforded some years ago, in the career of a Western circus, recorded by the well-known actress and authoress, Olive Logan, in her book upon the stage, and show-people generally.

An elephant had once been offered a piece of tobacco, which he had greedily taken up in his trunk, and eagerly swallowed. It made him sick and disgusted; and, elephants having long memories, he did not forget his experience.

Some months afterwards a man visiting the show "fooled" the elephant by substituting a quid of tobacco for a cracker, and causing the monster to swallow the former in haste in mistake for the latter. The elephant at once became infuriated, broke loose, and carried confusion and dismay with him in his course

of destruction, bringing the performances to an unexpectedly abrupt end. Having vented his wrath on the circus-tent and its surroundings, the now thoroughly maddened brute rushed to the railroad-track, on which a freight-train was rapidly approaching round a curve. Ere the collision could be averted, the elephant and the locomotive "collided," the beast was killed, and the locomotive was thrown off the track, and the engineer and fireman were seriously injured. But this was not all. In the crash caused by the elephant's escapade, the cage of the tiger belonging to the show had been upset; and the tiger had escaped. It can readily be understood what excitement was created by this fact, and how the farmers at once combined, and patrolled the country, for their protection from the tiger. After attacking and killing several valuable horses, and giving chase to several men, the tiger was finally killed, chiefly through the nerve of a "wild Irish girl," a servant at a farmhouse, who had never seen a tiger in her life, and who, regarding it as a mere "curiosity," led her master and his sons to the spot where she had seen the beast basking in the sun.

And all this wrecking of a railroad-train, this destruction of property, and this danger to life and limb, simply because an elephant, who had been made once sick by chewing tobacco, resented the attempt to make him chew it again.

But boys and men will smoke or chew or drink, be taken horribly sick from the effects of tobacco or liquor, and yet will persist in smoking, chewing, or drinking (or all three) till the very indulgence which once made them sick becomes a very necessity of their lives from habit. It was thus in my case; and, ere I was sixteen years of age, I was both a smoker and a drinker, and sometimes, alas! a profane swearer also. And I had drifted into being a "hanger round" bar-rooms and beer-saloons, and had become quite a frequenter of the theatre, when I could get a "free" ticket, or could obtain what is

known as a "bill-board" admission; i.e., a ticket given in return for distributing dodgers, circulars, or other printed matter connected with a theatre, or for "posting bills."

I have nothing to say here against the theatre properly conducted, and I have certainly nothing to say *for* it in general; but this I must and will say, that it is a dangerous place for a boy, such as I then was, to form the habit of attending, especially without the restraint of the presence of some older member of his family. I suppose that the majority of actors, actresses, and theatre-goers will confess this much at least. The theatre is assuredly not the proper place for the child, the lad; and it was one of the worst phases of my downward career at this time, that my evenings were passed, not around the domestic fireside (alas! I had then no fireside to sit around), but under the glare of the gaslights, and under the spell of the footlights, and in the midst of companions of my own age, whose choice delights were drinking and smoking, and whose highest joy was to attend a theatre.

I was thus fairly (or foully) started on the road to perdition, and yet I knew it not. The terrible serpent that was encircling me in his folds gave no warning. I heard not his awful hiss; I felt not the deadly venom of his fangs; but all unconscious I wooed him, like the poor bird which stands entranced, and flies helpless to its own destruction. And it is ever thus with crime.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

CHAPTER III.

A BOY DRUNKARD. — TWO WEEKS IN A BAR-ROOM AS AMATEUR BAR-TENDER. — A LOVE-STORY WITH A DOUBLY DISASTROUS TERMINATION. — THE DEPTHS OF YOUTHFUL DEGRADATION.

AMONG the "friends" (Heaven forgive me for using this sacred word in this connection!) — among the *acquaintances* I had formed at this time, was a young man who was a bar-tender at one of the saloons which I frequented, and who had taken quite a fancy to me for some reason or other, or perhaps without any reason at all. This young man was, I suppose, quite as honest, as honesty goes, as the average bar-keeper: he did not, I presume, abstract any more than the usual percentage from the "till" of the proprietor of the place; he did not exact any more than the bar-keeper's ordinary "commission" on "sales," and returned as large a proportion of the liquor-money to his "boss" as the rest of his class and occupation. But he was "courting" a young woman who lived in the vicinity of the saloon, and who was herself quite in demand among the swains of Montreal. The young bar-keeper had several rivals, and among them a young mechanic who came to see the young lady regularly every evening after his day's work was done, and whose addresses were received with favor by the young lady's mother; though the girl herself, girl-like, rather affected the young bar-tender, who was decidedly good-looking. Finding the young mechanic at the house every night, and seeing the mother's preference for him, the young bar-keeper made it a point, as much as possible, to call upon the daughter during

the day, when he had the field all to himself; the mother being engaged in household duties, and the mechanic being hard at work at his shop. But, to do this courting by daylight, he was obliged to neglect his duties by day, such as they were, at the saloon at which he was employed. Although this neglect of duty sat lightly on his conscience, still he was glad when the idea occurred to him one day to get me to tend bar during his absences. He saw that I had nothing to do, — which was unfortunately the case; that I had a neat, quick way with my hands, — which was also the case; that I was popular among a certain set of drinking boys and men, and might induce a certain amount of custom, — which was the case, most unfortunately of all. But his chief dependence was my affection and respect and admiration for himself, — feelings which really existed for him in my breast. All boys are hero-worshippers at heart. They detest sham instinctively; but, down at the bottom of his being, every boy cherishes some ideal, good or bad, and gives it the tangible shape of some man or woman, or perhaps some boy or girl, whom he knows and worships. The idol may be unworthy of its shrine, and disgrace its worshipper; but it is adored nevertheless, with a zeal seldom given to the idols of later life. And I worshipped just then, I idealized and idolized, a bar-keeper. I moulded myself after his fashion. I took him for my pattern as far as I could, in style of dress and in manner. He was fond, I remember, of wearing his collar loose around his neck, — a turn-down collar, rather wide; I wore a similar collar, after a similar fashion: he affected colored handkerchiefs; I invested a considerable proportion of my "petty cash" in colored handkerchiefs: he had a rather free and easy sailor-like gait; I tried to compass a similar variety of locomotion, though I only indifferently succeeded: he was fond of "slang," and possessed a copious vocabulary thereof; I absolutely devoted myself assiduously to acquiring

all the "slang" words I could hear or remember, and became sufficiently versed in "*argot*" to have pleased in that respect a Victor Hugo. Had my idol been a great and a good man, and had I imitated him with a like sincerity, I would have been the pattern boy of my time; but, as my model was only a bar-tender, I became what I was. But, such as I was, I suited the young bar-tender's purposes exactly; and I was installed as *locum tenens* while he was "courting." I received strict instructions not to "give away any" liquor, to allow no "free" drinks. I was told on no account to permit anybody behind the bar, or to allow anybody to help himself, except in the regular way, from a bottle placed before him on the counter, in exchange for currency. I was cautioned not to be "too thick" or intimate with my boy companions, to ever preserve in my intercourse with them a certain official dignity (?); save the mark, and to keep an eye to business. Above all, I was warned, not to trifle with the receipts, not to "knock down" any, but to return faithfully to the bar-keeper every coin that I received from customers.

These were rather strange cautions and instructions to be given by a bar-tender to a gentleman's son: but degradation, like misery, makes strange companions; and I received my orders with submissive complacency, and at first sincerely endeavored to obey them. It may seem strange; but I really felt a certain pride in my position, and endeavored, boy as I was, to make a model bar-keeper. Had I been "the head boy of my class," or the prize scholar of a Sunday school, I could not have felt more the "dignity" of my position. I was puffed out with a sense of my own importance, — almost weighed down with a realization of my responsibilities. I strutted around the bar-room as though I were the proprietor thereof. The real proprietor, by the by, was then absent from the city, and little dreamed of what was transpiring in his absence.

For a while all went smoothly; and I seemed to give general satisfaction, — to all but my boy cronies. They certainly expected, when they saw me assume the position of bar-keeper, that they would have "the free run" of the bar-room; and, when they found that they were mistaken in this idea, they called me names, and tried to make fun of me, and then got downright angry, and sent me, in their boyish way, to Coventry, withdrew their companionship from me, and at last patronized an opposition saloon across the way.

I saw this was going too far, and relaxed my dignity; and, availing myself of my privilege as bar-keeper to invite the boys occasionally to a drink, I managed to prevent the entire withdrawal of their patronage.

On the whole, for the first week, I discharged my rather perplexing duties with a conscience and a tact worthy of something far better, and received the approval of my idol, the young bar-keeper; who, seeing that I was doing well, and becoming himself more and more absorbed in his courtship, relaxed in his watchfulness over me, and let me do pretty much as I pleased. And then I followed suit, and relaxed my own watchfulness over myself. Hitherto, oddly enough, my very freedom to drink now all that I wanted had led me to rather less indulgence than usual; but, after the first week, I yielded to my propensity for stimulants, and became one of the "best customers" of my own bar. I blush to write it, even now, after all these years; but I became habitually and constantly under the influence of liquor, and, during the second week of my bar-tending, hardly ever drew a sober breath.

And my conviviality increased with my intemperance. I "treated" my boy companions more frequently, and "trusted" them for drinks more and more, till at last I had more than regained my original popularity with them, and was known as one of "the best fellows" in the world, — a sure sign that I was

becoming one of "the worst." It now became a regular thing to find some dozen or more lads at the saloon every morning, drinking and making merry at the expense of the "bar," — an assemblage of youthful sots, with myself as head toper. I stationed a boy at the door of the saloon to keep watch, in case the bar-tender should suddenly return; and, meanwhile, the stock of liquors, cigars, and small-beer was suffering depletion at an alarming rate.

Once, while in the midst of our orgies, the boy outside rushed in with the news that the bar-tender was coming. I managed to get some of my companions out by a side-door, and I concealed some others in a closet; while I stepped behind the bar, and pretended to be busily engaged in serving drinks to two of the oldest lads, who I made it a point to see paid for their liquor.

The bar-tender then suspected nothing, and did not remain long. But, during the ten minutes of his stay, I contrived to add the sins of lying and dishonesty to my other transgressions. For I deliberately falsified the receipts of the bar, and lied wholesale about every thing connected with the management of the saloon. And, as soon as the bar-tender left, our orgies were resumed. I was in rapid course of training for a first-class rascal.

So far no *contretemps* had occurred; but I noticed that my idol, the bar-tender, began to be less spruce and jovial than his wont, and to neglect the fit of his collar, — a sure sign that something was the matter. As I afterwards ascertained, his suit with the young lady was, spite of all his exertions, and outlay of time and "taffy," not progressing favorably; and the mechanic was gaining ground, not only with the mother, but the daughter.

This rendered him moody, irritable, and suspicious; and at last the "flare-up" came.

One morning he summoned up courage to propose direct to his young lady, was refused point-blank, and was told by the mother not to enter the house of his charmer again. This rendered him wild with rage and chagrin; and in this mood he rushed back to the saloon, to drown his sorrows in spirits.

At that precise moment I was surrounded by some ten lads, all drinking freely at my (or, rather, the establishment's) expense. And, as luck would have it, I had forgotten this morning to station my usual "lookout" at the main door.

In walked the angry bar-keeper, in stalked upon us the discomfited lover; and, although the shock sobered me for a moment, I was at my wit's end. I saw that my time had come.

In vain I flew around, or tried, with my unsteady legs, to seem to do so. In vain I tried to convince the bar-tender that I was working for his interest. The room was filled with my companions, all more or less intoxicated. The vile stuff which formed the only stock in trade of the accursed place was considerably reduced, while the money-drawer made no corresponding exhibit. An investigation ensued, — short, searching, and decisive. The bar-keeper's eyes were opened now; and he took in the present situation and the recent past, in a glance.

Cursing his folly, his love, his mechanic-rival, and himself, he began to curse me and my companions. And then — I blush to say it — he kicked us boys all out into the street, commencing with me as the principal offender.

It had come to this. I, the son of a gentleman, well born and carefully reared, the child of hopes and prayers, was called "a young loafer," — and deserved to be called it, — and was kicked out into the streets, — and deserved to be kicked, — by a bar-tender.

For a moment I was too dazed and too drunk to fully realize my indignities. I only felt the physical pain inflicted by my chastisement. Then I began to feel a positive mental or

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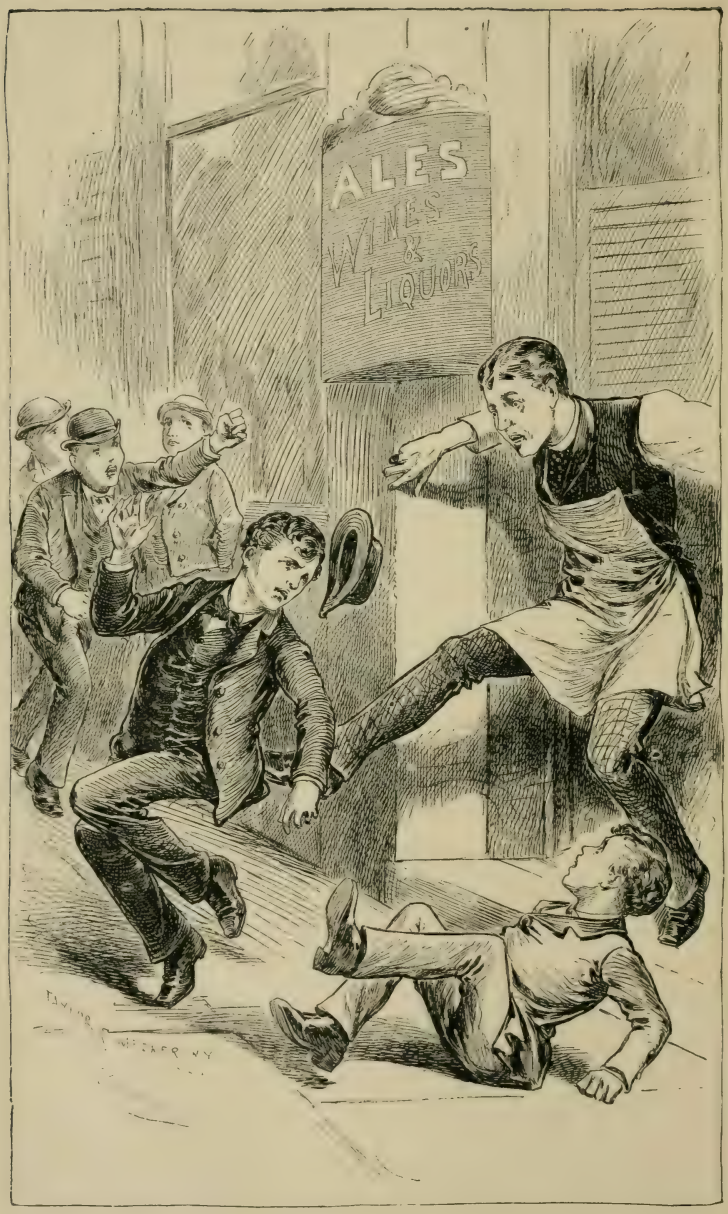

"'So you are getting to be a drunkard, and stealing my rum,' the barkeeper had said to me, as he gave me his last kick into the street" [p. 23].

sentimental pain, in thus having broken the bond that had linked me to my boyish idol, the bar-keeper, whose kicks still smarted. And at last I experienced a sense of my own degradation, — a bitter sense of the depths to which I had fallen.

"So you are getting to be a drunkard, and stealing my rum," the bartender had said to me as he gave me his last kick into the sidewalk. And the words rang in my ears, — a loafer and a drunkard — a drunkard and a loafer. A mere boy, and yet both.

With these awful, because true, words sounding in my ears, I staggered (I would have rushed, but I was too drunk to "rush") away from my companions, and burst into tears, — tears of shame, tears of real though unavailing penitence, — which, could I have shed them under a father's eye, or with a head buried on a mother's lap, might have been such tears as the Peri in the poem would have gladly presented to the Most High as the most acceptable of all offerings.

But, alas! practically fatherless, motherless, and homeless as I was, the tears soon subsided into a moodiness of shame, in which I remembered only the degradation of the kick, but forgot the still greater degradation of its cause.

And all that day I wandered aimless through the streets of Montreal, utterly wretched; and the night closed upon me as far from real reformation as when the day began.

What could be more truly terrible than my position? I was a gentleman's son, and had been kicked out of a low drinking-saloon. I was a mere boy; yet I had been called a drunkard and a loafer, and had deserved my titles.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAD BOY'S DREAM. — A DRUNKARD'S NIGHTMARE. — "BAR-ROOM FRIENDSHIPS," THEIR WORTH AND WORTHLESSNESS. — A YOUTHFUL SINNER AND HIS SORROWS. — HOW A BOY DRUNKARD WAS SAVED.

If it were not for the duty I owe my readers, I would pass over very briefly this dark period of my early life. But I wish others to derive benefit from my experiences; and, therefore, my first evident paramount duty is, to record my experiences just as they really were, not as I would prefer now to represent them.

I was "a bad boy," with the curse of an already acquired desire for stimulating drinks daily fastening itself more firmly upon me. If any fact more deplorably pitiable than this can be stated, I have not yet found out this fact, nor would I know how to state it.

I went down hill rapidly, suffering step by step as I went down. After my experiences in the saloon where I "tended bar," I carefully avoided entering that place: but there were other saloons; and I patronized these, so far as my daily decreasing means would allow. I got into the habit of picking up little stray jobs, any thing to get a little money, but not to buy clothes with, though I was "seedy" and "shabby;" not to purchase even food with, though I was occasionally compelled now to "go hungry;" not to relieve the necessities of my scattered family, — but to gratify my accursed thirst for strong drink. As fast as I earned in any way a little money,

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"One night I had fallen asleep drunk in a cart near a stable. I awoke with a terrible headache, to find the rain pouring down upon me" [p. 25].

I would hie me to some saloon, some gilded or not gilded "rum-hole," and spend it.

Often the shades of evening would creep over the earth, finding me at my unholy revels, with all sorts and conditions of low companions. And then, finding that I was unfit to appear in the presence of any decent man or woman, I would slink away, supperless, about nine or ten o'clock at night, to some out-house or cellar or empty wagon, and sleep away my debauch.

One night I had fallen asleep drunk in a cart near a stable. I awoke with a terrible headache, to find the rain pouring down upon me. Dripping wet, I arose, and walked to and fro, from one place of temporary shelter to another, an object which even the horses and the cattle in the stables could have pitied. But yet I never repented of the fault and folly which was thus rendering me a fit object for even a brute beast's pity. No: all the time I stood and watched the ceaseless rain, or tried vainly to sleep in my wet rags, — for they were scarcely more, — I was consumed with the cursed thirst that had caused all my troubles. I was eagerly craving a chance for "a drink." My morbid fancy was conjuring up, in my lonely desolation, visions of a warm, comfortably elegant room, with mirrors and chandeliers and tables and a fine "counter," and an array of bottles, full of wine and spirits, with a plentiful supply of cigars, — a room in which I was the central figure, the lord and the proprietor thereof, enjoying myself with and enriching myself by my customers. In my fancy I saw myself mixing drinks: in my fancy I felt myself drinking them. I could almost taste the liquor as it poured down my parched throat. And in my temporary delirium I cried aloud, although there were none to hear but the all-hearing spirits of good and evil, "Yes, I will some day somehow realize this dream: somehow, sometime, somewhere, I will keep a bar-room, — my own bar-

room." Thus, in the storm and the night, I made a vow to become some day, sooner or later, a rumseller, with a "gin-mill" of my own. It was a singularly sad vow for a mere boy to register. It evinced what may be termed an ambitious depth of depravity, but I am recording the simple truth; and I really made the vow, under the circumstances I have described. And, as the course of this narrative will show, I afterwards fulfilled it.

It seems almost incredible, that in so short a time I should have been brought to this condition; but thus I was, and I saw not the doom that awaited me. I look back now on this period of my life, and wonder why I was spared; but a merciful Providence spared me. And, thank God! the same kind hand has plucked me as a brand from the burning; and I have lived to warn my fellow sinners and sufferers, both by my voice and my pen, and to denounce that terrible tyrant, alcohol, as the most malignant of all the fiends that hell, with all its infinite spite and fury, can belch forth upon the earth.

My situation at this period of my career was wretched in the extreme, and became more miserable every day. Independent of my terrible faults, my woes were terrible: my poor mother in the hospital, my father a bankrupt, my sister out in the world, and the rest of us wretched ones with only the humblest, barest shelter, and often deprived of fire and of food.

And now I began to feel one of the bitterest pangs of poverty, — the scorn of those who had known me in better days.

Hitherto I had contrived, by hook or by crook, to have a little money to spend, even though I spent it in rum, and although I had in every way misapplied it; but now the hour came when I was literally penniless. I had been shabby in clothes for a considerable period, and had become, as it were, used to it. I had grown accustomed to cold and to scanty

food; I had even become accustomed to omitting the custom of taking my regular meals, because there were no regular meals for me to take; but I had always been able, no matter at what risk or sacrifice, to have enough money to pay for an occasional drink for myself and a few boon companions, whose society, such as it was, I courted, and with whom I was still, to a certain degree, popular.

But now, face to face with absolute penury, I had no means to cater to bar-room popularity. Without a shilling, I was compelled to be without a drink and without a friend. True, for a day or so I was able to "drink," and even to "treat," on credit. But when I tried to solicit new favors, without settling the old score, my doom was sealed. I was then stamped as a "beat" and a "pauper," and I was driven out of the very bar-rooms in which I had spent my money freely when I had it. I was forbidden to enter the very places whose coffers I had helped to fill.

To my depraved mind and vicious habits, these bar-rooms represented all I knew and cared of comfort. The tavern, God help me! had taken the place of the home; and, when I was turned out of the drinking-saloons, it seemed to me as if I had been expelled from life and happiness. I felt like Adam when driven out of Eden.

I experienced then what hundreds and thousands have experienced before me, and will, alas! I fear, experience after me, — the utter worthlessness of bar-room friendships. Had I been wise, this lesson, impressed so forcibly upon me at so early an age, would have had a beneficial effect upon me; but alas, alas! I was doomed to sin and suffer on, perhaps that my career might have a more beneficial effect upon others.

It is often urged, in extenuation of drinking, that it is a social habit, and that through it valuable acquaintances are often formed. Alas! there is no more pernicious falsehood than this

for it is one of those glitteringly dangerous lies that are partly — and only a small part — true.

Acquaintances are formed through drinking-habits, doubtless, but *not* acquaintances worth the risk of drinking, *not* acquaintances really valuable, honestly worth the having — oh, no, no! a thousand times no! In a thousand drinks the drinker cannot hope to gain one friend.

It could not be otherwise; for certainly, if drinking-habits were honestly calculated to promote sincere friendships, then would intemperance be excusable, — almost a wisdom, not a folly; almost a duty, not a vice. So great a believer, for one, am I in the moral beauty and practical value of true friendship, that, if I honestly believed that *in*temperance fostered friendship, I would cease to advocate temperance.

But, thank God! the truth is just the other way. Intemperance, like all vice, is unfavorable to virtue, and, among other virtues, to true friendship. Bar-room friendships, the intimacies of intemperance, are merely superficial. They last only as long as the liquor lasts: they are bounded by the limits of the bar-room. I met a commercial drummer once out West, and he had a favorite phrase to designate such people as he only casually or slightly knew. Speaking of a man of this sort, the drummer would allude to him as "only a drinking-acquaintance;" and the phrase struck me as a very suggestive and apposite one. Believe me, O my reader! the men you drink with are not "friends," they are only "drinking-acquaintances."

I was, at this period of my life, forced to learn this truth. Not only did the proprietors and employees of the bar-rooms where I had spent my money, when I had it, ruthlessly expel me from them when I had no more to spend, but my more intimate companions, lads of my own age, my fellow-boys, to use a most common and expressive phrase, "went back on me," turned me the cold shoulder, and abandoned me.

In the slang of boys nowadays they regarded me as "N. G.:" I was "played out."

Among my companions had been, for several months, a young lad, whose father was in comfortable circumstances, and allowed him a good deal (and a good deal too much) pocket-money, which never remained long in his pocket, but found its way to the pockets of the men who dealt in cigars, liquors, or dime novels, — three commodities which, with boys of a certain class, generally go together; and all go one way, — to the Devil.

I had taken a sincere liking to this particular lad, and we had been a good deal together. I had even done him now and then little favors; but now, when in my poverty I solicited a favor, — a loan of a little money, — it was refused on some specious plea, such as boys, in an emergency, are quite as ready with as men; and from that moment the boy avoided me, as if I had been stricken with the small-pox: he would leave a saloon if he saw me entering it; he would turn round the street-corner if he saw me approaching. I felt this keenly, although I was too proud to show it. But, though I preserved a certain amount of boyish dignity (there is such a thing, as every boy or man who remembers his boyhood can testify) in the presence of others, I wept many a bitter tear in secret, more over the loss of the once delightful companionship and the destruction of my cherished dreams, than over the more material deprivations to which it subjected me. Boy-griefs are as hard to bear for boys, as after-sorrows are for men; and my grief just then was bitter.

Another lad with whom I had become intimate was a tradesman's son, of a less literary turn in the line of dime novels than the boy just mentioned. The former might be classed among lads of a somewhat "sentimental" turn of mind, but the tradesman's son was essentially "practical." He prided

himself, even at his early age, on "knowing the world" (that is, such parts or phases of the world as were not worth knowing); and he had been looked up to by other boys, and by myself, as quite an "oracle."

This "knowing" chap soon taught me that he "knew" me, — knew how utterly hopeless and moneyless was my condition; for when I came to him and asked him, in my extremity, for a little pecuniary aid, he told me, with "a brutal frankness" which would have pleased Bismarck, that he had all he could do to take care of himself, and that he didn't propose to do any thing for anybody for nothing. "If I wanted some money, why didn't I pick it up for myself, as he did?"

Now, as I wasn't as "posted" on horse-flesh and cards as this jockey and gamester of fifteen years, and as I had not yet made as many disreputable acquaintances as he had done, and could not therefore do as many "odd" dirty jobs for them as he was constantly doing, I was not able to "pick up money for myself as he did;" although, alas! I fear that I was quite as willing to "pick it" up this or any other way just then, had I been able.

Thank Heaven! though bad enough, I never then, or at any other time in my life, was tempted to *steal*. I had no scruples of conscience against vice. I had become familiarized, child as I still was, with many kinds of low iniquity. I had soiled my hands and soul at various times with petty swindling and cheating, — as in my episode as amateur bar-tender, already described. But I had never directly stolen. And now, in my utterly penniless condition, even now, I was not induced to steal, to become what is even one step lower than a drunkard, — a thief. I thank Heaven for this.

But I was indescribably miserable. Perhaps in all my after-life I never suffered more than I suffered now as a boy, — a boy without parents, — practically so; a boy without home; a boy

without money; and a boy without friends. God help the boy who feels as I felt then!

Hungry and cold, and shabby to the last stage of shabbiness, thirsting with a young drunkard's ever unsatisfied and fiery thirst, without a dollar, and, what was even worse to me then, without a companion in the world, I brooded solitary over my sorrows.

Though I had lived but a few short years, yet I was already weary of life. Mere boy as I was, existence seemed to me a conundrum, — a terrible conundrum; and like Smith, in Brougham's "Pocahontas," I felt inclined to "lie down and give it up."

Though but a boy, I now for a moment felt all that mad desire for self-annihilation which oftentimes possesses the world-wearied, life-exhausted man. True, I thought with a little regret of the dear father and mother whom I was never to see again. True, I looked back fondly in memory to the dear home under the wing of the grand cathedral. True, I remembered fondly some pleasant sports in summers and in winters past. But I also felt vividly my present loneliness, my poverty, my broken home, my desolation, my lost, false, heartless companions. And I thought, in my moody, boyish way, that if I was once dead, — once but dead, — all my hungering and thirsting and shivering, and being laughed at and sneered at, and shunned and snubbed, would be over and ended; and I would be out of the way, and life would be out of the way, forever.

While standing one dark night at a street-corner, terribly despondent, I heard a voice — a cheery, hearty voice — cry out, "Why, Doutney, what are you doing here?"

What was I doing, indeed? I looked round, and saw a young lad of my acquaintance approaching. He was not one of my "drinking acquaintances," — oh, no! The unsophisticated lad who was now approaching me had never, probably, been in-

side a bar-room in his dull, uneventful, humdrum life. He, quiet chap, was not in the habit of attending the theatre, and I suppose would not have known what "a bill-board ticket" meant. He knew so little of the world, this mere boy, that I do not suppose he could distinguish by taste the difference between whiskey and brandy. He was what boys of my class had been wont to call a "muff," or "a milksop," — a boy who attended Sunday school, didn't know how to play cards, didn't smoke, didn't swear, didn't do any thing that was done by boys of spirit, and spirits like myself. But still, there he was, advancing towards me, happy, healthy, hearty, well-clad, going home, I supposed, to family prayers maybe, but still to a family and a home. While I — I, who a few weeks ago would have despised this happy milksop and "good boy" — was —

But, before I could fully realize the contrast between us two, the boy had come up to the corner where I stood with despair in my soul. And then — to this hour I cannot distinctly remember how it all came about — but in a moment more I found myself telling my companion all about myself, my faults, my folly. I found myself crying, with my head on his shoulder, — crying like a child, indeed, — crying as if my heart would break. The boy had asked a few childish questions, said a few childishly kind words; and the flood-gates of my heart had been opened. His utterly unexpected kindness had healed the wounds inflicted upon my heart by the as utterly unexpected desertion of my former companions. His soothing sympathy had brought me back from desperate, moody despair to healthy, human sorrow, which, shared by another, was lessened, almost sweetened.

In a few minutes I, the boy-drunkard, who had naturally, step by step, become the boy-outcast, was walking almost happily side by side with a boy — a pious, God-fearing boy — whom I had previously only sneered at and despised. And, in a few

minutes more, I, the homeless wanderer of the streets, was in the midst of a happy home-circle, seated beside a cheerful fire, eating with a relish, and drinking, not vile whiskey or beer, but harmless, healthful tea; while my boy-preserver bustled about, doing all he could, in company with his little sister, to make me as comfortable as possible.

His father and mother had known my father and mother years before; and for their sakes and mine, and, above all, induced by their own goodness and kindness, they were that night and the next day very good and kind to me, a waif and a stray.

That night, instead of lying in a gutter, perhaps passing from insensibility into eternity, I was snugly tucked up in a comfortable bed, with my boy-preserver as my room-mate. And bad boy as I was, degraded drunkard, and almost desperate and reckless as I had been that night, I felt grateful to a God in whom I had that night learned to believe, by the irresistible argument of being brought into contact with those who believed in and loved and served Him.

And when my boy-preserver, just before going to bed, knelt down at his bedside, and said the Lord's Prayer, I did not then think or call him a cad or a muff or a milksop: I did not then sneer or laugh at the pious Sunday-school boy. No: I felt then and there, in my inmost heart of hearts, that he was wiser in his innocence, on his knees, with his prayers, than a thousand such as I of bar-room loafers and loungers.

And, feeling this, I humbly crept to his side, fell on my knees with him, and for the first time, alas! for years, prayed to "Our Father who art in Heaven."

CHAPTER V.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE. — THE TRIP TO "THE HUB." — "DIME NOVEL"-ISM. — THE TWO BOLD BOSTON BUCCANEERS, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM. — THE BOY IS THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

THE tide had turned. My evil fortunes had reached their lowest ebb at the moment of my deepest despair and my providential preservation. From that moment good luck, or, shall I not more reverently say, a kind Providence, continued to smile upon me.

Just as the kind, truly Christian father and mother of my boy-preserver took me in hand, to see if they could not procure me a situation in some store or office, to keep me independent, and to keep me out of mischief, I received a letter from my dear father, informing me that good fortune had befallen him also, and that now he had arranged for me to come to Boston, where I could live and be educated at the House of the Angel Guardian in Roxbury.

This was far from being a brilliant future, but it was certainly far better than the life I had been leading of late; and it was preferable, I thought, to working hard in some office or place of business: so I immediately obeyed my father's summons; and, bidding a grateful good-by to my benefactors, I started on the train from Montreal to Boston. I had announced my departure for Boston to a number of my companions, and had made the most of my good luck in narrating to them, and unconsciously exaggerating, the "good luck" which had happened to my father. I had enough of "human nature"

in me to make a point of dilating upon my rose-colored prospects to those who had snubbed me and been cold to me in my recent misfortunes. I was particularly eloquent upon my future prospects (?) in the presence of my former companions, the dime-novel reader and the young lad of a "practical" turn of mind, who had treated my misfortunes with such indifference. I must have led them to imagine that my father had been left a large fortune, and that I was rich for life; and I heartily enjoyed the changed manner of these and my other companions towards me. I noticed how much more cordial and even respectful they were to me now than before; and I heartily enjoyed the change, though I cordially despised them for changing. It is a mistake to suppose that boys are not as selfish and as politic as men. "The boy is the father of the man;" and just as "the world" and worldly ideas and interests control the man, so they modify, if they do not positively control, the boy. The boy whose father is "in luck" will be held, among most other boys, to be in luck himself, and will receive a share of attention and admiration much greater than will generally be awarded to the son of a poor or unfortunate father.

So I, a boy about to be sent on to the great city of Boston, where I was to live comfortably and be educated (that was the idea I gave out, in fact that was the idea I entertained myself, not exactly knowing what the peculiar character of "The House of the Angel Guardian" might be), was considered and treated very differently from the way I had been treated but recently, when I had been regarded as an almost pauper boy, the son of a ruined man, who had not a dollar in the world.

Under ordinary circumstances I would have commemorated my "good luck," such as it was, by drinking, and by inviting my companions to drink; but I am glad to be able to state that I did nothing of the kind just then. I had had enough

of drinking for a while. I had not yet become the constant, confirmed, inveterate slave of intoxicating drink. I was but a young fool, and therefore not quite so persistently foolish as an old fool. I had my lucid intervals, and this was one of them.

Besides, I have always been of a very impressionable nature, — a temperament which has alike its great advantages and disadvantages, but of which I reaped one of the advantages now.

I was completely at this period under the blessed influence of the temperate and Christian family which had rescued me from despair and possibly from death. The head of this happy household, the husband and father, was a sincere and sensible temperance advocate, both in theory and practice; and I had been forcibly impressed, and, under the circumstances, most favorably. I was too young, perhaps, to have fully understood all the "total-abstinence" arguments; but I could already understand, ay, better than most grown men, the inestimable advantages of "total-abstinence" practices. I could not help being led to contrast the health, the steady happiness, the industry and peace and order, of this "cold-water" household, with the heated life and disorder and racket and dissipation of the bar-rooms and saloons which had for so long now stood to me in the place of a home. Nor could I help contrasting my boy-preserver, the only son and pride and hope of this temperance household, with his ruddy cheeks, his bright eyes, his sturdy frame, his well-regulated nerves, his excellent digestion, his regular sleep, and his love for out-door exercise, with the sunken cheeks, the wasted frame, the wild or dulled eyes, the "shaky" nerves, the ruined health, lost appetite, and inert indigestion, which characterized so many of the boys and men whom I knew as addicted to drink.

I was no fool, except when directly under the influence of my curse: and I saw how infinitely preferable was temperance

to intemperance; and therefore, while under the influence and in the bosom of this well-regulated household, I was perfectly sober and temperate myself, and began to regain my health, which had been severely shattered by my recent course of life, and to even enjoy life once more in a healthy, rational fashion, as a boy should.

I became greatly attached to my boy-preserver and to his interesting family, and they became sincerely fond of me. But it was thought best all round, that I should follow my father's wishes, and, going to Boston, avail myself of whatever he had prepared for me there.

So, as I stated some pages previously, I took the train from Montreal to Boston; but I did not start alone. I had two unasked for, unexpected companions, — two lads considerably younger even than myself, who insisted on accompanying me, and in a rather peculiar fashion. Among my Montreal companions had been two boys, cousins and chums, the children of two respectable tradesmen of my father's acquaintance. There was nothing remarkable or striking about the characters of those two lads; they were not specially bright or provokingly dull; they were neither abnormally good nor bad; but they had cultivated a taste for "light literature" in the story-paper and "dime-novel" form, until this taste had grown into a positive mania.

They had read all sorts of "boys' books" (which, by the by, are often the very worst possible kind of books for boys), and were perfect walking libraries of juvenile "flash-literature." They spent all their pocket-money, not for vile spirits, as I had been doing, but for almost equally pernicious printed stuff, which demoralized their little minds as my liquid "stuff" had demoralized my youthful nerves. They were regular readers of the "police" papers, and the flash "story-papers," and books of wild — very wild — "adventure" in the Far — very,

very far — West. Most boys are prone to what may be styled "dime novel"-ism. I had met other lads with this tendency, as I have previously mentioned; but these two boys were the two most confirmed dime-novel lunatics I ever remember coming across. Pirates were as familiar to them as pies, possibly more so. Buccaneers of the Spanish (it generally is the Spanish) Main were as common as their daily bread and butter. The big, bloody Indian, with his waistband full of reeking scalps, was their pocket-companion; and they were experts in all varieties of the war-whoop. The Italian bandit, with his beautiful captive hidden in a cave in the dense forests, and a stiletto carried in his hand, was an every-day affair; and murder, suicide, poisoning, scuttling of ships, cutting of throats, etc., were as much in their line as playing marbles or hockey, — if any thing, more in it.

Jack Sheppard was their idol, their hero: Dick Turpin was the very god of their idolatry. They knew ten times more about the history of Jonathan Wild than they did about the history of England. And from reading books of adventure, and believing in them, to becoming adventurers themselves, was but a step. From dreaming of highwaymen and buccaneers and wild Indians, to endeavoring to imitate their bloody and exciting excellences, was only a natural progression.

So when these two bloody minded, blood-and-thunder literary lads heard that I was going to "see life," and "begin the world" at Boston, — the great Boston, — they determined to go with me, in search of adventure and glory and gore, and hidden treasure and scalps. "The young rovers of Montreal," or "the two bold buccaneers of Boston," would be about their "size" of manliness; and they made their preparations on this basis.

They raked and scraped all the money they could get together, by selling out their stock of tops and marbles, and borrowing right and left under all sorts of lying pretences, — for

lying, of course, was a mere *bagatelle* to amateur pirates and prospective murderers, — and even stealing from their mothers and fathers, just by way of preparation for future burglaries. With the money thus surreptitiously acquired, — some shillings, — the would-be scoundrels of the deepest dye purchased an outfit of deliberate villany, comprising two big clasp-knives, coming as near to the bowie-knife of Western civilization as their limited means would allow; two fifth or sixth hand pistols, which were warranted to kill, and which certainly, if they ever had gone off, *would* have killed those who fired them off; powder, etc.; and, of course, a deck of cards, some tobacco, and a "pocket-pistol" of whiskey, without which last three articles they never could have undertaken to be cut-throats or pirates of any pretence to criminal standing. Having thus provided for all the possibilities of piracy and rapine, the two incipient villains of the deepest hue stole from their homes by the back-door, gliding off as quietly and speedily as possible, lest their mothers might see them, and call them back. Imagine two pirates of the future being called back home, and, it may be, spanked, by their mothers! Having effected their escape, the two juvenile murderers, breathing the exhilarating air of liberty, emancipated from the thraldom of the parental roof, clutching their clasp-knives, and feeling fondly the pistols in their pockets, and their pocket-pistols, strode hastily toward the railroad-depot, the younger and more desperate ruffian of the two stopping on his way, however, to invest five cents in "taffy," — a sort of candy of which the youthful monster, notwithstanding his depravity, was very fond. Imagine a bloody-minded pirate sucking candy!

The two desperate ruffians reached the train for the States a few minutes before the time for departure, and contrived to enter the hind-car, then empty, unobserved, and concealed themselves under the seats.

All this was utterly unknown to me at the time; the plan of the two desperadoes being, to wait till the train had started, with me on board, and then to reveal their presence to me, and to throw themselves on my generosity, friendship, and influence with the conductor. Two pirates, they imagined, in their innocence (?) of the world, that, because I had my fare paid for me to Boston, I must be a very rich and important boy indeed!

But, as chance arranged it, they did not have to wait till the train started to discover me; or, rather, I discovered them. I took my place in the rear car, and sat me down right over one of the crouching pirates, talked to the kind lad who had been such a blessing to me, and who had accompanied me to the train; bade him good-by with tears of real affection and gratitude in my eyes, and just as I was reseating myself, after waving my hand to him from the window, saw a foot under my seat — started — then started still more, as I saw a head peer out, and recognized the head as belonging to one of my former companions, — one of those whom I was just then thinking I was leaving, perhaps, forever.

To say that I was surprised, and then glad, is to use very mild language indeed. Luckily there was, just then, no one in the car to observe, either my wonder or my delight.

In a few hurried words I got from the two budding buccaneers the general idea of their position and their intentions, and entered myself heartily into the situation. I had felt terribly lonely leaving my birthplace, my only home for so many years, Montreal. And here was a link supplied me by chance, a tie still connecting me with the dear old town, a memento of Montreal, — two mementos, — sent on, as it were, with me. I did not feel at all lonely now, with these two abandoned villains lying at my feet.

Of course, I smiled at their plans of plunder and piracy. I

laughed at their schemes of unbridled license and adventure. I was several years older than either of the bloody-minded rascals, and had never been so impressed with dime novels as to lose my head. *That* was not *my* special weakness. I fully realized that Boston, from what little I had heard of it, was scarcely likely to prove the place for successful plunder, save by grown-up lawyers, politicians, and tradesmen, in the regular way; I surmised that there was a very slim chance indeed for boy-buccaneers in the city of baked beans, and that the Yankees would not tremble, even at the clasp-knives and pistols of my two child-companions: still, there was something in the "romance of the thing" that appealed to my boyish imagination strongly; there was something in the "running away" of the precious pair, and their hiding away, which fascinated me. Above all, I was glad of their company on my way to a strange city: it relieved greatly the home-sickness that was already beginning to steal over me, and I felt flattered at their appeals for my protection. The amateur cut-throats evidently looked up to me as to a superior boy, almost a man, — a boy who was "travelling" open and above board, a boy who knew the world, a boy who had his ticket paid to Boston; and they evidently depended on this highly favored and enlightened boy to aid them in their distress, and to carry them to Boston with him, or, rather, *under* him: need I say that their trust was not in vain? Need I say that I would, just then, rather have died — nay, rather have lost my trip to Boston myself — than have betrayed the two defenceless pirates and highway men — I mean highway *boys* — who thus trusted in and to me? Need I say that I at once assumed an air of stupendous wisdom and magnificent condescension, and promised them the full benefit alike of my extensive experience, and acquaintance with the world and the conductor, in case of emergency? Need I say that I gently soothed their fears, calmed their agitation, and assured

them, in a benignant way, that I, even I, would see them through; smiling, as I said so, in a sort of superior, far-off way, as though I had, years ago, been a pirate once myself, and scuttled ships upon the Spanish Main, had been a bold Boston buccaneer, and had forgotten or almost forgotten, all about it.

My assurances satisfied my two pirates, who thereupon cuddled themselves under the two seats, — the seat I occupied and the seat behind, — and kept quiet for a while; the younger, and, as I have before described him, the more desperate, ruffian of the two, who was stretched out, or, rather, stretched in, under the seat behind me, even betaking himself in his momentary peace and security to sucking at his five-cents' worth of "taffy."

But it was now my turn to think and worry. I had assumed the responsibility of protecting these two wandering villains. I had contracted, as it were, to see them through to Boston at least; but had I not undertaken too big a contract? As I began to think of the risks they had to run, my head began to swim, and I almost wished that the two monsters of iniquity were safe back at home in their mothers' arms, or, for that matter, even on their mothers' knees, stretched out heads downwards, — at any rate, somewhere else than right under me.

I knew very little about railroad-travelling myself; but I knew that their only chance was to dodge the conductor, for that nothing I could say or do would be of any avail. I would now have willingly paid their fare out of my own pocket if I had had it in my pocket; but, that not being feasible, the only thing for them was to hide and to keep hiding: although I did not see how it would be possible for the two wanderers to be hidden long, as people would be entering and passing through the car, in addition to the vigilance of the conductor.

For a while, though, accident favored the fugitives. Only two or three passengers entered the car; and they seated themselves at the rear of the car, while I and my party were

near the front entrance. And, when the conductor made his first appearance, my two pirates, being warned by me, kept as still as death, and condensed themselves into the smallest possible space that I guess two buccaneers were ever compressed into. So all passed serenely, and I began to hope that all would so continue.

As for my pair of criminals, now that they were really started on their wild career, really stealing, — stealing a ride, — their spirits rose, although their bodies couldn't; and they exchanged kicks of congratulation, and pinches of sympathy, — about their only methods of communication. They even began to exchange ideas with each other and with me by whispers; but I was fearful they would be overheard, and enjoined strict silence.

One of my ruffians, the elder one, was of a rather phlegmatic temperament for a pirate, and could have kept still for an indefinite period: but, unfortunately, his legs were very long for his body; and, getting cramped every now and then, one or other of his limbs would protrude beyond the line of seats, whereupon the owner of the protruding limb would be severely reprimanded by me, while his fellow-pirate would warn him against similar future indiscretions by sundry kicks (not of congratulation) and pinches (not of sympathy), and would curse him for an awkward lubber and a daddy longlegs. The younger pirate, however, though he did not transgress with his leg, was of a nervous, restless temperament, and was all the time desirous of bobbing up with his head. Now, a head extending above a seat supposed to be unoccupied was as likely to attract attention as a leg extending under it; so I was constantly obliged to call the restless little rascal to task, much to the delight of his more quiet, though longer-legged, companion.

In fact, what with the two, the leg of the one and the head of the other, I was kept in a state of constant nervous anxiety, in the midst of which my cares were brought to a climax by

the entrance, at a way-station, of a fat woman, who coolly and calmly seated herself right on the seat behind me, and directly over — on top of, in fact — the younger of the wild adventurers.

Here was a situation for me, and for *him*. I fairly perspired with perplexity, which, of course, I was compelled to conceal. What to do I could not guess, but that fat woman must be removed at all hazards. But how? This was the question I asked myself in despair. I opened the window facing my seat. The fat woman seemed rather to like the fresh air. I closed the window quickly, with a bang; but, after looking at me with mingled curiosity and adipose amiability, she subsided into her seat, content. Suddenly she moved slightly: something seemed to trouble her feet. I could readily guess what it was. The restless young pirate underneath, feeling himself cramped, had stirred slightly, and disturbed her. Oh, if she should take it into her fat head to investigate the cause of the disturbance! I was on nettles. But she was too fat and too lazy. She didn't investigate, and the pirates were saved.

For just then she did for herself what we never could have done with her, — she moved her seat. Looking back, she recognized one of the persons in the rear of the car, and got up, and joined her friend. I felt, for all the world, like a criminal who had received a respite. But then the conductor came along once more; and there was more agony of anxiety, more cramping and condensing of pirate and small boy, till the man of tickets passed on, and there was another breathing-spell.

Before a great while my amateur rascals had become thoroughly disgusted with this style of rascality. They had not calculated on it. Pistols and clasp-knives were here of no avail, and I would not permit them to touch the whiskey they had brought with them. I was firm in my temperance princi-

ples still, and threatened, if they drank a drop, to abandon them, — a dire threat, which made my pirates shudder.

Still, it was an adventure after all; and they were getting nearer to Boston every minute.

But, at the next station, the doom of my buccaneers seemed sealed. A gentleman and a lady, evidently husband and wife, middle-aged and well to do, entered the car, and seated themselves right behind me, right over one of my stowaways. They brought plenty of traps and wraps with them, some of which they disposed of in the rack above them, the balance of which they laid upon the seat directly behind them, which was then unoccupied. Then they threw themselves back upon their seat with the air of people who had come to stay, — or rather, under the circumstances, to go, — and to go all the way to Boston probably. Two of them, and one of them a man. There was no sort of help for my pirates now.

And, to cap the climax, in a little while a new batch of passengers came in: and, the seat behind being in demand, the middle-aged gentleman, who had put some of his things on it, now began to remove them, with the idea of putting them under his own seat; but one of my pirates was under the seat at that identical moment: and, as I knew enough about natural philosophy to know that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, I made up my mind that "the game was up."

Then, in my desperation, an idea seized me, — an idea that was really bold and clever, if I say it myself. I resolved to grasp the situation, and turn it to my own purposes, to aid fate in bringing about a *dénoûment*, but to change the *dénoûment* into such a one as I wanted. I resolved to confess all in advance, — the confession couldn't be more than a minute "in advance" of discovery anyway now, — and to throw myself, that is to say, my fugitives, upon the mercy of the gentleman

and his wife, — perhaps the other passengers in the car, but the middle-aged gentleman and his wife particularly.

These two looked like kind-hearted people: the lady, especially, had gentle eyes. I felt sure, with a boy's instinct, that I could appeal to her sympathy; but the same instinct told me that there would be little if any sympathy in their orthodox and well-regulated souls for two scamps, like my two juvenile pirates, running away from home, to make real fools and would-be rogues of themselves in a strange city. No: I would have to mingle a considerable amount of fiction with the facts of my confession. I saw that at once, and I had my story ready.

"Please, ma'am," I said, turning round to the middle-aged lady, — who was receiving some of their traps from her husband's hand, preparatory to arranging them under the seat, — and touching her with my hand on her arm.

The lady turned to me, and said kindly, "Well, please *what*, my little boy?"

"Her voice was soft and low." Shakspeare says, that "is an excellent thing in woman;" and it confirmed the impression of her gentle eyes. I took courage, and said, "Please, ma'am, don't put your things under there," pointing under the seat.

The lady was evidently surprised, and no wonder, at my request, as was her husband. "What's that you say, my boy?" asked the latter; and his voice was cheery and kindly, though manly. He had only spoken six words to me in his life; and yet my boy's heart warmed towards him, as a good, fatherly sort of a man, — the kind of man boys like.

I repeated my request, and accompanied it by its explanation, which was the simple truth. "Please, ma'am," I said, "don't put your things down there; because there is a boy down there already."

The worthy couple gave a start. "A boy!" ejaculated the

"'Please, ma'am,' I said, 'don't put your things down there; because there's a boy down there already'" [p. 46].

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gentleman. "A little boy under my seat all this time!" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," I continued; "and there is another little boy right under my seat, right in front of your feet."

"Two boys: this is wonderful!" said the gentleman. But the lady with the gentle eyes and the soft, low voice only said, "Poor little fellows!"

Naturally, the lady and gentleman were going to step out of their seats, and to stoop down under them, to look at the two boys; but I begged them not to do so, as their doing so would, of course, attract general attention among the other passengers.

So far no one had observed this little scene. The words spoken, both on my side and on theirs, had been uttered in a low tone. And the lady and gentleman at once, at my request, refrained from yielding to their natural impulse of looking for the stowaways, and bringing them out, but instead looked to me, as if demanding from me a full explanation of the strange episode.

I gave them an explanation, — and such an explanation! It did credit to my inventive powers. I made up, on the spot, at a minute's notice, a story "out of whole cloth," which was just the kind of story to enlist my hearers' sympathies.

According to my account, the two stowaways, instead of being bloody-minded pirates, were the gentlest and the best of juvenile creations, and, instead of having fathers and mothers from whom they had run away, had been left orphans at an early age, and had been consigned to perfect brutes of an uncle and aunt, who treated them cruelly, beating them, and refusing them to be allowed the privileges of schooling, keeping them even from attending Sunday school, — an institution to which, according to my version, my bold Boston buccaneers had ever been devotedly attached.

This account completely won over the lady. The idea of

two *good* boys running away from their relatives because they were not allowed to go to *Sunday school* was decidedly original, and from its very novelty was entitled to favor. And by judiciously describing the imaginary uncle of these two lamb-like little brothers as just the very opposite of the middle-aged gentleman himself, and inferring flatteringly though delicately in my narrative that I fully recognized the difference between the two men, I won over the middle-aged gentleman as well as his wife.

Had they only guessed that their supposed innocent, lamb-like, Sunday-school-loving fugitives carried about with them at that precise moment whiskey-flasks, cards, and tobacco, and were going to Boston with an eye to burglary — Ah! it is well that we do not all of us always know every thing.

By my highly imaginative narrative I completely enlisted the sympathies of my two hearers, and impressed them warmly in favor of the stowaways. They would at once have changed their seat, so as to give the "dear, good little boys" more room; but I represented to them, that, by so doing, they would increase the difficulties and risks of the fugitives, as the seat could not be retained, and might at any moment be occupied by new, and possibly unfriendly, parties, — parties to whom I would have to retell my yarn, and who possibly might not believe it.

The lady also at first proposed to get the boys out, and to pay their fare for them in the regular way; that is, to have her husband do so. But the middle-aged gentleman did not see it in this light. Men seldom do "see" the paying money out for other men's boys as forcibly and as favorably as their wives, sisters, daughters, or sweethearts see it. No: the middle-aged gentleman didn't really see why he and his wife should interfere at all. He wished the boys well; he certainly would not betray them to the conductor; he would do all he could to shield them from observation and detection; but, as for paying

their passage, that was another matter. All that he could be induced to promise, was to give the good little boys a little money when they parted at the end of the trip, and to "make it all right with the conductor" if that official pounced on the fugitives before they reached Boston.

But he did not pounce upon them. Thanks to the considerate care of the lady with the gentle eyes, who never left her seat all the trip through, though she sat very uncomfortably, trying to make as much room as possible for the stowaways; and thanks to the interest taken in the fugitives by the middle-aged gentleman, who got the good little boys some refreshments at one of the way-stations, and contrived to feed them on apples and sandwiches surreptitiously, — the disguised pirates and bogus buccaneers managed to reach the Boston depot, almost bent double with being cramped, and worn out with being jolted, but safe and sound.

Reaching the depot, the kind-hearted lady and gentleman lingered in their car for some time, so as to give the stowaways a chance to creep out from their concealment unobserved. The lady, of course, was curious to see the "good little boys," and took an especial fancy to the younger one, who was decidedly the worst boy of the two. She said a few kind words to him, and asked him a few questions. During this talk I stood by very nervous; for I was afraid that something my young rascal might say might betray him, and show up the falsity of my story.

I was specially afraid lest the lady should ask my juvenile pirate any question about the Sunday school, which I had made him love so dearly. Now, if there was any one place which this particular "bold, bad boy" hated worse than he did another, it was a Sunday school; and his amount of religious knowledge may be inferred from the fact that I once had overheard him telling another boy how "some traitor called Judas

Scareit had gone back on another person called Abraham, and sold him to a leader, called Julius Cæsar, for thirty dollars." This being so, you can readily imagine how I dreaded any "catechizing" now. But, luckily, time was pressing; and so, having kissed the two monsters of youthful depravity, whom she took to be such dear, good little boys, the lady with the gentle eyes departed with her husband, who, ere his departure, gave us three boys each fifty cents apiece, — a gift which, I am ashamed to say, we valued more than the kiss or the kind words.

The first thing my two pirates did on reaching Boston and freedom was to swear, — swear like troopers. The next thing they did was to drink — drink like fishes — from their pocket-pistols; then they took a "chaw of tobaccy" apiece; and then we all three stalked into the nearest eating-house, and ate the greater part of our fifty cents up, like famished wolves.

I began to be myself infected by the spirit of "adventure:" and I would willingly have lingered longer with my incipient cut-throats, though we did not have seventy cents among us; but I expected a party from the "House of the Angel Guardian" to meet me at the depot, and came across him as I left the eating-house with my companions. I was forthwith taken in charge of; and bidding my prospective ruffians, ex-charges, and former companions, "good-by," never saw them again, and commenced a new phase of my checkered life at the "House of the Angel Guardian."

I have been minute in the detail of my boy-life, and in the statement of my juvenile adventures hitherto, for two reasons: First, the boy is the beginning of the man; and, to understand and appreciate the man, you must first "get at" the boy. If my readers are to be, as I trust they will be, interested in the man Thomas N. Doutney, they must first be introduced to, and become well acquainted with, the lad Tom Doutney.

Second, I have been led to be minute in my details of boy-life because I find that these details have previously been too much neglected by previous writers. Thus, while there have been any number of books devoted to the evils of intemperance, in scarcely any of these books is reference made to the forming of intemperate habits in early boyhood; and yet in a large percentage of cases, as in mine, the men became drunkards when they were boys.

As has been already shown, I became a drunkard when "only a boy." I formed the bad habits, which cursed me as a man, when "only a boy." For good or for evil I cannot too strongly insist upon the truth of the saying I have already quoted, "The boy is the father of the man."

And this applies, not only to intemperance, but other evils, — to the love of sensational and demoralizing literature, for example. The instances of my two bold Boston buccaneers are cases in point. True, these two young rascals were discovered by the Boston police before they had opportunity to commit any overt breach of the peace, or break the laws of the land and the Ten Commandments, and were sent back to their homes. But the poison of "dime novel"-ism had done its work: and to-day both of those boys are social outlaws, — professional criminals; and their cases are but two out of two thousand.

While on this point, — the pernicious effect of sensational literature on the young, — I would call attention to the subjoined article on this subject, published in the bright and newsy "New-York Morning Journal" of Feb. 9, 1883: —

MISSING CHILDREN.

THE PERNICIOUS EFFECT OF SENSATIONAL FICTION UPON SCHOLARS. — INSTANCES OF SEVERAL SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCES OF CHILDREN FROM MOTIVES OF EXCITEMENT. — OFFICIAL INTERVIEWS UPON THE SUBJECT.

The epidemic of sudden disappearances developed early last fall, and at first confined to bank-cashiers and municipal defaulters, has now broken out among children. Scarcely a week passes but that some distracted parent reports her petted, golden-haired child to be missing. In some cases the little one remains away days, — nay, even weeks; in others the absence is merely transient, lasting not longer than a few hours.

With the object of tracing this peculiar phase of New-York life, a "Morning-Journal" reporter has investigated a number of cases of missing children.

On Thursday last Dr. A. Kettembeil, residing at One Hundred and Sixty-first Street, reported at half-past seven o'clock at the Thirty-third Precinct Station, that his little daughter Mary, aged eleven years, was missing. The child was supposed to have been accompanied by a schoolfellow of the same age, Maggie O'Rourke by name.

Maggie is the daughter of Mr. O'Rourke, employed at Ebling's brewery. Both children had attended the school of the Catholic institution on One Hundred and Sixty-third Street, and had been to school that day.

DR. KETTEMBEIL INTERVIEWED.

Yesterday a "Journal" reporter called upon the doctor, and learned that the missing ones had been found. He said, "She, in company with Maggie O'Rourke, who has run away from home half a dozen times, had walked from the schoolhouse to a friend's house on Seventy-first Street. The only motive I can find out from questioning her was the wish to have a good time. She is usually an obedient little girl, and I have no doubt was persuaded by her companion."

"Have you any theory for these disappearances, doctor?"

"No, beyond a desire for change. She had visited my friend before, who naturally supposed we knew where the child was."

The O'Rourke family, upon being questioned, were very reticent, and declined to have any thing to say, beyond the fact that the girl had been found.

A POLICE-SERGEANT'S EXPERIENCE.

Acting-sergeant Dennerlain, upon being asked whether the absences of children were frequent, replied, "Yes: we are continually asked by frightened parents to discover their lost children; but, as a rule, they do not stay away longer than a few hours at a time. We recently had a case of two boys disappearing for three weeks. They were thirteen and fifteen years of age respectively. They had saved up their pocket-money, and wanted to 'see life' as described in the dime-novel order of literature. Two dollars, I think, comprised their stock of money; and finally they were discovered by the police in Jersey City.

"Another case within my recollection was that of a young girl of seventeen, who staid away three days, and has ever since refused to give an account of where she had been, beyond saying that 'she had been staying with some friends.' Her parents are most respectable people, and that is why I would not care to mention their names."

OTHER INSTANCES.

Mrs. Gordon, laundress, 1011 Third Avenue, has also experienced repeated anxiety from the same cause. In this instance a bright boy, fourteen years of age, has frequently disappeared from home, through the fascinating experiences of pernicious literature. A few days after Christmas, in company with a companion named Morgan, they started for the Far West, upon a capital of a dollar and forty-five cents. As soon as the novelty of adventure began to pall upon their youthful minds, the twain were arrested in Newark for vagrancy, and sent home.

John Spielenhoffer, baker, of East Eighty-second Street, has the

misfortune to be the parent of three children, two girls and a boy, whose ages vary from twelve to fifteen, and who seem to have a chronic disposition for running away. The father is a widower, and consequently often away from home. The children, it seems, have formed a gang of amateur "bandits," whose sanguinary raids are frequently prolonged for twenty-four hours at a time, causing endless anxiety and consternation to their relatives.

DETECTIVE PINKERTON'S OPINIONS.

Mr. Robert Pinkerton, in discussing the subject of missing children with the writer, said, "We used to have frequent inquiries of this kind, but latterly we have had no cases of the nature you refer to. I have no doubt that the cause is mainly due to the craze for excitement produced by morbid tales of adventure. No, I do not think there is any deliberately immoral object in view, nor do I believe that professional abductors of children ply their trade very successfully in this city. Usually the cause will be found to be purely local, due in most instances to defective home-training, and being allowed to run the streets."

MR. JULIUS BUNNER SPEAKS.

This gentleman is a member of the board of education. His district comprises Wards Nos. One to Eight (excepting No. Seven). "I think the teachers in our city schools throw as great a safeguard over their pupils as it is possible for them to do. From my own observation I can safely say, that I have found the schools during hours to be securely locked, and no children are allowed to leave during those hours. I have also frequently seen policemen stationed outside when the hours of study expire.

"My own opinion is, that disappearances are largely owing to pernicious literature, for the perusal of which parents are as much to blame as children. I really think that the subject should receive the attention of our legislature."

A protest against "sensational literature" for the young — a protest far stronger than any of the points stated in the article just quoted — has recently appeared, under the signature of a woman, — Mrs. Louis T. Lull.

Mrs. Lull was the wife of a man who had attained considerable eminence as a member of the detective police in the West. He was quick, keen, honest, determined, brave; and, in the discharge of his duties, he attempted the arrest of the notorious outlaws, the James brothers, who had made the South-West the scene of their robberies and murders.

In this attempt, for which he deserved honorable recognition, he received wounds which proved to be ultimately fatal. He died, therefore, literally in the path of duty, and had a claim upon the respect and sympathy of the community. But, instead of receiving his poor meed of praise, the dying detective was held up to popular "scorn" in "popular literature."

Stories and plays were written about the bandits, in which they were the heroes and the detectives were the fools, the clowns, as it were, the materials to furnish the laughter, by being constantly held up to ridicule as the dupes or victims of the outlaws. The robbers and the murderers were depicted as gallant, brave, aspiring men, to be imitated; while the honest, energetic upholders of law and order, the officers of justice, were held up to execration or contempt, men to be hated in real life, and despised in print, or on the stage.

Burning with a sense of this outrage, — a sense all the warmer because her own husband was one of the examples of this outrage, — Mrs. Lull wrote from her o'er-fraught heart, with all the eloquence of righteous wrath, a letter to "The New-York Herald," which I here reprint, as a masterpiece of its kind, as a bitter protest against the sensational juvenile literature of the day, — not of a past day, bear in mind, but of the present day, 1883.

True, the letter alludes chiefly to "sensation dramas" for boys and for young men; but its words are equally applicable to sensation stories and "dime novels" generally.

And in the particular instance to which the lady particularly alludes, — the career of Jesse James, — this has been the theme of many "books" as well as "dramas:" and "book" and "drama" alike make the outlaw, the ruffian, the murderer, their hero; while they have only scorn and laughter for the faithful officers of the law, who risked their lives — and lost them — in their line of duty.

I here quote, *verbatim et literatim*, the letter in "The New-York Herald" of Feb. 10, 1883, to which allusion has been made: —

BORDER RUFFIAN DRAMAS.

THE WIDOW OF A MURDERED OFFICER ASKS WHO WAS THE HERO, THE OUTLAW OR THE DETECTIVE? — DEBASING PLAYS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1883.

To the Editor of the "Herald."

MOST people will recall the particulars of the Gadshill robbery, and the crimes which preceded and followed its ending in the tragic events which finally destroyed that murderous band of outlaws of which the James brothers and the Younger brothers were the chief miscreants. They will recall the fact, that these desperadoes, armed to the teeth, and prepared alike for plunder or for human butchery, became a terror to peaceable and orderly people living in considerable sections of two great States, and how they committed crime after crime, and broke the laws of God and man, until every honest hand was against them, and the outcry was loud and deep that such brutality should not go unpunished. They will remember how at last the bravest and best officers of the detective force of the country — incorruptible men, with brain and nerve and energy — were chosen to face these banded outcasts, and bring them to justice. And they will remember how these officers grappled with the practised ruffians, and at last fought them down, though succeeding in their object only after giv-

ing their blood, and too often their lives, to aid in holding up the hands of justice. But perhaps the people of your city were not prepared to find that the cruel, boastful, blood-stained bandits of yesterday have become the godlike heroes of to-day; that these men, whose heart-sickening crimes brought death and destruction to happy homes, are now represented upon the dramatic stage as brandishing their weapons, making famous rides, and again committing their infamous crimes to loud applause. But so it is; and the young men and women who are now witnessing and approving, in the name of romance, of these dark and cruel deeds of blood, are planting seed which will, sooner or later, ripen into bitter fruit. These are fearful heroes whom they worship.

And what of the real heroes? What of the men who sacrificed their lives for duty's sake? Bandied about the stage, cast into contempt, caused to be foolishly deceived, handcuffed by the "bandit kings," and laughed at by the people in whose name and for whose cause they died.

I have not witnessed the horrible play that thus disgraces your stage. But the flaming posters which I fain would not see, but which confront me at every step, tell only too well of the awful crimes which your people encourage nightly; and from one and another I learn, though I would gladly close my ears to all of it, about the memory of brave men outraged, and their deeds despised. I hear of James's famous ride from Kansas City, and see upon the walls the pictures of "the detectives' ride to death," — a death made to appear senseless and ignominious.

Let me tell the true story of a single one of these detectives' rides to death, that those who cheer tales of crime at the theatres may have a glimpse of the other side of the picture. The story is simple. In 1874 Capt. Louis J. Lull, late of the Chicago police force, was employed by Allen Pinkerton to take charge of the little band of brave men who were to bring these ruffians to account. It was after the Gadshill robbery; and Capt. Lull, an Eastern man, honest of purpose, of high character and indomitable courage, rode out upon a pre-arranged route of search, having St. Clair County, Mo., as

its objective point. One of his associates, Mr. W. J. Whicher, took a road leading to the borders of Clay County; and they were to act in unison. Capt. Lull was accompanied by Mr. Wright and by Sheriff Daniels of St. Clair County. The party rode into the Monogaw woods, near Roscoe, Mo., and were there suddenly surprised by the Younger brothers, who were also mounted, and who instantly covered the party with their rifles. The terrible battle commenced at once. The Youngers called upon the detectives to give up their weapons. They had been surprised: the chances were all against them, and they dropped the navy revolvers which were in their belts. After they had done so, John Younger fired, and shot Daniels dead. Wright spurred up his horse, and fled. Capt. Lull was then alone with these outlaws. He had surrendered; yet he was fired upon, and his bridle-arm was shattered before he could strike a blow. He succeeded, however, in extricating a small Smith & Wesson revolver from an inside pocket, — he had dropped his navy revolver in response to the call to surrender, — and he shot and killed John Younger. Then commenced a desperate encounter between Capt. Lull and Jim Younger. Riding furiously side by side, they shot at each other again and again. But Capt. Lull's horse was high-spirited and restless, and disarranged his rider's aim. Capt. Lull fell, — fell, shot three times by a murderous hand after he had surrendered. Capt. Lull was my husband.

Is it surprising that I grow restless at the sight of these flaming posters, which show James, the hero villain, in his glorious ride from Kansas City, while they represent with contemptuous pity the detectives' ride to death? Is it not, indeed, an outrage, not only on myself, but upon every good person in your city, that these walls should be placarded with such pictures, and the stage given over to teachings which make crime godlike and heroism infamous?

My husband lingered in agony at Roscoe. He sent for me. Two days before I heard from him, I read in a newspaper, while on a sick-bed in Chicago, of the death of Mr. Whicher, who, after leaving his valuables in the hands of the sheriff of Clay County, went to the house of Mrs. Samuels, mother of the James brothers, where

"Riding furiously side by side, they shot at each other again and again" [p. 58].

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he was the same night captured, strapped to the back of a horse, and taken to an adjoining county, where he was murdered in cold blood. He, too, has met a fate hardly worse than the unsanctified horror of his death in being impersonated and held up nightly upon the stage as a dishonored man; though he died in the path of duty.

I hastened to Capt. Lull, hardly knowing what to believe of his fate; for Pinkerton's agency in Chicago had received contradictory reports of the tragedy in the Monogaw woods. As I passed the office of Adams' Express Company under the Planters' House in St. Louis, I saw a sight which made my heart sick within me. It was a long, plain deal box, directed to Pinkerton's agency at Chicago. I passed some dreadful moments in the street before I dared ask what the contents were of this rough coffin. It contained the remains of Mr. Whicher. My own hero was perhaps yet alive. With unspeakable dread I hurried forward to my husband. I was in time. I was with him when his great heart broke. I saw the true picture of the appalling tragedy of the Monogaw woods, and now I call upon every mother and sister in the land to frown upon the horrible representation placed upon the stage before their sons and their brothers.

MRS. LOUIS J. LULL.

CHAPTER VI.

MY COLLEGIATE CAREER. — DOES A "COLLEGE EDUCATION" EDUCATE? — A LADY GRADUATE. — A TYPICAL IRISHMAN. — A QUESTION OF ICE-CREAM AND INFLUENCE. — THE HASH-HATER, AND WHY HE HATED IT.

My life at the "House of the Angel Guardian" was comparatively uneventful. I was strictly guarded from temptation, and therefore have nothing special to record concerning this period of my life. After all, looking back upon our lives, do not most of us find, that what at the time seemed the "dullest" periods of our careers, were generally the best, the safest, the soundest, the most sensible?

From the "House of the Angel Guardian," I was sent, by my father (after a little experience in "business-life," to which I shall refer more at length in the next chapter), to "Holy Cross College" at Worcester, Mass.

Of course, my dear father thought that he was doing the very best thing he could possibly do for me in thus affording me an opportunity for a collegiate education; but experience and observation have combined to convince me, that the advantages of a so-called "college education" are in this country vastly overrated, not because education in itself is not a most blessed thing, — next to morality, religion, and health, the greatest of all blessings, — but because the species of education taught at the majority of colleges and collegiate schools is of no practical value in the great battle of life.

Education for the mind is fully as valuable and essential as clothing to the body; but the education should be adapted to

the nature and probable needs of the scholar, just as clothing should be adapted to the climate under which the wearer lives.

How absurd it would be to present the child about to depart for India, say, with thick flannels, and a tremendously heavy ulster overcoat! Yet it would be really not one whit more ridiculous than to take a child whose parents are poor or hard-working people, dependent upon their daily labor for their daily bread, — the child who must soon be himself thrust upon the world, to battle with it as best he may, — and teach this child chiefly the "higher mathematics," as some colleges make a specialty of doing, or the "dead" or "classic" languages, as other colleges make a feature of.

Can an average boy, even if he can master "the higher mathematics," make a living by or on them? No. Not in one case in ten thousand can a young man, even if he can translate and scan the Latin and Greek classics, secure an independence by them. No: not in one case in ten thousand.

In the vast majority of instances, not only is the course of study, the curriculum, of our collegiate institutions, of such a character that the great majority of its scholars can never hope to do it justice, but to even the exceptional few who can and do, by patient study and with infinite difficulty, master it, it proves of no practical avail. It amounts to but a realization of the old, old story of the unfortunates who were doomed to pour water forever into buckets that had no bottom, or of those wretches who were forced by fate to roll up stones, only to see the stones roll down again.

Ninety per cent of the men who succeed in life have never received "a college education." They have known "little Latin and less Greek," and nothing whatever, probably, of "the higher mathematics." But they have known how to work, day and night; how to make money, and how — a still harder task — to save it; how to labor, "in season and out of

season;" how to think and act for themselves; and this sort of knowledge is not taught at college.

Of course, collegiate learning is a good thing — a very good thing — in combination with the truly "higher education," which teaches a young man what he is fit for in this world, and fits him for it. With this it is truly admirable and desirable; but without this, or in the place of this, it is worthless, — worse than worthless even, — positively and personally injurious. The same remarks apply, in a modified degree, to fashionable feminine schools and education.

A smattering of French, — and, generally, such a smattering as makes a Frenchman smile when he is too polite to laugh outright or sneer. A superficial knowledge of science, — so superficial that a real scientist would be unable to detect it at all, save as one sees animalculæ in a drop of water through a microscope. A knowledge of history, — so vague and uncertain as to confound the Massacre of St. Bartholomew with the Guy Fawkes Plot, as a lady "graduate" did recently; and to locate the English Reformation, with Cranmer and Ridley, in Germany, under Charles IX. of France, an historical feat recently achieved by a young girl whose "diploma" at that moment was suspended in a conspicuous place in her mother's parlor. An acquaintance with *belles-lettres*, — so slight as to attribute the authorship of "Tristram Shandy" to Disraeli, and to credit Shakspeare with the comedy of "Money," — as was done in the writer's hearing lately by a young woman whose education was regarded as "finished." All this knowledge (?), which would be worth but little in itself if full and accurate, combined with utter and confessed ignorance about housekeeping matters and cookery, — two matters of the very utmost practical importance, — such is the intellectual "*tout ensemble*" of the average female graduate of the period, — a creature who is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made" up,

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"He put the lads who annoyed her to flight, and kept guard around her stall" [p. 63].

without the slightest regard to common wear and tear, or common sense.

No wonder, in such a condition of things, that the French *savant* who visited the United States recently, summed up his observations in the now famous sentence: "*Mon Dieu!* what a people! one hundred religions, and only one gravy!"

Still, I learned something — and something even useful — at the College of the Holy Cross. At any rate, I formed habits of application, and systematic employment of time, which kept me out of mischief.

I also formed some friendships which have been of some practical advantage to me since. Among my classmates was a young Irish gentleman named Martin, of the best blood of Dublin. This Martin was a character who would have delighted the soul of Charles Lever. He was the very incarnation of the typical Irishman, — brave, reckless yet shrewd, careless, generous, hot-tempered, extravagant, the very soul of gallantry and joviality.

I remember his once taking the part of an old apple-woman who had been played tricks on by some of the college-boys. The woman was a grandmother, ugly as "Meg Merrilies," toothless, almost palsied. Her voice was cracked with age. She was surly, — most decidedly unpleasant. All that could be said of her by her best friend, if she had any, — which she didn't, — would have been that she was old, respectable, and a woman. But these three points, especially the last, sufficed for the young Irishman.

He espoused the old woman's quarrel with all the ardor of his nature. Had he been her son, he could not have defended her more earnestly: had he been her lover, he could not have been more tender and gentle with her. He put the lads who annoyed her to flight: he kept guard around her stall. Nay, he did what was far more difficult than either: he absolutely

coaxed, persuaded, and bullied the boys who owed her money to pay their debts. This may stagger some; for I know it is rather a novel situation in which to place an Irishman, this making him make other people pay their debts. But I am not writing a romance, but telling the truth.

It really was an unselfish act in this Martin, — particularly so, for the unpleasant old woman for whom he battled was as deficient in the grace of gratitude as she was in the graces of person. She did not even thank her champion, — even so much as by a blessing or an apple. In fact, if I remember rightly, she tried to get ahead, in a little pecuniary transaction afterwards, of her gallant Irishman, and, I presume, probably succeeded — as she was a Yankee.

Martin, in addition to his general characteristics as an Irishman, had two special personal peculiarities as an individual. One of these was a decidedly unconquerable aversion to ice-cream.

This for an Irishman, — a young Irishman, — and a rather good-looking young Irishman, — was a very inconvenient aversion, — not so much in itself as in its consequences: for, as is well known, all Irishmen are fond of the ladies; and, as is equally well known, all ladies are fond of ice-cream. Now, to love the sex, and yet to hate what the sex loves, is a rather contradictory state of affairs; and it perplexed even the Irishman.

First, it led him to avoid the ice-cream saloon altogether, even when with the girls (the pupils of the college were allowed once a week to receive or visit friends, and they generally contrived to have one or more friends of the opposite sex). But this naturally led to the girls considering him "economical" or "mean;" and an "economical" or "mean" Irishman is an impossible absurdity. As for Martin, he was rendered almost "wild" at the bare idea of being thought "stingy," and so

rushed to the other extreme, of asking every girl he knew to take ice-cream.

But then, as he did not take any cream for himself, he would be compelled to explain to each of his fair companions why he did not. And then, woman-like, each of his fair companions would either laugh at him, or try to talk him out of his notion, and into ice-cream. Now, no Irishman can bear to be laughed at. You may laugh with him all you like; and, the more you laugh, the better for both: but you must not ridicule his Irish gentlemanship. And no woman who ever lived can endure the idea of a man resisting her talk. When a woman "talks at" a man, she expects him to surrender to her tongue, — else why have a tongue at all? And each one of his female companions expected to coax and persuade her escort into doing what he did not want to do; i.e., partake of the ice-cream. Her *amour propre* was involved in the talk. It became a question, not of ice-cream, but of influence. Which of the young ladies of "the students' quarter" should show her power over the Irishman by influencing him to ice-cream? This was the question; and it became a test-question among the female population of Worcester, — at least among that lovely (though limited) portion of it which came within the sphere of the student's acquaintance.

Various were the blandishments, various were the stratagems, resorted to, — smiles and persuasion were mingled, — by the fair in this their extraordinary "siege of Martin," as it may be called. But for the first time, probably, in the history of the world, an Irishman resisted the ladies, — was obdurate and obstinate, and refused ice-cream.

Another peculiarity of our young Irishman was his hatred of frogs. This aversion to frogs was even greater than his antipathy to ice-cream. It was such an instinctive aversion as I have known the most accomplished and intelligent women to enter-

tain towards a mouse, — a harmless, and certainly not unhandsome, mouse. He regarded the frog as a species of snake, and he hated a snake with all the ardor of a descendant of St. Patrick. The idea of tasting a frog to him would have been an impious sacrilege as well as a physical impossibility. "This view of the frog-question" effectually prevented Martin from joining in one of the students' favorite amusements; i.e., frog-catching. Ponds abounded in the vicinity of our college building, and to those ponds it was a custom of the students to proceed in what we called "frog-parties." Armed with sticks and stones, we would skin the ponds of their frogs, and skin the frogs afterwards, *à la Française*. But Martin, though a very social creature, would stay at the college on these occasions, and amuse himself any way he could, *solus*.

One day at dinner I tried a little joke on Martin, which was attended with a good deal more success than I myself anticipated, and was followed by an effect that I had not desired. Martin was very fond of hash. In this point, I know, he differs materially from the ordinary New-York boarder; but then, our hash very materially differed from the hash of the ordinary New-York boarding-house. Ours was genuine hash. There were no hairs in our hash, nor buttons, nor an *olla podrida* of stale stuff. It was hash, — not refuse. It was really very palatable, as well as nutritious; and Martin liked it —

Till the day I played my joke on him. From that day he tasted hash no more: he would as soon have eaten frog. In fact, that was my little joke. I said to him, pointing to a dish of hash he was devouring with relish, "Do you know what that is?" — "Of course I do," replied Martin, with a look of wonder at my question. "What is it?" said I. "Why, hash," said he. "But what is the hash made of?" said I. "Of meat, to be sure," said he. "Not a bit of meat in that hash," said I. "Then, what on earth is there in it?" said he.

"Frogs' legs boiled down," said I. But not a word said he; but he left the table hurriedly, looking very "sea-sick," — and he never ate hash again. In vain I subsequently explained to him that I had been joking, and begged his pardon for my ill-timed jest. The kind-hearted fellow cordially forgave me, and never harbored malice, — but never swallowed hash either. From that hour on till probably his dying day, if poor Martin is dead, or till he dies, he never has relished, and never can enjoy, hash. The idea of the legs of frogs will always be associated with the hash. It would be an awful thing for New-York landladies if there were many Irishmen like Martin.

Well, I have not seen Martin for many a year, — probably will never see him again in this world, — and all our merry set of students are scattered; and many of them are dead, doubtless: but I still love to recall the memory of the comparatively happy, and certainly harmless, days and nights which I passed in Holy-Cross College.

CHAPTER VII.

I COMMENCE MY MERCANTILE CAREER. — MODERN TRADE AS IT REALLY IS. — ITS "SEAMY" AND ITS "STARRY" SIDES. — MODEL FIRMS AND MILLIONNAIRES. — CENTENNIAL EXCURSIONS. — A NEW VIEW OF A. T. STEWART. — JORDAN, MARSH, & CO.

It was not in the nature of things that I should remain long at college. My father's pecuniary position was such that he could not long afford to support me in idleness, — for comparative idleness it was, — especially so far as contributing any thing to my own expenses was concerned. I was not born, luckily or unluckily, with a silver spoon in my mouth. I was not the son of a rich man, and bread-and-butter necessities were with me paramount. I therefore was compelled to abandon, at an early period, school, for "real life," which is by far the best school after all. As before remarked, I tried "business" a brief period after leaving the "House of the Angel Guardian" and before entering Holy-Cross College: and now, after a year at college; after a year of study, and some little success, I am glad to say, as a student; after passing creditably an examination, and being awarded a silver medal as a college prize, the medal being handed me by no less a personage than Gov. Andrew himself, — John A. Andrew, one of the most illustrious governors of the illustrious State of Massachusetts; after bidding an affectionate good-by to my student companions, — I took a little vacation, and then left college-life forever, and entered the world. In other phrase, I was placed in a store, and commenced a mercantile career.

This last phrase sums up the history of most boys in this country. They are "placed in a store to commence a mercantile career." Of course, there are a certain number of boys who ultimately study for the "professions," and a smaller number who either "do nothing at all," as it is called, i.e., live upon their relatives' money, or do even worse, and go to the bad outright. But these are the exceptions to the general rule of a mercantile career. England has been styled "a nation of shop-keepers," and "the United States" is the land of trade and traders as well as of the trade-dollars.

How important it is, therefore, that, whenever possible, the average American lad should be trained for the average American career. My first "place," as the saying goes, was with the firm of G. W. Warren & Co., now known all over the continent as Jordan, Marsh, & Co. In this place, I hope it is not vain for me to state that I was frequently complimented by William H. O'Brien, Esq, one of the firm (since deceased), and by John J. Stevens, Esq., the superintendent of the establishment.

I was naturally quick at grasping the main points of any subject presented to me; and, now brought face to face with trade, I appreciated at once the importance of two things, — keeping my eyes open, and my legs and arms busy in the interests of my employers, which was my own interest.

I liked "business," too, what little I knew of it. It brought me into constant contact with other boys and men. It gave me a chance to read in the big book of humanity, which, in the estimation of most boys, surpasses in interest any other big book written. It was a "sociable" study, with living beings for printed words. Most boys possess the "trading" spirit, as witness their fondness for "swapping." Boys are often as keen at bargains as men; and I must confess that there was something in the very air of "business" that seemed, as it were,

"to agree with my constitution." I suppose, that having been born in Canada, and Canada not lying far from New England, may have had something to do with it. They do say that a genuine Kanuck is not far behind, in cuteness, a genuine Yankee. However this may be, I really liked business and its ways, and was somewhat sorry when it was thought by my father best to send me to school again, or rather, this time, to college.

While I was at college my brothers remained in trade in the employ of the firm of C. C. Holbrook & Co., No. 12 Summer Street, Boston; and, when I left college "for good," I likewise obtained a place in this establishment.

My brothers and myself were fortunate in thus, at the very outset of our careers, obtaining positions, however humble, in such well-known houses as Warren & Co. and Holbrook & Co. These firms represented "business" at its best, not only its enterprise, its shrewdness, its keenness of calculation, its grasping ambition, its far-reaching desire for gain, — all of which are very well, indispensable in their way, — but also in its nobler and higher aspects, in its liberality, its large-heartedness, its honesty, and conscientiousness. Thank Heaven, there are such things in modern trade!

We hear and read a great deal, and sometimes a great deal too much, about the petty dishonesties of trade and the gigantic swindles of business. The papers are full of accounts of wild speculations, debasing peculations, little, very little and belittling dodges and tricks for gain, and brutal heartlessness. We read every day of frauds attempted, committed, or detected. Every one is familiar with the wrongs inflicted upon employees by soulless employers. The over-worked and under-paid clerk or shop-girl is a common — far too common — spectacle.

But we do not hear and do not read, as often as we

should, of the honest and upright men who do business in our midst. We are not made as familiar as we ought to be with the history of firms which combine worldly shrewdness with Christian principle, and the managers of which practise that true godliness which, we are told, has the promise of this life, and of the life that is to come. Yet there are hundreds, thousands of such firms doing business, and doing it thoroughly, successfully, and satisfactorily, in all our large cities. The two firms under which my earliest business life was passed were cases in point.

Take Jordan, Marsh, & Co. (the firm into which G. W. Warren & Co. was merged) for example: this firm transacts an enormous business on the most intelligently liberal, as well as economical, principles. Its operations and receipts are simply enormous. It is shrewdness itself; yet it has a soul, a system with a soul in it, — a system which, while it regards its numerous employees as money-makers for its interests, also regards them as human beings, with souls and bodies of their own, which claim a certain share of consideration at its hands. In pursuance of this soulful and therefore truly sensible system, this celebrated firm has sent, at its expense, excursion parties of its employees to Europe. In pursuance of this system, this firm treats all its employees like men, women, or children, as the case may be, not as mere machines. In pursuance of this blessed, truly Christian system of doing business, this firm, as far as possible, looks after the individual welfare of its employees, and thereby best promotes its own welfare; for it goes without saying, that such a firm as Jordan, Marsh, & Co. is well served.

Boston has many things to be proud of, alike in the line of political history and literary achievement. But, to my mind, the success of such a firm as Jordan, Marsh, & Co., in its midst, is as good a thing to be proud of as any other.

It proves, that spite of their well-known, their proverbial, shrewdness, "Yankee traders" have hearts as well as brains, and that they have respect for the law of Love as well as the laws of Business. For years the firm of Jordan, Marsh, & Co. have been a household word in Boston, synonymous with liberality, fair dealing, and courtesy, as well as far-reaching enterprise. For years upon years the firm of Jordan, Marsh, & Co. have been identical, as it were, with humanity, as well as with mercantile honor; with charity, as well as integrity; with Christianity, as well as trade.

I would also take this opportunity of speaking a kind word in memoriam concerning the late Mr. Holbrook, the senior member of the firm of C. C. Holbrook & Co. Like the members of the firm of Jordan, Marsh, & Co., this gentleman's system of doing business had a soul in it. He was always willing to help the industrious, the humble, and the poor, in their times of distress and trouble. His employees always found in him, not only an employer, but a friend. He was always striving to advance the true interests of all in any way connected with him. The world would be the better for more such generous hearts. Sorrow is alleviated by kind deeds.

But it was not merely my luck or the luck of my brothers to meet such model employers as these. The business world is full of them, and their numbers are increasing every day.

Last Christmas, for example, an illustration was given to the world. A firm doing business in Jersey City, — a firm whose name I do not now recall, — a firm which had never made any great pretensions to superior humanity or philanthropy or Christianity, — made its hundreds of employees an unexpected Christmas present, and made the present in such a way and by such a system as to greatly enhance the value of the gift.

Each employee of this firm, from the porter or the humblest

cash-boy up to the confidential book-keeper and the treasurer of the concern, received a letter from the firm, expressing its interest in his welfare, wishing him the compliments of the season, and requesting his acceptance of an enclosed gift, amounting to just one fifty-second part of his yearly salary, or one week's wages.

The boy at three dollars a week received as a holiday gift just three dollars in cash; and the gentleman in a responsible position, at a salary of ten thousand a year, received two hundred dollars in cash, or thereabouts, *pro rata.*

Such a gift as this was received with respect and with gratification by all parties, and bore in its value a direct relation to the social and personal *status* of the recipient, and his business importance to the firm. There could be no invidious distinctions in gifts distributed on such a basis as this. Such tokens of good will could by no chance give rise to ill will. Such giving as this very closely approximated absolute perfection.

Such Christmas gifts were double blessings, — blessings to those who received and to those who gave. And, whatever expenditures this firm may hereafter have cause to regret, it never can by any possibility have reason to regret this holiday expenditure.

I venture to state, that every man and boy in the employ of this firm will work harder and more conscientiously this year in its interests than would have been the case if he had not been thus kindly and delicately "remembered." And I have no doubt at all, that whatever sum of money was laid out in these Christmas gifts will, during the year, be "made up," in half a hundred ways, tenfold.

It was an investment in human nature which will pay big interest, and repay the principal.

During the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, several

leading firms displayed a wise because kindly liberality and public spirit towards their employees. The Singer Sewing-Machine Company, for example, "treated," at a heavy expense, its army of employees to a trip to the Centennial Fair. Several thousand working men and women were thus enabled to have a holiday, and to devote it to mingled improvement and enjoyment. This opportunity was hugely relished by the employees, and is not to this day forgotten.

It may be said, that the Singer Company received for this good work a goodly share of advertising. So it did, and so it deserved. But I am in a situation to know that this "advertising" was entirely an after-thought. The affair originated in a sincere desire on the part of the officers of the company to please and benefit their hard-worked underlings, and they did not at first calculate upon the matter receiving the public attention which was awarded it. This public attention was subsequently utilized, and cleverly, it is true, but the advertising idea was the suggestion of an experienced journalist, unconnected in any way with the company: and the affair, so far as the Singer Company was concerned, was one of pure philanthropy. The same remarks apply to the excursion of the Steinway employees to the Centennial. This was the pet project of Mr. William Steinway himself, and was carried out in every respect upon the most liberal scale.

Apropos of the Centennial, a gentleman of the city of New York — a manufacturer largely interested in American goods, — expended over ten thousand dollars in sending parties of workingmen, at his expense, to visit the exhibition, although his name has never been published in connection with this matter. Certainly, the point about "advertising" does not apply in this case, as the gentleman's name never transpired. In fact, I only know of the fact myself, but could not give the individual's name if I wanted to; as I do not know it.

The late A. T. Stewart was a man who believed in a bond of sympathy, and something better than mere sympathy, uniting employer and employee. This may be news to the public, but it is the simple truth. Perhaps no man as widely known as A. T. Stewart was ever so little known, and so generally misunderstood. He lived and died among a community which knew all about him as a rich man, but knew nothing about him as a man.

He was considered a hard, cold, unsympathetic individual; yet his life and acts prove that he was the very reverse. His manner was unfortunate for himself. He was repellant rather than magnetic, reserved in demeanor, chary of speech. But he was constantly doing good, and trying to do more than he ever accomplished.

His faults were those of his system, which, as he described it once (in an interview with Mr. David G. Croly, the editor of "The World"), was "simply business." In all matters of "business" he was guided solely by "business," and he never allowed sentiment or friendship or philanthropy a place in his "business" at all. "If I did, I would have no business at all," he said.

When "business" demanded that he should "break down" a rival house, or a firm which aspired to compete with him in any line of goods, why, he simply bent all his energies to work, and "broke down" that house, — "wiped out" that firm.

When his contractor signed an agreement to erect his marble palace on Fifth Avenue for a certain sum, Stewart held his contractor to that agreement. If he lost his all in complying with the terms of his contract, that was the contractor's misfortune, not Stewart's fault. So Stewart reasoned from a "business" stand-point; and, from a purely "business" stand-point, he was right.

Undoubtedly, it must be conceded, that, like all men with

"a system," Mr. Stewart sometimes carried his system too far. He was only human after all; and, to avail myself of a collegiate quotation, "*humanum est errare.*"

But, outside of his "system," A. T. Stewart possessed many admirable qualities of heart, and was constantly demonstrating their possession.

He was not only a liberal patron of the arts, but a developer of nature. He bought an unattractive stretch of land, and by care and outlay rendered it "a garden city." And, when Ireland was famishing, he sent it relief. And, wherever great distress was found, A. T. Stewart was found to relieve it.

In his treatment of his employees he observed certain rules. He exacted entire obedience to a certain routine, any violation of which was always and severely punished. But, on the other hand, he paid always in full and promptly, was quick to recognize merit, and ready, nay, anxious, to encourage it. As an employee of eighteen years' standing once remarked, "Only the shiftless, the stupid, or the lazy find fault with A. T. Stewart."

During his life, Stewart paid out more money to men and women than any other one man of his time; and no one in his employ ever had to wait for his or her money. He was enterprising and honest. His most bitter rivals, his worst enemies, had to concede those facts.

But he was more than honest and enterprising and charitable on great occasions: he was positively kind-hearted, as was shown by his favorite scheme of a home for working-women, known as "The Woman's Hotel." True, this scheme came to grief. "The Woman's Hotel" fizzled into "The Park-avenue Hotel;" but that was the fault of circumstances and other men and of the women, but not of A. T. Stewart.

The real history of "The Woman's Hotel" has yet to be written: perhaps it never will be written. From the first, Mr.

Stewart's plans were misunderstood; and to this day they are not clearly comprehended, and yet they were very practicable.

The gentleman who has most clearly stated the views of the late Mr. Stewart in this connection, is Mr. Clair, the manager of the Metropolitan and the Park-avenue Hotels. According to Mr. Clair, Mr. Stewart never designed the structure on Fourth Avenue for the lower and poorer class of "working-women:" these were not the parties whom the millionnaire employer meant to benefit by this particular charity. These needed sympathy and material aid, it is true, but not a really elegant home in the heart of the city. No: this establishment was designed by Mr. Stewart to benefit the higher class of female operatives, and especially that large and ever-increasing class of women who, though compelled to support themselves, as the sadly familiar phrase goes, "have seen better days."

It was for this class of women, accustomed to all the elegancies of life, but suddenly deprived of them, that the millionnaire felt, and whom he wished to aid, without offending their individual delicacy, wounding their womanly pride, or making them feel as if they were "objects of charity." Certainly, this class of females is heartily worthy of all aid and sympathy; and it was surely a gentle, and almost chivalrously tender, thought in the successful millionnaire, to heed them and their needs.

The very poor women have their hospitals and almshouses and charitable institutions; the ordinary run of seamstresses and shop-girls have their haunts and compensations; but what is the fate of the lady, delicately reared, but compelled to earn her living now, by catering to the very class among which she was wont to live herself?

She has not lost her taste for art and for books; she has not ceased to desire a neat room and cleanly served food; but how is she to live decently and dress decently on from seven

to ten dollars a week? It was to answer this question satisfactorily, that, according to Mr. Clair, Mr. Stewart conceived the idea of the Woman's Hotel, — a hotel in which a working-woman of the higher grade — "a working-lady," say — could have "a room and board" for from five to seven dollars a week, with privilege of bath and library and parlor; every thing being furnished her at the lowest cash cost price.

True, the idea was never carried out, owing to the death of Mr. Stewart, and owing, perhaps, to some misunderstandings, among men and among women, which arose subsequent to that event. But I hold, that, assuming Mr. Clair's view of Mr. Stewart's view to be correct (and Mr. Clair is not only a reliable man, but enjoyed the fullest personal confidence of Mr. Stewart), it is highly creditable to Mr. Stewart's heart that he entertained such an idea.

It proves that he had a higher delicacy and gallantry of thought than has been popularly supposed, and entitles him to the gratitude of women in general, and "working-ladies" in especial.

Let us trust, that erelong some living millionnaire will adopt the late lamented Stewart's idea, and carry it out into its fair fulfilment. There is a Big Blessing (a Blessing with a very big B) waiting for that millionnaire. But it was in the last and the most unselfish act of his life that A. T. Stewart demonstrated his real nobility of soul, and his genuine kindly sympathy with those in his employ. He was one of the very few men who ever remembered their employees *after death*, who thought about his working-people when dying, and remembered them in his will.

To my mind, — and I know of many who are of like thinking, — the will of A. T. Stewart was a model one, especially as regards that portion of it in which he bequeaths certain sums of money, ranging from five hundred dollars to ten thousand

dollars, — perhaps from less to more: I am not certain as to the exact amounts, — to those in his employ who have been in his service certain specified lengths of time.

These bequests were very numerous, as his list of employees was very large, and not only formed respectable sums each, but amounted in the total to hundreds of thousands of dollars, — a fortune in themselves.

There never was a more graceful and more generous recognition on the part of an employer of the claims of his faithful employees. And there could not have been a more thoroughly unselfish manifestation thereof. His earthly career would be over when these bequests were bestowed; the parties to whom they would be given could benefit him no more; their faithful or dishonest service would be alike to him; besides, he really owed them nothing, — not a dollar. He had paid them fairly, fully, in many cases very liberally, for many years. To many of them his business had been their sole and sufficient support for nearly a quarter of a century, — yet he remembered them all.

Of course, minor exceptions can be taken, even to this part of the Stewart will. Flaws can be readily found in any document: but the two facts remain, — first, that it was a generous provision in itself, second, that it recognized a duty towards, and evinced a feeling for, employees too seldom recognized or evinced by employers.

And, like all good, unselfish deeds, it has brought a blessing with it. Not only has the will of A. T. Stewart given the world in general a higher and truer estimation of the man who made it, but it has kept his memory green in the hearts and homes of hundreds.

It was only the other morning that the writer heard a man say, "God bless A. T. Stewart!" taking off his hat as he said so. Now, it is something rare to hear one man bless another,

still rarer to hear a poor man bless a rich man, rarest of all to hear a living man bless the dead.

It was at the stage-entrance of Daly's Theatre; and the speaker was the janitor, or stage-door-man, of that establishment. This individual had been one of the old employees of Stewart, and had received one thousand dollars from the estate, according to the terms of the will. This bequest, utterly unexpected, wholly unearned, a pure gift, enabled the hard-working recipient to "put in bank" at one time more money than he had been able to save in all his lifetime; and that one thousand dollars remains in the savings-bank still. And the dead and gone, the almost forgotten, the, in a business point of view, "obliterated" millionnaire, is never alluded to by his grateful employee but with respect and blessing.

It is something to be thus remembered by hundreds. If there are millionnaires yearning for true fame, for a memory worth keeping, let them go and make a will like A. T. Stewart's.

I have dwelt somewhat at length upon this theme, because it has forcibly struck me of late that gross injustice has been rendered to Mr. Stewart in many quarters, but chiefly because the facts which I have stated serve to show that there is a kindly recognition nowadays, even among the most successful and shrewd traders of the time, of the humanitarian claims of their employees.

Mr. Clafflin, the head of the great firm of H. B. Clafflin & Co., the only successful rival of A. T. Stewart & Co. in the wholesale line, is another of the millionnaire employers who entertain, and prove that they entertain, kindly feelings towards the "million" who are not employers. Mr. Clafflin's personal intercourse with his army of clerks has ever been of the friendliest description; and although a disciplinarian in theory, and a keen business man in practice, he is the soul of good fellowship and the incarnation of good feeling.

Scores of similar instances could be cited, did space permit. Alike in this country and in Europe employers are to be found who are "human" men as well as "business" men, and who, while they exact work of the men to whom they pay wage, yet ever feel, and show that they feel, that their relations with their employees does not end with work and wage.

Some firms have even erected libraries and lyceums for the benefit of their work-people, and have furnished them (though at a loss, or at least with no interest on their investment) with comfortable homes within their means.

These facts are encouraging, and show, that, if there is "a seamy side" to modern trade, there is also a "starry" side. Let us pray for more "stars."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW I FELL FROM GRACE, AND LOST MY PLACE. — RAILROAD LIFE. — ON TO NEW YORK.

For a while I was steady in my attention to business, and had every reason to continue so. As I have previously mentioned, I was complimented by the praise of my employers, or their representatives; and I stood well among my fellow clerks and employees. I developed an aptitude for trade, and a bright future opened itself before me; but, alas! it was not to be realized.

I have before remarked that I was of a social disposition, and what is called "popular" among my associates. This quality has its curse as well as its blessing; and to me, at this period of my life, it was a positive misfortune. For it is one of the necessities of popularity to "follow the multitude," even "if to do evil:" to be popular with others, you must do what others do, and be what others are; and, if they be foolish and do wrong, you must repeat the folly and the wrong. Now, boys, like men, have their vicious tendencies and indulgences; and among the lads and young men with whom I was now brought into constant intercourse were some who were addicted to smoking, and more to drinking.

I was left more to myself now, too, than when at the "House of the Angel Guardian," or at the College of the Holy Cross. In our system of modern trade, every boy, as well as man, is left "master of himself," if of nothing or nobody else: he is "left to himself" and by himself. The homely but striking

remark here truthfully applies, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom." So when I now met smokers and tobacco-chewers, and frequenters of bar-rooms "on the sly," there was no father to guard me, no mother to tenderly watch over me, no teacher even to prevent me; but, following the lead of my thoughtless or evil companions, I gave way to my lately restrained appetites, and became once more a drinker and a drunkard.

At first I felt some shame at yielding to my grosser appetites, and the memory of my past sufferings arose before me as a warning. But, alas! the curse was on me and in me. It was in my very nature, — mixed, as it were, with my very blood. It had been restrained by circumstances a while; it had, so to speak, fallen asleep; but now it came to the surface as active as ever.

I became gradually — ay, and rapidly — a "dissipated" boy, which is, if possible, a shade worse and more disgusting than a dissipated man; because it is more precociously and unexpectedly silly and shameful. I smoked, I chewed, I used slang. I swore occasionally, to demonstrate — Heaven save the mark! — my growing manhood. I frequented music-halls and variety theatres whenever I got the money or the chance; and I became a "good" (?) customer of certain beer and bar rooms, and renewed my thirst for malt and spirituous liquors, the latter especially.

My appetites, for a while in leash, had broke their bonds. Circumstances had mastered them for a time: now they mastered me.

Of course, I neglected my duties; of course, I became careless; of course, the change was noticed in me; and I was reproved for it, first kindly, then severely; but, of course, neither kind remonstrances nor rebuke had any effect. "I was joined to my idols;" or, to quote another and even more appropriate

scriptural simile, "the hog that had been washed returned to the wallowing in the mire." I said to Evil, "Be thou my Good;" and soon the inevitable result followed.

After various reproofs, after various expressions of contrition, after spasmodic efforts at reform, followed by even more flagrant falls than before, I was discharged from my place.

This shock sobered me, but only for a brief period. The lesson taught me by the losing of my situation was neutralized by the having nothing more to do, and so having plenty of idle time, which, to a boy like me, meant mischief; while the healthy shame I felt at having lost the esteem of my employers, and of my industrious young associates, and my hard-working and sober brothers, was soon lost in the feeling of freedom I possessed, — a dangerous freedom from work and restraint, — and in the worthless society of a few lads as foolish and as evil as myself.

In short, I got to be what is familiarly and forcibly called "a loafer." I spent my days and nights in "loafing" about the city; and this is, perhaps, the most terrible position in which a boy or young man can be placed. It is the "loafer" that generally matures into the "criminal." It is the "loafer" who ultimately helps to fill the almshouse or the prison.

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

But at this juncture — this crisis of my life — Providence, kind Providence, interposed, and gave me another chance for employment and reform. Through the kindness of William H. Morrill, Esq., general freight agent of the Boston and Providence Railroad, I obtained a situation in the freight-department of that flourishing road.

At first I really endeavored to repay Mr. Morrill for his kindness by proving myself worthy of it. I honestly resolved to

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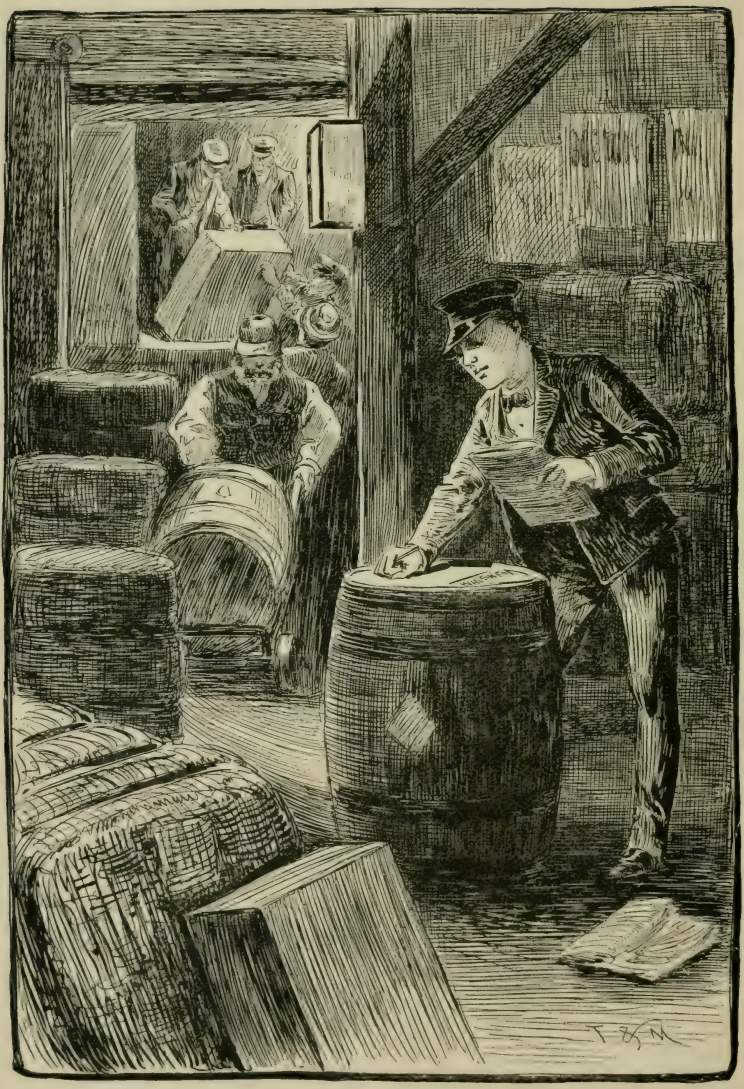

"Here was the temptation brought right to me" [p. 85].

surrender my bad habits and companions, and to settle down to hard work. But a bad habit or an unlawful appetite once held in check, and then let loose again, is more difficult to restrain or control than before; just as a relapse is more fatal, oftentimes, than the first attack of a disease.

My thirst, my drunkard's thirst, had returned to me with more than its original fierceness. That desire for strong drink which I had contracted when a mere child, which had cursed my entrance into life, which had then been restrained by my school and college discipline, and which had broken out afresh amid the temptations of trade, had now become a raging fever. It was my tyrant as well as my curse: it ruled me completely.

Talk about slavery, there is no slavery, no absolute slavery, save that of a human being, young or old, to his or her own appetites. The galley-slave, chained to the oar; the prisoner, working under the eye of the keeper, and within reach of the lash; the poor heathen African, laboring under a broiling sun, at the sole mercy of his cannibal despot, — all these are slaves. But none of these are so truly and verily a slave as the man or boy who carries his master, his cruel, merciless master, inside of himself constantly, who bears with him everywhere and always that cursed, ceaseless craving for drink, which must at all hazards be gratified, which demands obedience spite of prudence, principle, God, man, or himself. The slave of drink is the only real slave on earth, and such a slave I was now becoming. Unfortunately, the very business, or occupation, I was now engaged in, was peculiarly susceptible to the very temptations which I found it so difficult to resist. The "railroad" line of life, so to speak, runs through all kinds of moral dangers. It is in itself as useful, as honorable, and as "moral," as any other employment; but the constant meeting with all sorts and conditions of people which it necessitates; the physical strain which it sometimes produces; the wear and tear upon

the nerves; the constant "worries" which accompany it; the irregular hours, which, as it were, go with the business, especially with the freight-handling department of it; the alternations from hours of excessive work to hours of no work at all, only waiting for the next train, — all these lead, unless constant care is exercised, to what are styled "drinking-habits."

In my case the matter was made still worse by the fact that it was part of my regular duty now to superintend the handling, forwarding, or delivering of freight, which often consisted of spirituous liquor or beer.

Barrels upon barrels of liquor would pass over the railroad, and would be for a shorter or longer period of time under my care. Here was the temptation brought right to me. What a situation for a human being already dominated by the love of liquor! The seeds sown in my early childhood began to develop themselves with alarming rapidity: my thirst grew at times almost intolerable. As the barrels of beer would pass slowly over the road, entering into or leaving the depot, I would watch them with hungry, that is, thirsty, eye: and I learned soon to avail myself of every chance to get at their contents; and there were always chances, — there were numerous "damaged" barrels. I became a confirmed drinker; though, having learned a little worldly wisdom from experience, I always kept sufficiently sober to attend to my absolutely necessary duties. But having caught the desire for travel, probably from seeing so much travel taking place all around me, I became dissatisfied with my position, and longed to make my entry into the metropolis. Just as all France turns its eyes to Paris; just as every ambitious boy in England hopes some day, like Whittington, to become lord mayor of London: so every man or boy on the American continent, from Canada to Mexico, has dreams of some day or other, being somebody or other, in New York; and these dreams seized me

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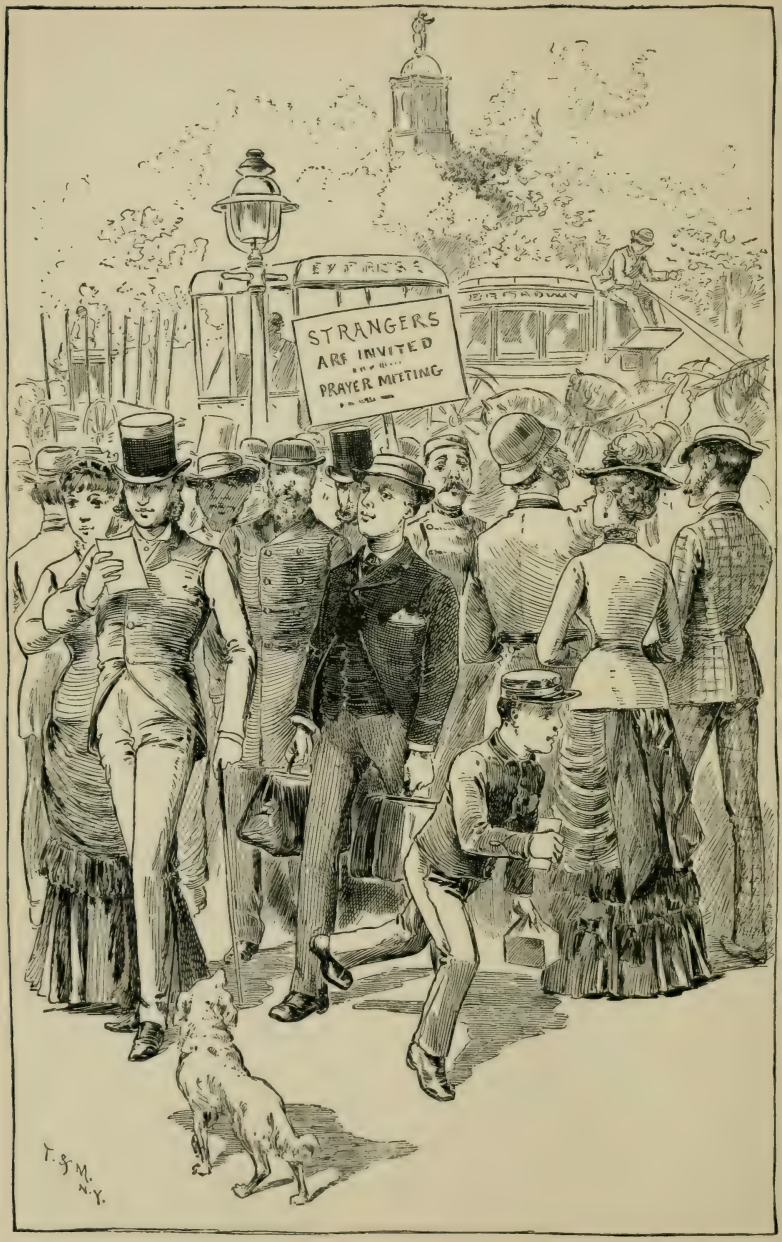

"I came to New York" [p. 87].

now: and although Mr. Morrill was kind to me as ever; although I understood my present duties, and, spite of my drinking, contrived to, after a fashion, discharge them; although I was advised, even by the officials of the road requested, to remain, — I resigned my position, and determined to seek New York, therein to find my promised land.

I was but doing what thousands have done before: I was but doing what thousands will do again, till time — or New York — shall be no more.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW YORK IN GENERAL. — WHO COME TO NEW YORK, AND WHAT BECOMES OF THEM. — WILLIAM E. DODGE AND JAMES FISK, JUN. — WHICH OF THE TWO MEN WILL YOU IMITATE?

I CAME to New York. Of how many thousands, tens of thousands, hundred of thousands, have these words been said, "He came to New York!"

"He came to New York" from the farm where he had been reared, on which he toiled for years, where he had worked summer and winter, spring and fall, from morning to night, for a mere scanty wage, — it may be, only for board and clothes.

"He came to New York" from the home where he had been carefully trained, where he had enjoyed every comfort and luxury, where a father's and mother's love had watched over him, and anticipated his every want, where sisters had petted him, and brothers had been his admiring companions, where love had been the atmosphere of life.

"He came to New York" from the forge where he had earned his frugal living by incessant labor, where he had seen nothing of life but its hard work.

"He came to New York" from the factory, where he had been a slave — nominally free, but really a slave — white, but only a white slave — free to work fourteen hours a day, or starve; free to grind his life out for his employers' benefit, or go to the poorhouse, or be carried to the cemetery.

"He came to New York" from the college where he had burned the midnight oil, poring over the works of sages; where

he had read Homer and Horace, Virgil and Sophocles, and had stored his mind with the intellectual wealth of antiquity.

"He came to New York" from the little country town where he had been a doctor, with a small practice, scattered over a vast area of territory; or an attorney, in a village where the wealthiest possible client did not own ten thousand dollars in the world, and where a fifty-dollar retainer was a year's wonder; or a country clergyman, where his scanty salary was paid chiefly in prayers and potatoes.

"He came to New York" from ship-board, having roved round the world, and, like "a rolling stone," "gathered no moss."

"He came to New York" from the hamlet where he had lived all his uneventful life, never having gone farther from home than the nearest market-town.

"He came to New York" from the vast London, which had only proved a vast wilderness to him; or from the gay Paris, which had proved but a delusion or a snare; or from frugal Germany; or from down-trodden Poland, or mysterious Russia. From all parts of the world, and from all ranks of life, "*he came to* New York."

But what *became of him in* New York? Ah! that is the question; and how diverse are the answers!

He became a successful man, he made money and friends, acquired fame and influence, became an honor to himself and his family, made his old folks at home proud of him.

Or he became a scourge, a criminal, and an outcast; violated the law, and was condemned to pay the penalty in prison-cell; or sunk into the lowest depths of pauperism; haunted the streets a beggar; haunted the parks in summer nights, and the station-houses in winter nights, a bummer and a vagrant.

Or he became any one of the hundreds of means that lie between these two extremes of fate; or it may even be, that

to this day no one knows what *has* become of him; all trace of him may have been lost; all that is definitely known of him being, that "he came to New York."

New York is at once the best known and the least known of all great American cities. Everybody almost knows, or thinks he knows, something about it; and yet no one, not even "the oldest inhabitant," knows every thing. Each man is familiar with *his* side of New-York life: no man is equally familiar with *all* sides. And each man's view of New York is, of course, greatly dependent upon that side of it with which — and which alone — he is acquainted.

Only one thing is certain, and known to and conceded by all. New York is pre-eminently the city of opportunities. Everybody has a chance in New York. Rich or poor, high or low, country born or city bred, smart or plodding, industrious or speculative, good or bad, New York has "an opening" for every man. It affords him any amount of material to build upon; but he must decide what the building shall be, and it must be erected by the builder's toil and at the builder's risk. There is only one kind of man for whom New York has no chance to offer, no place to fill, — the fool. It is the worst place for fools of any town in the world. It taxes even the highest grades of talent, but it absolutely grinds the fool to powder.

And there is one truth which is just as certain as the fact just stated: and this latter truth cannot be too often or too thoroughly impressed upon the youthful — or, for that matter, upon the mature — mind; and this truth is, that, while New York will perforce yield its treasures of opportunity to the smart man, yet — and herein lies the point — yet it yields its highest chances, its worthiest prizes, only to the honest as well as smart, the good as well as great.

It pays best, even in New York, to be religious, moral, honest:

believe me, it does. God's laws hold good in the metropolis of America, just as they hold good everywhere else in God's world. Two men "came to New York" in our time. Both men were of humble origin; both men were ambitious; both men were gifted with energy, sagacity, with the power to see and the power to do; both men "came to New York" determined to make the very most of its chances, to avail themselves to the utmost of its opportunities; and both men fulfilled this determination, but in very different, in opposite, ways.

James Fisk, jun., came to New York believing only in money and in himself, caring naught for God, or man or law, human or divine, save the laws of his own impulses. He was very active and very able and very unscrupulous, so he succeeded. He gained notoriety, influence, and wealth; he drove his four-in-hand, had his theatre and his regiment and his mistress; he had the world at his feet — so he thought.

But only for a while, — a brief while, — a few years. Then he died as the fool dieth; died, shot by his former friend; died in a scandal; died with all the world feasting on the prurient details of his troubles, died suddenly, without warning, died in the prime of life; died with all his sins upon his head; died, to be soon forgotten; and died, too, after all the money he had made and squandered, a comparatively poor man; died, to live in the history of his time only as an erratic character, chiefly valuable as a warning, as a terrible example, to be studied so as to be shunned.

William E. Dodge "came to New York" a poor boy, shrewd, eager for money, but also upright, God-fearing, and man-loving. He made money, — more money than James Fisk; but he made it honestly, and spent it wisely and grandly. He did not drink, like Fisk, or give fast suppers; but, instead, he founded missions and Young Men's Christian Associations, and contributed liberally to churches, Sunday-schools, and temperance

organizations. He did not steal from corporations, and then give spasmodically some of his ill-got gains to the poor; but he devoted a regular portion of his regular, immense, legitimately earned income to the poor and needy abroad and at home. He was a good citizen, a sabbath-keeping citizen, a law-abiding citizen, an inestimable citizen. He was a moral man, a domestic man, a devoted husband and father.

And he lived to be old and honored; he lived to see seven sons growing up to respectable manhood all around him; he lived to be looked up to by the city which he had entered as a poor boy. And, when he died, "he died the death of the righteous." May our "last end be like his"!

James Fisk, jun., passed along the horizon of New York like a brilliant but baleful comet, vanishing swiftly into utter darkness; but William E. Dodge shone for nearly half a century in New York as a star of constantly increasing magnitude and radiance, — a star which still shines, though his earthly career has closed. Now, reader, which of those two men, think you, will you imitate?

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IN NEW YORK, SENSATIONAL AND REALISTIC. — THE POPULATION OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS, AND ITS CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES. — GERMAN, IRISH, AND AMERICAN NEW YORK. — FIFTH AVENUE, BROADWAY, AND THE BOWERY.

HAVING thus glanced at New York in general, it will be well to take this opportunity of describing New York in detail. Nothing can be of more interest to the average American than an accurate pen-picture of the great metropolis, and yet nothing can be more rare. Books on New York, and life in the great metropolis, abound; and yet I know of none that can be regarded as altogether truthful. Many are avowedly "sensational;" and even those which do not make this claim, or disdain it, err in this direction of "sensationalism." Of course, any description, with any pretence to truth, of life in New York, must have much that is startling and sensational in it. New York, being the largest, greatest, richest, most crowded, portion of the New World, must be "a sensation" in itself. But, in addition to all its "sensational" elements, there are to be found in New York practical, common-sense, moral elements, which constitute a large — nay, the larger — portion of metropolitan life, and which need to be insisted and dwelt upon in every truthful, truly "realistic" book or article on New-York City.

In the pages which follow, I have endeavored to do justice to this fact, which has by previous writers too often been ignored; and while many of the points, facts, and scenes presented will be found "sensational" enough in all conscience, the better and

brighter side of New York will likewise be described; and, from all the details of the pen-picture I shall paint, an accurate idea of the great American metropolis as a whole will be obtained. The real population of New York to-day exceeds two millions of souls, and almost equals that of Paris. By the "real population" I mean simply what the words imply, — the human beings who help to populate New York by day and by night constantly, who fill its streets, who do business there, who trade or tramp there, who sin or enjoy there, even though they may sleep or have a nominal residence elsewhere. Among the "real population" of New York I include the dwellers in Brooklyn, Williamsburg, etc. Brooklyn has been justly styled only "a sleeping-place for New-Yorkers;" and now that the bridge at last is nearly finished, and a man will soon be able to walk or ride from any point in Brooklyn to any point in New York, it is certainly safe to predict, that in a few years the two cities — the city of charities and the city of churches — will be one in name as in fact. But even if the actual population of New York is thrown out of consideration, and only the nominal, the technical, population be regarded, — that population which not only "lives," but "resides," in New York, — this population thus reduced still amounts to an immense figure, — over one million and a quarter of bodies and souls, — figures large enough to render the American proud and the moralist thoughtful.

This latter estimate does not include the immense throngs of visitors for business and pleasure, of whom from sixty thousand to eighty thousand arrive and depart daily. On extraordinary occasions this transient population, this throng of visitors, swells to a hundred and fifty thousand, or even two hundred thousand.

The most striking, the characteristic, feature of the population of New York is its variety of nationality, its cosmopolitan character. New-Yorkers are composed of all nations. Every

country under heaven sends its natives to New York; and every State of the Union, and almost every hamlet in every State, has its representatives in the metropolis.

New York is to-day the third largest German city in the world; that is to say, no cities in Germany, save Vienna and Berlin, contain as many German citizens as New York.

New York is to-day the largest Irish city, save only Dublin. It likewise embraces a larger English and French population than is generally supposed. There is also a considerable proportion of Italians, Spaniards, South Americans, etc. New York likewise contains a very large and constantly increasing number of Jews, as well as their inveterate enemies, the Russians, and the sworn foes of these latter, the Poles. Greeks, Turks, Portuguese, Swedes, Scotch, Chinese, etc., every nationality under the blue canopy of the infinite, are to be found. Sometimes the different nationalities are inextricably blended, and sometimes they are herded together in their own quarters.

Thus there are certain sections of the city which are as distinctively Irish as any part of Ireland itself: there are other sections where the German language is spoken exclusively. A story is told of a well-known journalist of this city, — the late Isaac C. Pray, — who, in a fit of absent-mindedness, one afternoon took the wrong car from "The Daily-News" office, and, at last, awaking from his day-dream, and not recognizing his localities, left the car. Every thing to him, although he was an old New-Yorker, was new; nothing was familiar; the signs over the stores were either in Hebrew or in German; the people he met had all a foreign look; their manners and customs were strange; and, when he asked for information as to his whereabouts, he could find no one to afford him the desired knowledge. He was ignorant of the language of the people amongst whom he found himself: they were ignorant of

his language. He was absolutely a stranger in a strange land; he was actually a New-Yorker lost in New York. He wandered about for some time before he was able to discover that he had been conveyed by the car into the heart of the great East Side, — along Avenues A and B, — in the midst of the "Germany" of New York.

Then, there is the distinctively and exclusively Hebrew quarter of New York, where all the ordinances of Moses are as strictly observed as they were in Palestine three thousand years ago; and there is the distinctively and exclusively Chinese quarter, with its joss-houses and its opium-dens.

And yet, after all, there is such a thing as an American New York, though satirists have occasionally asserted otherwise. With all its cosmopolite character, New York is still — and let us devoutly trust it always will be — a truly, thoroughly American city. The native New-York element to-day is considerable in numbers, paramount in wealth, and supreme in influence and importance. Let not Americans mistake this, for it is the truth, and it is a truth which should lead them, like the warrior of old, "to thank God, and to take courage."

Another great feature of New York is the immense value of its land, its real estate. This feature, while it enables the few to live in princely luxury, compels the majority of New-Yorkers, especially the poorer classes, to live herded together in discomfort. Perhaps the poor of New York are the poorest people in the civilized world, as will be shown when I come to glance at the tenement-house population.

A third great feature of New-York life is its inevitable tendency to render the New-Yorker alike self-reliant and humble. I know that New-Yorkers are sometimes said to be "conceited;" and so they are, but not of their individual selves, but of their city. No man can live in New York for years and have much individual conceit. New-York life "knocks it all

out" of him. No matter how smart and how rich he may be, he meets every day people who are smarter and richer. The man who, in a smaller town, with his one hundred thousand dollars, would be vain of his wealth, meets in New York a dozen millionnaires a day; and that makes him feel himself a comparatively poor man. The lawyer who has fame rubs against a dozen lawyers who are far more famous; and so the lesson of humility is taught, as well as the lesson of self-reliance. For of all places in the world, the homely adage is most applicable to New York, that "every tub must stand on its own bottom." In the great American metropolis a man is gauged by himself, not by his ancestors nor their achievements. No one cares much for the past: that is "ancient history." Nor is much regard paid to a possible though distant future: that is "imagination." What New York cares for is the present. What the man or woman is, or is doing, or is capable of doing to-day,— that is New-York's idea of reality; and New York is right. What says the poet in his "Psalm of Life"?

> "Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
> Let the dead past bury its dead;
> Act, act in the living present,
> Heart within, and God o'erhead."

Still another characteristic, and the most dramatic of all the characteristics of New York, is its contrasts, its extremes. New York is, *par excellence*, the city of extremes and contrasts. It is at once the very worst and the very best of all American cities, alike the very darkest and the very brightest. It is the city of crimes and the city of charities, the city of infidelity and irreligion, the city of the Sunday-school and the church, the city of the public rum-shop, and the city of the public school.

It has been the misfortune of New York, that its newspapers

find it to their pecuniary interest to dwell more upon the evil than the good in it; to devote more space to the sensational, dark side of city-life, than to the unsensational, steadily shining bright side thereof; but both sides, nevertheless, exist side by side.

The contrasts of New York are perhaps in no instances more forcibly presented than in its three great thoroughfares, — Broadway, the Bowery, and Fifth Avenue. These world-famous streets are New York in miniature, if the term "miniature" can be applied to miles of houses, and hundreds of thousands of human beings.

Broadway is the finest street on the American continent. Beginning at the Battery, it extends through banks, stores, hotels, churches, public buildings, till it, as it were, loses itself, and dies of its own length, among the boulevards. It is traversed along the lower portion by omnibuses, and along the upper portion by the street-cars. It is the favorite promenade for business or pleasure: it is the exercise-ground of the down-town merchant or broker, the shopping-ground of the up-town belle, the street for adventurers. A history of Broadway would be a history alike of New York and of human nature. It is the thoroughfare of average New York, of miscellaneous metropolitan humanity.

Fifth Avenue is the most fashionable street in America, an avenue which is lined (from Washington Square to Central Park) with palaces. From the substantial residence of Ex-Mayor Cooper at one end, to the superb Vanderbilt mansions at the other, Fifth Avenue is a boulevard of brown stone. It comprises and represents more wealth than any other one street in the whole world. Three hundred millions of money are represented in two short blocks of this celebrated street. And all the leading clubs of New York — the Manhattan (the controlling Democratic club), the Union League (the repre-

sentative Republican organization), the Union Club (the man-about-town and society club) — have their buildings fronting on this wonderful thoroughfare. The most fashionable hotels and churches are likewise located here; and Belmont, A. T. Stewart, Astor, Jay Gould, and other world-famous names, are literally household words. A million of dollars has been expended on several single residences on Fifth Avenue; and the finest picture-galleries in the New World are here, attached to the palaces of Vanderbilt, Stewart, Belmont, Marshall O. Roberts, and others.

One of the vilest dens in the world also stood upon Fifth Avenue till lately. In fact, it still stands there, though devoted to other uses. I allude to the magnificent mansion of the abortionist Restell, which lies within the very shadow of the magnificent cathedral, and directly opposite to the Vanderbilt palaces.

There are gaming-dens also on the Fifth Avenue, and houses of splendid infamy; and some of the most unscrupulous rascals that ever escaped State prison reside here in state; but, taken as a rule, a house on Fifth Avenue symbolizes legitimate worldly success.

As for the Bowery, it is decidedly the most picturesquely miscellaneous street in the city or the country. To the lover of human nature, and to the student thereof, it is by far the most interesting thoroughfare in New York. Beginning from Chatham Street, the favored locality of the dealers in "old clo'," it passes along museums (some genuine, and more bogus), concert saloons (a few attractive, and all vile), German beer-gardens (some of them mammoth establishments, where well-selected orchestras perform), mock-auction shops (less common now than formerly), pawnbroking shops (constantly increasing, constantly thronged, and many of them merely receptacles for stolen goods), cheap-jewellery stores, mammoth tailor stores,

cheap dry-goods stores, cheap millinery establishments (where ladies often purchase for five dollars what they tell their friends afterwards they paid fifteen for on Broadway), "flash" restaurants," "all-night" dives, countless "saloons," "cigar fronts" (which are simply lottery-policy shops behind), "skin" gambling-houses, dance-houses, all sorts of places, till at last, after winding and enlarging, it contracts again, and terminates in the almost interminable Third Avenue.

Such are the three characteristic streets or thoroughfares of New York; and as such they are crowded, — Fifth Avenue on Sunday mornings and afternoons, and on fine afternoons and mornings generally; Broadway, from morning till midnight; and the Bowery, all the time.

After all, and before all, it is this ceaseless crowding of the streets of New York which is New York's most expressive feature. A countryman once stood patiently waiting, in front of the St. Nicholas Hotel, as the multitudes passed along. After some fifteen minutes or so, a friend asked the gentleman from the rural districts what he was waiting for. "For the crowd to get by," he replied. Dear, good old man, he fancied that there must be some unusual temporary excitement in the street at that time, which would soon subside. He did not yet know that this *crowd was chronic.*

CHAPTER XI.

A PEN-PANORAMA OF NEW YORK. — THE POOR OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS. — CASTLE GARDEN AND THE EMIGRANTS. — "LES MISÉRABLES." — "OLD MOTHER HURLEY'S." — THE BLACK HEN'S. — THE BLACK HOLE OF CHERRY STREET. — THE MYSTERIES OF DONOVAN'S LANE. — TENEMENT-HOUSE LIFE AND "ROTTEN ROW." — THE SUMMER POOR.

ONE of the most interesting places in New York is really Castle Garden. Formerly this was the resort of fashionable and pleasure-seeking New York, and Jenny Lind and Jullien gave their concerts there. Now it is appropriated, or abandoned to the emigrant, and is the first place he or she sees in the New World.

Time was when the emigrant, once landed in New York, was virtually surrendered a prey to land-sharks and swindlers. But now the emigrant system has been brought to a state closely approximating perfection; and a man or woman can be shipped as safely from Sweden to Minnesota, passing through New York *in transitu*, as if he or she were a bale of goods or a package per express.

In fact, more care is taken of the emigrant, who merely passes through New York, than of the poor man or woman who settles down in the midst of the metropolis. Would the reader really form an idea of how some of the very poor in New York "live," — if I am allowed to use the word "live" in such connection, — let him read the following truthful sketch, which appeared in the columns of "The New-York Sunday Dispatch," written by a journalist who saw all the horrors he so vividly describes.

"LES MISÉRABLES."

There is a house, or structure, in New York, known by its number and street as "Cherry." The first floor thereof is known by the appellation of the woman who rents it, as "Old Mother Hurley's." This first floor is inhabited by human beings, such as they are; and this is the way in which these human beings, or

"THE HONEST POOR,"

"live" at "Mother Hurley's."

The surrounding neighborhood is filthy, and the exterior of the building is barn-like and disgusting. Opening the rickety door, an indescribable odor overpowers your nostrils; and unless you are accustomed to this sort of thing, — unless you are a journalist or a policeman, — you instinctively put your fingers around your nose, close them, and keep them closed. The odor arises, as you will see presently, from decaying and rotten meat and vegetables, from human breaths, and foul linen, and human sores, and imperfect ventilation, and human filth, and stagnant water, mingled together into a villanous compound, for which the expressive Saxon has no fitting name. Having exercised the power of smell sufficiently, and using your power of sight, you look around and see, by an unsnuffed tallow candle burning on a three-legged greasy table, leaning against a bare, paperless, cracked, tumble-down wall, a lot of soiled, stained, stinking linen and straw lying in a disordered mixture on the top of an old mattress, which was washed ashore originally from a yellow-fever ship down near quarantine; the whole "combination" being supported on a low truckle-bed, and affording a place of rest such as no respectable family, not even a first-class Broadway hotel, would insult a dog with, and yet which forms the "post of honor" and chief luxury of "Mother Hurley's." For this bed the landlady charges extra; and it is sometimes occupied by as many as three people at a time, who divide the honors and the filth.

At the foot of this bed, on the night of our visit, there lay on the dirty boards, without any pretence of a bed at all, a bundle of straw,

on which an old woman about seventy years of age was lying, without any covering whatever. The old woman was a hag, indescribably dark and indescribably dirty, blear-eyed, rheumatic, almost putrid, lying down with all her rags on, and vainly trying to sleep.

Near this creature was a small stove, with the least bit in the world of a fire; and opposite her was an attempt at a bar and grocery-store combined, where Mother Hurley dispensed rum at three cents a glass, or eggs at five cents apiece. She evidently valued her eggs at a much higher rate than her rum; and lest her hungry lodgers might some day, in a fit of stomachic despair, kill her hen, and make a meal of it, she kept the fowl under lock and key, in a sort of coop directly adjoining the bar, where she could always keep her eye on it. To our notion, we had rather been the hen at Mother Hurley's than the humanity.

God knows the front part of this first floor, containing what we have already described, was bad enough; but the front part was paradise itself to the scene disclosed in the middle portion of the lodging-den. Here there was no light at all, save by the "darkness visible" from the candle already mentioned; there was no attempt at ventilation from front or rear: there was no carpet; there was no floor, except a few boards laid here and there over the ground at intervals; there were no beds, save only a row of shelves made of unplaned boards ranged along the cracking, moulding, damp walls; there was no linen, save a few foul rags; there was no bedding, save here and there a handful of shavings or straw; there were no windows; there was no furniture, save a backless chair, with some rotten fish scattered disgustingly over it; there was nothing but filth and foulness, and closeness and heat, and discomfort and bareness and horror; and yet in this "middle passage," this

BLACK HOLE OF CHERRY STREET,

there were, on the night of our visit, twelve human beings, — five men, four women, and three children, — huddled together in rags and misery in a space not fit for one well dog.

The children were two little girls and a boy; the little girls being

literally stark naked, and lying on each side of the little boy, who had a man's old, torn, and stained flannel shirt on. The boy had a stupid, startled look, and moved uneasily in his slumbers; but the little girls stared at us with all their eyes, — and fine eyes they were. Their mother, an old woman who was lying on a board beneath the shelf on which lay her children, and who, though ragged and shoeless, was *not* dirty, and seemed quite a decent sort of person, told us simply enough, in the unvarnished language of the utterly wretched, that she "did not have luck enough lately to earn or beg clothes for her girls, and so she had to let them go naked all day long, and stay in bed until she could get some rags for them." Here, indeed, were females who had "nothing to wear," — young females, very young females, who had to stay in a pest-hole, hungry and dirty and stark naked, all day long, — not because their mother was lazy, for the policeman told us she was an industrious woman when she had a chance to work; not because she drank, for she never touched a drop; not because she was immoral, — but because she was unfortunate, because she was poor. And yet there are churches and missions and dry-goods palaces in this Christian city. Of course, there was

NOT THE SLIGHTEST PRETENCE AT DECENCY,

let alone delicacy, among the men and women congregated in this black hole, where the sexes are huddled together in dark dens like this. Men and women are like Adam and Eve in paradise, in this one respect, at least, — they are not ashamed of their nakedness, nor of any thing else. A number of dirty and party-colored cloths and towels, suspended from a string in front of the shelves, were the only concealments attempted: and what undressing, or, rather, unragging, was done, was done full in sight of all the other denizens of the den, big or little, male or female, white or black; for not only were both sexes, but all colors, on a free equality of filth at Mother Hurley's.

But "on horror's head, horrors accumulate:" and, terrible as was this "middle passage" of Mother Hurley's den, there was a more terrible place still; and that was the rear portion of it. We

could not believe, at first, there was a rear to such a hell as this; we thought that we had reached the end and the worst; but the policeman who accompanied us — John Musgrave, detailed to bear escort by Capt. Ullman and Sergt. Thompson of the Fourth Precinct — showed us our mistake; for he led the way, tumbling over old barrels and broken crockery and dung-heaps — literally dung-heaps — in the dark, till we came to an open space, a back-yard roofed over, and terminated by a dead wall, — a back-yard, too, full of all manner of foulness, garbage, and abomination; a back-yard full of dirty water oozing from the ground; a back-yard literally piled with human excrement; a back-yard without any windows or doors, or fresh air or light, save from a piece of tallow candle, and yet a back-yard with nine beds, or boards, with straw and soiled rags on them, and ten people, — men, women, and children, — supposed to sleep on said beds, or boards, in this indescribably horrible back-yard.

In the centre of this back-yard stood a table, at which, on a stool, sat a man, who, with filthy hands and a ravenous appetite, ate a piece of raw, rotten fish — absolutely raw and absolutely rotten — with relish. Ay; and he told us, and made no secret of it, that he was very thankful to get a chance to eat it. He had picked it up, and, having had nothing else to eat, made the most he could out of it.

Think of this, ye diners at Delmonico's, and midnight banqueters at the Maison Dorée! a man, and not a bad man either, nor a fool, — for Musgrave told us that his character was good, and his language was well chosen, — thankful, in this enterprising city, for being able to pick up some raw and rotten fish for his midnight supper, and his only meal in twenty hours! But we saw, ere we quitted this back-yard,

A SADDER SIGHT

than even this poor devil of a man; i.e., a poor devil of a consumptive woman, who had once been pretty (for hunger and care, and sickness and sorrow, had not rendered her hideous yet), — a poor devil of a woman, who, though herself still virtuous, still unmarried, was compelled to sleep in the next bed, or the next board, to a man,

whose head lay among the rags; while right at the head of her bed, or board, was a cesspool, emitting the vilest of all possibly inhalable stenches; while the walls around her oozed damp and filth in equal proportions. Does Dante's "Inferno," or the veritable infernal regions themselves, contain aught more terribly, truly repulsive than this? And yet this is what we saw or peered at in the damp and darkness that night at Mother Hurley's.

We also saw in this back-yard den a broken-hearted mother crying over her dying baby, who had caught cold from sleeping in such a damp place as this, and was fast coughing its little self to death. We could not help inwardly congratulating the baby; but neither could we help sympathizing with the poor woman, who hung fondly over her suffering infant, calling it every pet name that a mother's, and an Irish mother's, affection could suggest. But long experience in scenes of misery had rendered her companions callous, and the people around her cared no more for a dying baby than they would have cared for a living one.

Now, the majority of people in this lodging-den this night were not roughs or reprobates. They were as decent as such horribly impecunious people could be. They were only poor, poor*er*, poor*est;* and for their poverty they were punished as no criminals were ever punished in Sing Sing. For their poverty they were treated as no dogs are treated; for their poverty they were compelled to go naked, to eat raw and rotten fish, and to sleep in defiance of decency, and in proximity to cesspools. And yet people tell us that poverty is no crime, and talk of honest poverty. How in God's name can poverty, such as this, be honest? But, if you wish to see how

THE CRIMINAL POOR

live and move and have their being, go to No. —— Water Street, where there is a basement "den" kept by a woman who has been on "The Island," and whose "husbands" have all been to State prison, and who is called, from her dark hair, "The Black Hen." Here, in a close, stifling little room, carpetless, cheerless beyond words, on the night of our visit, was a broken-down sofa with two

hags on it; and on the other side was a bench with four other hags on it, with one hag squatted on the floor; each of the seven women being ugly, coarse, and foul, — uglier, coarser, fouler than can be readily conceived of until seen.

Back of this "reception-room" — Heaven save the mark! — extends a series of dark, dismal, dirty boxes, in which all species of depravity and robbery were practised as a business; while in the rear of these "boxes" was a big bed, or mattress, stretched on the floor, — foul beyond the power of the English language to express, — on which the wantons slept after their sins; while adjoining the bed was a cooking-stove, — the rear apartment serving alike as kitchen, bedroom, and dining-room, — the wantons and their mistress eating their garbage on the floor; while, according to the eternal fitness of things, the master of the den, and the present husband of its mistress, served as cook for what infernal cooking there was to do.

But, vile as the den of

"THE BLACK HEN"

might be, there was a hell on earth, filthier and viler and more wretched still, in a basement, directly across the street, at No. —— Water Street, known, in the expressive slang of the district, as "Bilker's Hall." This place is kept by a Kitty de Fish, *alias* (everybody has an *alias* in those parts) Annie Winkle, who is a woman of violent temper, as was proved by the spectacle presented on the occasion of our visit by one of her "girls," an old woman nearly seventy years of age, whose right eye, already nearly half eaten out of the eye-ball by secret disease, — which was very public indeed, — was likewise cut, torn, and disfigured by a plate thrown at her by the proprietress of the den. If on the face of the earth there was a fouler or more disgustingly wretched being than this old, battered harridan, then the face of the earth deserves to be pitied; and, as for the place itself, there was nothing viler in the world, for the simple reason there could be nothing viler. The front of the basement contained a pretence of a "bar," with a few glasses that had not been washed since they were originally stolen, and a few bottles of adulterated liquors

of the cheapest and the nastiest description, and with a few stale eggs, and staler oysters. Behind this "bar" stood a ragged, sullen, blear-eyed thief, the "man" of the "woman" of the place, who, when not drunk, or getting others drunk on his villanous swill, played the *rôle* of "a badger," and "went through the clothes" of his unsuspecting and intoxicated victims, robbing them of whatever moneys their pockets might contain. Back of this bar, to the rear of the basement, directly behind the only sofa of the place, extended a

LIQUID PANDEMONIUM.

The words are used advisedly, for it was a "pandemonium," and it was "liquid;" being composed of four or five tumble-down stalls, worse than any pig-pen ever seen, in which "stalls" there were bundles of straw and old mattresses stretched out upon the earth, and which oozed out slime and filth, and were damp, and stunk abominably; while the walls were crumbled and mouldy, and gave forth filth from a neighboring cesspool. It was a sight and a smell sufficient to strike terror to any nose and eye, and heart and soul: even the policeman had enough of it in five minutes, and left the hell-hole with unusual rapidity. And yet it was the scene of the "sinful pleasures" (!) and the "home, sweet home" of six or seven females and one man.

But time would fail did we attempt to describe one-half of all the misery that is to be seen among the poor, good and bad, of the Fourth Ward. Although this district is not now what it used to be; though Kit Burns and John Allen are dead; though many of "the basements" have been closed; and though many a den of thieves have, through business and industry, been converted into hives of labor, while, at the same time, the commerce of New York having declined, the sailors no longer congregate in such ungodly quantities as in times past; though the police have done their duty, and thereby diminished misery and crime within the district, — yet still, Heaven knows, the place is unutterably horrible, viewed from a humanitarian point.

While such "dens" as the "velvet room" (so called because no

velvet was ever seen within it, nothing but rags and sawdust), at the corner of Rosevelt and Water Streets, where men and women nightly get drunk together, drinking vile liquor from the bung-holes of barrels, and then lying down senseless on top of the barrels; and the distilleries of Flannigan and Branigan in James Street and Cherry Street, — are among the most demoralizing haunts of degraded humanity upon the top of the earth, there is not in the city of New York, nor the city of London, nor the city of Paris, nor any other city in Christian lands, or heathen, a viler, fouler, more repulsive, more wretched, more God-forsaken hole, than what is known as

DONOVAN'S LANE.

The majority of our readers have, doubtless, never heard of this locality, and they should thank Providence for their ignorance; and yet within its limits are two most striking companion examples of poor life among the professedly pagans, and the, by courtesy, Christians, of New York.

THE "HEATHEN" POOR.

Donovan's Lane begins with a Chinese opium-den of the lowest class, and terminates with an Irish shanty. It runs from Baxter Street to Pearl Street, and is soon to be closed, thanks be to God, Capt. Kennedy, and the street-commissioner. There are two opium-dens within its limits. The larger one fronts on Baxter Street, and comprises a Chinese club-room and temple combined, where the celestials play cards, drink tea, and worship their gods; while to the rear is a room about twelve feet by ten, carpetless, chairless, pictureless, cheerless, full of bunks or boards, full of dirty linen, which serve as the beds for some dozen Chinamen cooks, stewards, cigar-sellers, etc., honest people enough, but oh, so very poor! living together like pigs in a pen, in a stifling atmosphere, without the slightest pretence to comfort or decency. On the top bunk lay stretched out, when we visited the place, a dying Chinaman, who was sinking with a low fever; while in the lower bunks lay, in their dirty linen, three or four Chinamen, huddled together in a space hardly big enough, and cer-

tainly not clean enough, for a pet poodle, and smoking themselves into an opium stupor.

But this place was a palace compared with another opium-den, to the rear, right in the centre of Donovan's Lane. Here, surrounded by mud-heaps and pest-heaps, and breathing in the foul exhalations from them, and from the poison garbage lying all around them, in a room small, mean, low studded, without any chairs at all, only the greasy tables, a bunk in one corner, and an indescribably filthy bed in another corner, lay sprawling some ten men, emitting smoke from their pipes, and filthy stench from themselves. A pot full of filth was in the centre of the den, rendering the air still fouler; some dirty linen stunk in a pile just beyond it, and altogether a nastier place could not be conceived of; and yet this was the evening haunt, the bedroom, the breakfast-room, the home, of poor wretches of pagans, who, when they could do no better, the impecunious heathens, as officer Francis Caddell told us, had been known to kill rats which infested their den, and eat them for want of any other food, in this *most* charitable (?) city. But the condition of the

CHRISTIAN POOR,

the poor who were not heathens, residing in Donovan's Lane, was worse than that of the pagans themselves. Miscegenation held high carnival in Donovan's Lane; black men and white women cursed and stunk and loafed and brawled and suffered there; the "basements" of some of the old houses in the lane were so vile, that we approached their broken-down doors with our fingers to our nostrils; and yet they swarmed with wretched humanity and fat vermin: and, amid all the other odors, that of the stables was not wanting; for, toward the end of the lane, there were a pair of cart-horses kept, who were kept much more comfortably than any of the human beings, white or black, little or big, male or female, Christian or heathen, in Donovan's Lane.

This is how the wretchedly, abominably poor "live" in the great metropolis, — the wretches who cannot afford to rent rooms or exist in tenement-houses.

And this is the way the poor live who *can* "afford" tenement-house life. This description is taken from the elaborate *exposé* of tenement-house life which appeared originally in the columns of "The Sunday Telegram:" —

No. —— Water Street is ironically called "The Gem," because in all respects it is an utterly worthless structure. It consists of a frame-building in the front and a brick building in the rear; the latter being reached by an alley-way, full of filth, worm-eaten, full of holes, ricketty, full of pitfalls for the unwary. The yard between the front and rear houses is very small and very foul, offensive with garbage and filth. The cellar is wet, and the closets are simply damnable. The rear house is vile and filthy enough, but it is a very palace compared with the front building. Here civilization is on a par with ventilation, there being no pretence at either.

There are no sinks in the house; there is no sewer connection; the walls look as if they had never known of whitewash; the floors are filthy; and, of course, there are no ventilation-pipes. And yet there ought to be air enough through the house, for almost every other window-pane in it is broken. The front-hall window has eight panes broken out of twelve.

But even the bitter breath of winter cannot clean this Augean stable of a tenement, for the smells from the filthy floors and the filthier yard raise day and night their protest against the carelessness of agents and landlords.

The odor of decaying garbage mingles with the odor of food (such as the food is), and the odor from the closets mingles with these two previously mentioned smells; the three forming a terrible perfume, worthy of the infernal regions.

And this triply foul atmosphere is the only air which twenty-five children and young people of both sexes breathe this blessed holiday season. In the second-story rear room of the front house the "Telegram" representative found, at the time of his visit, a spectacle of human misery to which he is wholly unable to do justice. Conceive Meg Merrilies (as played by Charlotte Cushman) lying in

her rags, — and very few rags at that, — stretched out full length upon the floor, — and a floor full of holes, without any carpet, and black with dirt, — holding upward and outward her skinny arms and long hands toward the merest pretence of a fire, which merely illuminated faintly, but did not warm at all. Conceive, if you can, that this Meg Merrilies has not been able to move for several weeks, and that she has no bed to move to if she could move at all. Remember, that, during all the recent cold snap, this Meg Merrilies has been lying shivering on the floor, with the wind howling in through the shutterless and broken window. Above all, do not forget that this Meg Merrilies has not tasted for weeks any food worth mentioning, save some soup a poor neighbor brought her, and of which her cat has taken the major portion; as Tabby is strong, and the old woman is not. To this add that Meg Merrilies has a bad cough, and has to pay four dollars a month for her bare walls and floor, and that every cent given her by her poor neighbors is swallowed up for this rent. Above all, bear in mind that this poor creature never draws a pure breath, and that the only air which reaches her is the horrible atmosphere already mentioned, flavored with the odors of foul food, fouler garbage, and the foulest closets in the city, which are situate directly under her broken window. Remember all this; and now think that this is no fancy sketch, but a faithful report of the condition of Mrs. Mary Coffin, aged eighty years.

In the hole back of the floor occupied by this old woman sleep, on rags on the floor, Mary Douglas, and her daughter, eight years old, who says she would like to know what a good square meal was, but, above all things else, desires a place where she can get rid of the smells which persistently haunt this cursed place.

To add to the discomforts of this hole, there are garbage-boxes in the halls; dogs sleep around the house; there are dangerous holes in the floors; the steps are broken; there are no lights in any of the hallways; and on wet days the rains soak in through the rotten roof, and flood the lower floors.

To sum up, there is not a single room in this large house which is fit for a beast to live in; and perhaps the worst-looking woman in the

whole tenement is a widow Harrison, aged sixty-two, who resides in the dirtiest and foulest room in the building, and who owns the whole house.

Let me strengthen and conclude this fearfully accurate pen-picture of tenement-house life (?) in New York by re-publishing the subjoined "realistic" description of "Rotten Row."

In Greenwich Street, between Spring Street and Canal Street, on the North-river side, there extends a block of houses, known to the neighborhood under the generic, yet at the same time specific, name of "Rotten Row."

Now, there is a Rotten Row in London very well known to very fashionable people; but this Rotten Row of ours here in New York is not yet known to fashionable people at all. Yet it is worth seeing, this New-York Rotten Row, for it is very suggestive, very realistic, very terrible; and this is what you see in Rotten Row: —

Enter No. —— Greenwich Street, for instance, Mrs. ——, agent. You will see the narrowest yard you probably ever saw, full of all sorts of refuse, containing a huge puddle of stagnant water, a small, tumble-down, foul closet, heaps of wood and shavings, and a pile of dirty rags. This yard, such as it is, winds and curves, like a dog's hind-legs, and serves no useful purpose whatever. It is merely a "crooked hole." From this yard leads a dark, narrow entry, — as dirty as dark, — with the sootiest, grimiest walls one ever set eyes on, — walls full of holes, full of filth; walls bulging, cracked, repulsive looking. Having traversed the entry, you ascend, if you are an expert climber, a flight of stairs, winding, rickety, dirty, worn, — a flight of stairs which grows darker as you climb; as, while leaving the light in the entry below you, you do not gain any light from above you, as the only light on the whole staircase comes from a very small window on the very top floor.

Reaching the top, you find you have reached a rat-hole, a deserted garret, a plasterless, chilly, filthy old rat-hole of a garret — of course; deserted by humanity. You are about to descend, when you hear

voices and sounds above you; and you suddenly become unpleasantly aware that you have made a mistake, that your deserted garret is really

AN INHABITED RAT-HOLE,

— thickly inhabited, — too, for three families live all the year round in this garret, and pay a high rent for the privilege of so living.

Climbing up cautiously to the garret, you find it composed of a species of central space, or hallway, into which open three rooms, or square holes, inhabited each by a family. The situation here is as picturesque as it is uncomfortable.

In winter the snow and the sleet enter here without aught to hinder; in summer the heat here is stifling; in rainy weather the whole garret is aleak; in windy weather the garret might as well be out of doors. But here, alike in rain, in wind, in summer, and in winter, live and shiver and scorch and moisten a number ot human beings, — four old women and two children, — who pay four dollars a month for their "privileges."

Right below and to the side of this garret you see a square door, like the entrance to a loft. Opening it you find yourself in a long, narrow room, a sort of extension, a prolonged hole, likewise inhabited by a family. The family being above the average of its class, the room is clean; but a more cheerless and dilapidated assemblage of boards was never put together. The ceiling tumbles down in instalments, the roof leaks, the walls are full of holes: there is not the slightest pretence at convenience, or aught required by health or comfort. The only cheerful-looking object in the room is a two-months-old baby, lying, tied up, sleeping on the pile of rags which serves for a bed, looking for all the world like an Indian pappoose.

The whole house is substantially built, but as dirty as desolate, as bare as it is substantial. It is utterly unfitted to be lived in five minutes, yet there are several poor devils who have lived in it for five years.

Another house, No. —— Greenwich Street, owned by a Mr. —— of a Fire-Insurance Company, is very similar in all material points

and aspects. Its entry and its yard are even dirtier than that of the house just described. The entry, particularly, is so full of decayed vegetables that it would be readily mistaken for a muck-garden.

No. —— Greenwich Street is a third component part of the tenement-house horror known as "Rotten Row." It has a very small yard, not over four feet in width, — an alley of dirt, terminating in a foul closet. Here is where the children play and the women wash. The walls of this house are black with age and dirt, and full of holes. The doors are decayed and dirty; so are the floors, so are the ceilings. There is a dirt-heap under the stairs, and the staircase is in a terrible condition. All the entries are dirty, narrow, and dark.

On the second floor of this house, in the front-room, live five families, separated by a curtain. This way of dividing a room is a very common occurrence in tenement-houses; and the discomforts, to say nothing of the indecencies, it implies, will suggest themselves at once. The curtain, or screen, is generally of the thinnest; nor is it by any means always in its place. The herding together after this fashion of young and old people of both sexes is a terrible evil. The top floor of this house is an abominable place, fit only for cats, dogs, and rats, who inhabit in about equal proportions; but, unfortunately, it is also inhabited by several families of human beings, who pay rent for their dens.

One old woman has lived in this garret-hell for twenty-two years, paying rent for it all the time. Just think of it!

TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN A HOG-PEN,

for it is nothing more nor less. During the greater portion of this time she has paid ten dollars a month for her share of the dirt and darkness of the garret, — sometimes as high as twelve dollars a month. At present she is paying "only" two dollars a week. Altogether she has paid the various landlords of this house over twenty-five hundred dollars, — a small fortune, taken out in filth and misery.

There are big holes in the walls of this garret, there is a lack of

plaster, the ceiling is giving way in various places, the floor is full of holes, the spot is as cheerless as a graveyard, there are no conveniences of any kind; but here for nearly a quarter of a century has lived this old woman, and here are living at this moment a number of men and women in certain divisions of dirt and despair which they call and pay rent for as their "rooms."

But would you believe it? Even on top of this top floor, overhead of this garret, there is a viler place still, which is the home of six human beings. You have to climb up to this loft on a rickety ladder, at the risk of breaking your neck; and, when you reach the loft, you have to bend your body to avoid striking with your head the sides. The only light and air that can reach this loft must reach it through the smallest species of a square window, an aperture of about one foot square: and it is always dark and damp; as, of course, the old roof leaks here, there, and everywhere. In winter this loft receives through the chinks in the shingles of the roof the snow; in storms this loft receives the rain; one-half the year it is as hot as Tartarus; the other half of the year it is as cold as Greenland. And it is always night there, though God's blessed sunlight is but an inch or so outside. Damp, dirty, full of holes, full of rags, full of garbage, full of rats, this

PANDEMONIUM OF A LOFT

is the home of three men, two women, and a little baby, who live together in misery, squalor, and indecency, — ay, and pay four dollars a month to be able to do so. There are only two artists who would even attempt to do adequate justice to the "situation" in this loft, — Charles Dickens and Gustave Doré.

And, while on this subject of the poor, I cannot refrain from quoting the following article from "The New-York Era," which presents a peculiar view of the metropolitan poor, taken from a "summer" stand-point: —

"God help the poor!" This is a pet phrase of philanthropy in winter, when the snow is on the ground, when the bleak wind whis-

"In Donovan's Lane" [p. 116].

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tles: but philanthropy ignores the poor in summer; it does not think of them when the grass is green, when the flowers are fragrant, when fashion goes "out of town." Yet the poor must live, even in the summer.

But *how* do the poor live in summer? That is the question. And we propose to answer it, so far as the answer can be furnished, by a description of the way the poor live during "the heated term" in the city of New York.

First, who do we mean by "the poor"? Why, not only the pauper and the tramp, but the man or woman of straitened circumstances, the man or woman who obtains his or her daily bread by his or her daily toil, and whose daily toil does not always suffice to obtain their daily bread.

How do these live in summer? Well, we will show by examples.

Do you see that man eating peaches there at the corner, — that man with an old straw hat, and still older coat, and far older pants; that shabby man, who munches peaches as if he were really hungry, which he is? Well, that man has a history. He was, two years ago, a book-keeper for a wholesale house, at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. His firm failed, and he has been out of work ever since. There is a plethora of book-keepers in the market. For a while he lived on expectations, and a little money that he had saved. Then he lived on a little money that he was able to borrow. Then he lived on trust. And then he did not live at all. He and his family (he had a family, of course: men out of employment always have) merely existed. They sank lower and lower. Now they occupy a room on a top floor of an Essex-street tenement-house, and the *whole family eat nothing but fruit.* The family of three live on peaches, bananas, and apples, — cheap, because somewhat decayed fruit.

This is an actual fact. The writer of this article has talked with this man, and had heard his story from his own lips. About forty cents' worth of fruit a day suffices to keep soul and body together, in the person of himself, his wife, and his child. Small apples, peaches, etc., can be purchased at a cent apiece, sometimes six or seven for

five cents; and five cents' worth can make a meal, such as it is, and keep a human being from starvation. At this hour there are hundreds of men and women in the city of New York who exist wholly upon fruit, and who thank God that the summer affords them the opportunity to get this fruit. Their dining-rooms are the street-corners; their *restaurateurs* are the old apple-women; their *menu* consists wholly of dessert.

How do the poor sleep in summer? Do they sleep at all? We propose to show.

The other night the writer of this article strolled, after midnight, through Madison-square Park. He found himself in the midst of a colony of tramps, — of tramps who were not tramping, but sleeping. The benches in the park were half full with slumbering vagrants. The seats had been extemporized into beds. The writer made a tour of the park, and counted sixty-four sleepers, and thirteen who were preparing to sleep.

It was a picturesque spectacle. Nothing could be more so. The pale moon looked through fleecy clouds upon the poor devils as they slept; but even the moon followed the example of the rest of the world, and looked *down* upon them. Around them was the green grass, over the heads of some of them waved the leafy trees; and there they slept, in all manner of positions.

One man slept bolt upright. He was an "old stager," and could sleep under any circumstances. Another leaned his head upon his cane, and snored — yes, absolutely snored — as comfortably and as thoroughly as though he were reposing on a feather-bed. A third old veteran slept with his head on the iron side of a seat, with one leg on the ground, and the other thrown loosely over the back of the seat, — a position which we defy any mortal but an experienced tramp to sleep in.

One wearied mortal reposed at full length on the ground, and we were glad to see him do so. It seemed more according to the fitness of things. Surely the turf was a more appropriate bed than the bench. He was a young man; but, young as he was, he already looked like one who had seen better days — and nights.

Among the crowd of sleepers there was one woman, — a rather pretty, though faded, woman, — decent too ; for she slept upright, all by herself, in the corner of the park facing the junction of Twenty-third Street and Madison Avenue.

There was also one scholar among these tramps, one wide-awake scholar, who sat bolt upright, and, under the full light of a lamp, was reading a book, — not only reading it, but evidently studying it carefully. Who knows but this tramp may some day be a secretary of state, — aye, may be a President himself?

Thousands of men, and not a few women, sleep in the Central Park. This fact is, of course, denied by the Central-park police; but it is a fact, nevertheless. How on earth can it be prevented? or, to put the matter on its merits, why should it be prevented if it could? Better to sleep all night in the park than in the station-houses, or out on the street, as they sleep in Donovan's Alley, and other choice localities, or in carts, or on cellar-doors.

A policeman of a statistical turn of mind calculated, in a talk with the writer, that, on a fair night in August, over five hundred people slept in the various public parks, and that fully that number slept in the street, or on piles of boards, in wagons, etc. About six or seven hundred more "bummed" in the various station-houses, while one or two hundred wandered from place to place, or walked the streets sleeplessly all night. Altogether, the bedless population of New York in summer may be safely estimated to reach at least two thousand, — more than the entire population of many a thriving country town! Just think of it, — a bedless village in our midst!

If those who peruse this book will but read and re-read the articles I have just quoted, they will be enabled to form a correct as well as vivid idea of "the poor of New York."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEN-PANORAMA OF NEW YORK (*continued*). — CRIME AND CRIMINALS. — THE MALE AND FEMALE THIEVES OF THE METROPOLIS. — MEETING MURDERERS ON BROADWAY. — THE SOCIAL EVIL. — GAMBLING, SQUARE AND SKIN. — THE GAMBLER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

CRIME in New York, like every thing else in New York, flourishes extensively, and is generally misstated and misunderstood. It is underrated by many, and overestimated by many more. The really good and innocent have very faint ideas of how many really rascally and professedly criminal men and women there are in New York; while, on the other hand, the man of the world, or the average New-Yorker, is apt to exaggerate the facts of the case, and to credit (?) the great and greatly bad metropolis with a much greater percentage of villany than really belongs to it.

Some years ago a writer in "The New-York World" published an elaborate article on "The Thieves of New York," which contained a great deal of reliable information concerning its subject. Taken as a whole, this article may be regarded as one of the most extended, philosophical, and accurate of its class; and I cannot do better than by here giving extracts from it.

The major portion of the thieves of New York is composed of the sons and daughters of Irish parents, either born in this country, or having emigrated to it at an early age. Next in numerical proportion comes the native population itself. Then rank the English, who supply the metropolis with some of its most skilful and success-

ful "operators." Next rank the German population, who supply a large percentage of the meanest kind of thieves, known as receivers of stolen goods; also a considerable proportion of the shoplifters of the metropolis. Then come the aliens, who rank among them, many vagrant thieves, and the lowest possible characters; and, after them, the refuse of the Spaniards, who devote their leisure to intrigue, the confidence game, and to general thieving. There are very few Scotch, and very few Welsh, and not a very large proportion of French, thieves. There is also a considerable percentage of thieves of color.

Thieves are divided and subdivided into distinct classes, each class devoting itself to a separate branch of the "profession." These varieties of operation may be enumerated as follows: The burglar, or cracksman, embracing two different species, — the scientific burglar, or first class, who exercises a great deal of intellectual, as well as mechanical, skill in his profession, — as in breaking open the safe or strong-box of some bank or banker, — and the common burglar, or second class, who merely uses his jimmy, skeleton key, and kindred tools; the highway robber, or Toby-man, who attacks one in the public streets, especially late at night, or in the less perilous districts; the garroter, a species of highway robber, too familiar to need any description; the pickpocket, or knucksman, male or female; the snatcher, who grasps his prey suddenly at unawares, and runs for it; the sneak thief, who justifies his name by sneaking into houses, and stealing whatever apparel, or odds and ends, he can; the car-thief, or car-frisker, and his companion, the stage-thief, or stage-buzzer; the counterfeiter, or kogniacker, or maker and shover of the "queer;" till-thieves, or till-tappers, who devote themselves to the robbery of the exchequer; forgers, or scratchers, who are, in a criminal point of view, regarded as very dangerous sort of thieves; "pocket-book droppers," or heelers, whose peculiar business will be explained hereafter; "confidence" men, who are also to be properly counted as thieves; "receivers," or "fences," who are certainly robbers, and the very worst variety thereof, though they are too cowardly to do the business themselves; the hotel-thief, among

the most genteel and dangerous of all variety of robber; the trainers of thieves, male and female, who keep in this Christian city of New York, and in this nineteenth century of Christianity, regular schools of stealing; the river-thieves, or dock-rats, who "follow the river;" the panel-thieves, or badgers; the shoplifters, or hoisters, a variety of thieves with whom metropolitan store-keepers are only too familiar; domestic thieves, who are the pests of private families, and the dread of housewives; and a few minor varieties, which are known only by the thieves themselves.

The class of men and women denominated "blackmailers," as likewise the class known as "fraudulent buyers," may also be considered as "outside," "indirect," though very dangerous thieves.

It sometimes happens that a thief will combine two or more "varieties" we have just mentioned, turning his hand to whatever branch may pay him the best, or for which the most favorable opportunities are afforded: but, as a rule, each professional has his own favorite line of business, to which he devotes his energies; just as lawyers are criminal lawyers, civil lawyers, divorce lawyers, etc.

The pocket-book robbers, or heelers, are a peculiar variety of thieves. They drop a pocket-book at a countryman's feet, touch him on the heel to direct his attention, then, pointing to the pocket-book, suggest that it may have been lost by some one in the city; that they are not able to take any steps to return it to its rightful owner, as they are obliged to leave town; but they will intrust the duty of so doing to the countryman himself, suggesting that the latter can entitle himself to a liberal reward by restoring the wallet, which appears to be well filled, to the owner. The excited rustic, who intends to keep it for his own use, and who thinks his companions to be consummate fools, accepts the pocket-book (and the imposed duties), and is about to leave, when the "droppers" suggest, that, as he will receive a heavy reward for the wallet, they themselves deserve some compensation for giving it to his care. The countryman hands them some bank-notes, and, five minutes later, discovers that he has given good money for bad, that the pocket-book is "stuffed," and that he himself is a sadder and wiser man. Confi-

dence-men often play a lucrative but a difficult part. They pretend to have money themselves, or checks, or stocks, or equivalents, obtain money or goods on these "frauds," and thus earn, or at least obtain, a livelihood. Their dodges are almost infinite and often ingenious. They will form an acquaintance with a man, spend money liberally on him, and at the last moment discover that they are forced at once to liquidate a heavy pecuniary obligation; they have only a check for a thousand, which is dated a few days ahead; will their friend be kind enough to advance the money on it? which the friend does to his cost. At least twenty other swindles could be mentioned, did space allow. The receivers of stolen goods, or "fences," are a variety of pawnbrokers or stolen collaterals, keeping nominal dry-goods stores, tailor-shops, etc. They pay about one-fourth of the value of the stolen article, then hide it in their cellars, or send it off to some confederate in another city. They are in constant communication with the thieves, and "assist" them in various ways, furnishing them with bail, or lawyers, or convenient witnesses.

As for the trainers of thieves in this city, they are simply companion pictures to the great Dickens's pen-picture of "Fagan the Jew."

The blackmailers and fraudulent buyers have so many methods of operation that it would be needless to attempt, in our limited space, to describe them, especially as these classes are outside of the regular "organizations," to which we have reference.

As a rule, thieves dress well and not flashily: we allude to the better and more successful class of "operators." They do not, as a general statement, affect jewellery; endeavoring, of course, to avoid any and every mark of their identity personally. Thieves are also, as a class, skilful in imitation and disguise, — two very essential qualifications in their profession. It is also stated on good authority, that, in point of cleanliness, thieves are models as a rule; also they are rarely drunkards. They have vices enough, but intemperance is not one of them. The latter is too careless and incautious a failing. A thief seldom commits himself by "outside" talk. He never betrays himself by the hasty or imprudent word. His motto in this respect is that of King Solomon, "The fool speaketh all his mind, but the

wise man keepeth it till afterwards." But, on the other hand, he is unreservedly confidential to his "pals." In their relation with women, thieves are more "moral" and "constant" than is generally imagined. In fact, the hazards of a life of crime often develop a degree of truth and affection between man and woman, united only by the slenderest ties, which is seldom equalled (because seldom called for) in a career of respectability. A thief will not hesitate to lie in an outrageous manner to an "outsider." He considers this lie as a justifiable weapon of defence or defiance, but to his confederates he will invariably speak the truth. The great vice of the thief is gambling. This is the chief amusement and pernicious folly of his life. All thieves gamble, from the most renowned burglar to the most obscure sneak-thief. As fast as they make a "haul," they rush to faro or keno, and "lose their pile" almost as rapidly as they acquire it. Late every night, after the professional duties of the day are over, the "crossman" of every grade can be seen going from gambling-hell to hell, seeking not "whom he may devour," but where he may be pecuniarily devoured. If it were not for the gambling-table, all thieves might be rich. As it is, the gambling-table keeps them all poor.

Men who steal are not, as a class, educated men; but it has lately been observed that their increasing numbers, and their contact with the world, have rendered the tribe more refined and "clever," superficially at least: while not a few of modern thieves are among the most gifted men in the country. In the matter of pleasures it has been remarked that they are not much addicted to the average run of amusements, as theatrical exhibitions and the like, perhaps from their acquired habit of regarding these "affairs" with an eye to business. Their chief gratification seems to be "idling" when "off duty," and gossiping with their "pals." They are decidedly fond of the pleasures of the table.

Thieves seldom go alone, and still more seldom work alone. They operate in what is styled "mobs," embracing from three to seven persons, under the leadership of some skilful and bold "hand." Till-tappers, confidence-men, and heelers generally work in pairs;

while any number of parties may be concerned in a burglary. A shoplifter sometimes works without assistance.

The "mobs" often associate together, and form a "bank," to which a certain portion of their "stealings" is appropriated, to be used during a bad season, or when one of their number falls into the clutches of the law. That is called "laying for a fall."

"HONOR AMONG THIEVES."

This oft-quoted expression has a meaning, a real and noteworthy signification. There is a practical "honor" among "professional thieves," which non-professionals would, in some respects, do well to imitate. This honor includes the following "points:" —

First, A thief does not consider his fellow as an enemy, but, rather, as a friend. Thus: if A, a thief, meets B, whom, though a perfect stranger to him, he recognizes also to be a thief, A will not endeavor to divert business from B, or interfere with his prospects, but contents himself with his own line of trade, and, if he does aught in the premises, will directly assist the stranger B. This is honor "reversed" indeed.

Second, Thieves are strictly upright in the payment of their debts to one another. Thus: Dutch Hendricks borrowed twenty dollars of a fellow-prisoner, who was a perfect stranger to him personally, and promised to return it as soon as possible. Shortly after, Hendricks was liberated; while the man who loaned him the money was sent to Sing Sing. But Hendricks's first "earnings" after his return to freedom were devoted to the payment of his loan, which was handed over by him to a party designated by the original lender; thus cancelling an obligation which nothing but a sense of *honor* could have compelled him to satisfy.

Third, Thieves are, as a class, grateful for favors rendered, and, like an Indian, never forget a kindness. A man by the name of Clarke, in Lispenard Street, once assisted a poor thief during his sickness by bringing to the room where the fellow lay some medicines and invalid luxuries. He was in the room but ten minutes; but the thief, though apparently dying, took in at a glance his benefactor's

countenance, and inquired his name. The thief's first step after his recovery was to discover the *locale* of Mr. Clarke: and, though naught transpired at the time, two years afterwards, when Clarke himself had forgotten the occurrence, and was pressed greatly for the want of five hundred dollars, the money was mysteriously forthcoming; being sent to him, as was afterwards discovered, by the grateful thief. Such instances are by no means rare.

Fourth, Thieves are seldom mean in their money transactions outside of the necessities of their profession. Thus: it has been remarked, at the drinking-bar of a large hotel near Niblo's Garden, that, while many men of apparent respectability would "forget" in the crowd to "settle for their drinks," the unsuspected pickpocket would invariably pay his reckonings.

Fifth, Thieves seldom or never betray each other. They will bear the odium of the punishment alone, rather than force a comrade to share it. Occasionally they will even bear the brunt of misdeeds committed by others of the fraternity. Sometimes they will aid an officer indirectly in restoring stolen property, provided that no persons are compromised. In regard to the betrayal of confidence, thieves are very severe as concerns their dealings with each other; and a "dishonorable" thief will be entirely tabooed and ostracized by his companions. Thieves, however, have been known to attempt to lay the burden of their guilt on the shoulders of innocent "outside" parties. Thus: a car-thief recently stole a pocket-book, "weeded it," and then placed it in the pocket of an unsuspecting by-stander, who was accused of the robbery. This is called, we believe, "Tailing a dead-leather," and is an unutterably mean proceeding.

After all, this "honor among thieves" is only remarkable because of its contrast with the usual baseness and turpitude of their general life.

Another writer in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper" has given the world the following interesting facts regarding female thieves: —

That stealing has become in modern times "a fine art," and that it is never likely to become one of "the lost arts," is generally con-

ceded; but it is one of those many "arts" or professions in which the women will never be able, in all probability, to rival the men. Somehow or other there are fewer female thieves than male thieves; and, as a class, the former are less expert at their wicked work than the latter.

Account for it as you may, the fact is undoubted. Every detective, every police-officer, every magistrate, every humanitarian, will tell you that a comparatively small percentage of women are thieves; that male thieves, in proportion to female, are as three to one; while they are not only far less numerous, but far less skilful and daring, far less plucky, far less clever.

Some theorists may account for the fact just stated on the ground of the superior virtue of the female sex. They may assume, and perhaps with some show of truth, that women are innately more honest than men.

Others, again, less complimentary to the sex, may account for the comparative paucity of female thieves on the theory that women are more cowardly than men, less prone to take the risks of personal punishment and State prison; while a third set of philosophers may argue that women are really less clever "at taking things," less expert with their hands, less skilful in the use of burglars' tools, than men.

Probably all three of these theories are to a certain extent correct, and together will serve to account for the fact that female thieves are comparatively few.

But only "comparatively" few, after all; for in reality, considered by itself, without any reference to the men, the number of female thieves in the country in general, and in the city of New York in special, is large, — quite too large.

And one fact should here be noted: —

The proportion of female thieves is *on the increase*, and has been steadily increasing for some time. There are more women who steal professionally now than there were ten years ago.

Emigration, and the social and pecuniary changes brought about by the war, together with the "labor" strikes and troubles which have

agitated the community for some time past, will serve partly to account for this very undesirable increase.

FEMALE THIEFDOM: ITS UPPER AND LOWER TENDOM.

Female thieves, as found in the metropolis, where they are in a higher (?) degree of perfection (?) than elsewhere, may be divided into eight classes, three of which may be characterized as "indirect" thieves, while the latter five classes are thieves "direct." The "indirect" thieves do not style themselves "thieves," and are called by more euphonious titles. They "operate" mysteriously and in secret; while the other classes ply their nefarious trade, wherever they can get a chance, by ordinary methods, among ordinary people.

The "indirect," or, if the term is not an absurdity in such a connection, the "higher," classes of female thieves sometimes embrace women of some education, and even pretensions to refinement; while the lower ranks are composed almost wholly of the most ignorant, vulgar, and degraded of the sex.

The three "higher" (?) classes of female thieves comprise what are called, in common parlance, "blackmailers" and "adventuresses;" and to the list should be added the class known as "hotel-thieves." Strictly speaking, these adventuresses, blackmailers, confidence-women, etc., are thieves, just as truly as the pickpocket. In fact, they are thieves of the most dangerous description, — ten times more dangerous than any mere pocket-pickers.

In strictly "social" or non-professional circles, too, there have been occasionally (but very rarely) found ladies of standing and position who have forgotten themselves and the eighth commandment.

STEALING IN "SOCIETY."

One lady of middle age, a wife and mother, highly connected, but whose family are "decayed," — reduced somewhat in pecuniary circumstances, though still what is called "comfortable," — has been more than suspected of having taken the well-filled pocket-book of a lady-friend with whom she went out one morning "shopping." It

has so happened at different times during the last five or six years, that this lady has "matronized" several heiresses making their *début* in New-York society; and it has also so happened that each one of these heiresses has met with some mysterious pecuniary loss — the loss of some pocket-book, etc. — while in the company of this most respectable *chaperone:* so that, putting these facts together, "people" in society have begun to talk about the matter; and it is not at all probable that this "poor but highly respectable" matron will ever have the chance to matronize any more heiresses.

It is a well-known fact, that certain well-to-do men and women — women and men who have no pecuniary inducements to steal — are yet diseased with an inclination to take things which do not belong to them; but these maniacs are known as kleptomaniacs, and do not fall under the head proper (or improper) of thieves.

But until recently our leading hotels and watering-places were infested with a number of

HOTEL-THIEVES,

often women of considerable personal attractions, who would become acquainted with the wealthy residents of the hotels, obtain a social footing with their families, and rob their victims, sometimes entering their rooms with false keys, etc., or they would "beat" the hotel-proprietors, deceive them by false representations, or by "stuffed" trunks filled with bricks or other worthlessness. This class of pests throve for a while extensively; but the hotel-keepers organized a force of special "hotel-detectives," a few of the leading hotel-thieves — Mrs. M——, Mrs. W——, etc. — were sent to State prison, and at present hotel-thieving is decidedly on the decline; the detective already alluded to — Mr. George Elder — computing the number in this city as not exceeding about thirty.

So much for what has been called the "swell" female thieves.

The lower orders of female thiefdom embrace five classes, — the shoplifters, the stage-thieves, the domestic thieves, or dishonest household-servants, and the pickpockets.

SHOPLIFTERS.

The shoplifters, or women who steal goods — generally dry-goods — from stores, are on the increase however. It is calculated that there are about three hundred and fifty shoplifters in the metropolis, the majority of whom are Germans. These shoplifters generally carry a large shawl or a big cloak, and their dresses have huge, deep pockets: sometimes one dress will have as many as four pockets. They dress plainly, so as not to attract attention, but neatly, so as to be mistaken for lady customers.

They move about our large dry-goods stores, especially on "opening" days, examine goods on the counters, and then, when the clerk is not looking at her, — for even dry-goods clerks cannot have their eyes everywhere at once, — the shoplifter transfers a piece of delicate lace into her capacious pocket, or hides a splendid piece of dress-goods under her shawl or cloak, and departs, sometimes unmolested, and sometimes *not:* for, taught by experience, most of our large dry-goods stores now employ keen-eyed men as detectives; and so, occasionally, the shoplifter comes to grief.

A woman was recently arrested at a dry-goods store, and brought into the private office, where she was searched. Her person was a perfect museum of stolen dress-goods. Her three pockets, being turned inside out, "emitted" pieces of the most costly lace; and under a capacious shawl was displayed enough silk to make two dresses. Three pairs of stolen gloves also rolled from her pocket on the floor, followed by two richly embroidered lace handkerchiefs.

The scene of the "exposure" was rather striking, and eminently "suggestive." Perhaps the most suggestive feature of all was the indignant "attitude" struck by the woman, who persisted, spite of the eloquent "articles" all around, in insisting on her "innocence," she failing to convince the members of the firm.

The number of stage-thieves, or women who "work" the stages for the purposes of stealing, is decidedly on the decrease. Time was when our Broadway busses were the favorite haunts of well-dressed female thieves, who would pick the pockets of the unwary, or, some-

"Searching the shop-lifter" [p. 130].

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times, even cut their pockets out by a knife or scissors. So adroit were these thieves, that they have been known to take the money from a stolen pocket-book right before the rightful owner's eyes, and then to replace the pocket-book before the victim missed it. At one time these stage-molls, "stage-buzzers," or "knucks," as they were called, numbered over one hundred; but it is now claimed that their number has been reduced to less than fifteen known professionals.

OUR HOUSEHOLD THIEVES. — SOME STARTLING FACTS.

The greatest increase in the number of our female thieves has been found to be among our female servants, — our "domestics." The increase in these, and in the number of blackmailers and adventuresses, has over-balanced the decrease in the other lines of professional female thieves.

The majority of these dishonest domestics are of German birth; and it has been ascertained by the efforts of detective Tilly, seconded by the skill of Capt. Irving, that, in certain cases, these servant-thieves combine together, and, under the leadership of a man, himself a German, rob their employers systematically, taking refuge with the "man" when "out of a situation" between "robberies."

A more dangerous state of things for the community could scarcely be imagined; and "intelligence-offices," as at present conducted, are doing, by their loose way of transacting business, all they can to play into the hands of these domestic thieves, one of whom has, however, recently been consigned to the tender mercies of Sing-Sing prison.

EMOTIONAL THIEVING. — GRIEVING AND STEALING.

Of late years a new and simple, yet clever, style of stealing has become popular with the female thieves of the metropolis.

For want of a better name, it may be styled "emotional thieving;" as it depends upon the exhibition of joy, grief, friendship, etc, on the part of its victims. Weddings and funerals have of late become great centres for clever female thieves in which to operate, and they have made the most of their opportunities. Grief seems to admit

of more stealing than joy; or, at least, there are more thieves to be found at funerals than at weddings.

Sometimes the thief will "operate" at the church; sometimes at the house of mourning or of feasting; sometimes the female robber will go, clad gayly, as a friend of the bride; or sometimes, attired in deepest black, as a heart-broken mourner.

But in either case her eyes and fingers are busy all the time. One woman has a large handkerchief bordered with black, with which she wipes her eyes constantly. She attends every possible funeral, and uses this handkerchief, like charity, to cover a "multitude of sins;" for she manages to use it to hide some article, some knick-knack of value, some book, or article of *virtu*, some costly trifle, which she may happen to see and clutch. And, as she "*steals* away," she "wipes her weeping eyes."

The number of these "emotional thieves" is estimated at about a hundred and fifty. Then, of late there has arisen a class of thieves who haunt the docks, and mingle with the crowd of people who gather on the piers to see the last of their Europe-going friends. While the "wild adieus are waved from shore," these cunning female thieves "wave" and steal both.

A woman was recently arrested, who, while waving her handkerchief with one hand to an imaginary somebody on the departing ship, with the other hand was busy in the pockets of her neighbor.

THE SUM OF FEMALE VILLANY.

Of course, accurate statistics of the number of female thieves in New York are utterly unattainable; but the approximate statistics have already been given, and may be thus summed up. They will be found sufficiently correct for all purposes. They have been furnished by the police officials of the city of New York, and are as follows: —

Professional blackmailers, about	150
Adventuresses (of the upper grades)	200
Hotel-thieves, only	30

Panel-thieves, only	20
Shoplifters, at least	305
Domestic household-thieves, estimated by the police at about	400
Miscellaneous female thieves and pickpockets	150
Total	1,255

As yet New York has escaped the presence and the operations of professional assassins, analogous to the bravoes of Venice or the Thugs of India. But that there are hundreds of men "lying around loose," or "tight," ready to commit murder for a consideration, or without any consideration, cannot be denied.

Nor can New York claim any high regard for the sanctity of human life. Not only have there been hosts of "mysterious murders" committed in the metropolis, — of which the Nathan murder is only one, though the most celebrated, — not only have there been hundreds of New-York murderers either executed or imprisoned, but there are in New York to-day a number of men, each of whom has killed his man, but all of whom are free as air, and all prosperous, and apparently respected, — some quite "popular."

In a recent stroll along Broadway, from Clinton Place to Thirty-fourth Street, a New-Yorker met five murderers, one after the other, on the promenade, — five men who had shot other men dead. Two of these literally "free shooters" were rich, and were surrounded by their fawning satellites: a third was a great man among the sporting fraternity. The other two were living a retired life, but all five seemed to be in the best of health and spirits; and it is safe to say, that, in either London or Paris, all five would either have been hung, or would be in State prison for life.

"The social evil," so called, is one of the prime evils, the great curses, of New York. There are at least, to use Elizabeth Barrett Browning's words, while altering her figures, —

"Ten thousand women in one smile,
Who only smile at night, beneath the gas."

And the sights presented, by broad daylight, in the direct rear of the Broadway hotels, from the Grand Central to the St. Nicholas; and the scenes visible every night on any of the leading avenues and thoroughfares, — are alike dreadful and disgusting. "Up town" is lined with houses of gilded infamy, and assignation houses; and some of the "hotels" have a character that is more or less than "doubtful." Broadway is "alive" with showily dressed and sometimes beautiful Traviatas; and prominent dry-goods stores, restaurants, ay, and even churches, are turned into cruising-grounds for "adventurers," and places for "meeting by appointment." The "personals" and "matrimonials" in the papers, even the "housekeepers" and the "medical" advertisements, are used as "baits" for the lascivious, or traps for the unwary. Sixth Avenue exhibits whole blocks of depravity. And even on Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, right in the heart of the fashionable quarter, pest-houses of this sort abound.

And gambling keeps pace with prostitution. Although the laws are very severe against gambling, and although the authorities institute spasmodic police-raids against the gamblers, there is always "play," "high" and "low" alike, and plenty of it, day and night in the metropolis. New York is, *par excellence*, the favorite resort, both of stock and card gamblers.

Some years ago a well-known sensational writer published in "The Sunday Mercury" an article on "Gambling in Gotham," which has been accepted as "authority" ever since. I cannot present to my readers the facts about gambling more fully or accurately than they have been stated in this article, from which I accordingly quote: —

Gambling-houses may be divided into five classes, — an arrangement warranted, not only for convenience of description, but also as having a real existence. These five classes embrace, *First*, The low or negro game-houses, or dens, where the refuse of the city meet, to waste the trifle which is their all in all, and where the play is as fierce in intensity as the stake is of an insignificant amount. *Second*, The corner groceries, where, in the back-shop, gambling is generally carried on among the servants, laborers, and hackmen of our city. *Third*, The Bowery or cross-street gambling-establishment, where the clerks and middle classes, and a sprinkling of the thieves and counterfeiters of the metropolis, congregate. *Fourth*, The fashionable gaming-houses on Broadway, and the cross-streets up-town, where our professional gamblers, men about town, and Wall-Street speculators, resort; and *Fifth* and last, the club-houses on the avenue, where a quiet game is nightly carried on, and where the *haut ton* play, and lose heavily.

The amateur gamblers, betting gentlemen, the members of our first society, who amuse their leisure hours by fighting the tiger, are a very large and influential class of the community. It may safely be stated, that the majority of our leading citizens in New York, either publicly or privately, gamble. New York, in fact, is a city of gamblers. We bet, we wager, we stake, we hazard: in short, we all gamble. Some of us venture our pile in Wall Street, in daytime: others in Twenty-fourth Street, at night; and not a few of us do both. Men, like a well-known down-town speculator and up-town sport, who "operates" terrifically, spends freely what he magnificently acquires, and stakes on the turn of a card as readily as on the rise of a stock; men, like a prominent banker and politician, — also venture freely, and hazard the money they can well afford to lose. The "Old Man," and those of kindred stamp, men of gigantic ideas, gamble like giants. Society-men, physicians, lawyers, judges, and newspaper-men devote a portion of their spare time to play; while at least two-thirds of our politicians are, to a greater or less degree, gamblers.

Gamblers may be divided into two great classes, of amateurs and

professionals, — men who gamble for excitement and amusement, and men who gamble for a livelihood. Of the latter class we would here say a few words.

Professional gamblers, like all classes of men, may be indefinitely divided and subdivided into various grades, more or less clearly defined. *First*, There are the proprietors of the fashionable gambling-houses on Twenty-fourth to Twenty-seventh Streets — the Wall Street of gamblers, the Fifth Avenue of farodom — and the vicinity. *Second* come the proprietors of the Broadway houses. Then there are the proprietors of the smaller establishments, located on the Bowery and the cross-streets. Then there are a class of people, who, like the late John C. Heenan, keep what is called a gambler's bank, an institution whose character is explained in another part of the article. And last comes the herd of gamblers who haunt these various establishments, some of whom play the role of roper-in or general agent for an establishment; others, that of capper, a term elsewhere explained; others, who are dealers, a very important post given only to men who can be trusted, etc., who never talk; others, who look out, or watch the dealer, preventing any mistake on his part; others, who keep the cue-board, — croupiers generally, — blacklegs, *et id omne genus*. We must not forget, in our enumeration, to mention the inevitable contraband, who, in this connection, is generally a sleek, well-bred fellow, who guards the entrance, sees that supper is served, and performs kindred offices. Lowest and meanest of all come the "strippers," a class of blackmailers and loafers who infest gambling-houses, and, too cowardly to risk aught on their own account, claim a portion of the gamblers' spoils under penalty of a "row" or an "*exposé*" if refused.

Those who object to losing money at games of chance should not play at all; and it is the height of meanness to — as has of late been too frequently done — first illegally venture money at hazard, and then, by process of law, to recover it if the venture has gone adversely. The true wisdom is, to shun all such places as one would a roaring lion. It has, however, been stated often, that all gambling-games are unfairly conducted; that no amateur is safe with

"patents" or professionals; in other words, that all gamblers are sharpers. These statements, like all other general statements, though generally true, are occasionally, though rarely, false, correct under certain circumstances, and unfounded in others. A few, very, very few absolutely gamblers are beyond reproach as gamblers, and gentlemen can stake money at their establishments with a perfect assurance of good faith, so far as the mere gambling is concerned; the best proof of which fact is, that these houses, and others of a similar character, sometimes, though very, very seldom, lose heavily with apparent amateurs, or sometimes with absolute strangers. But to by far the most of the minor houses of New York, and to not a few of the fashionable establishments, these statements are not at all applicable, but, as they say in the comedy, precisely the reverse. These latter dens are the resorts of blacklegs and dupes; and, of course, the former carry the day, or, rather, the night. We propose here, briefly, to unveil a few of the more prominent mysteries of these establishments.

Gambling-houses of the kind last alluded to employ a very useful personage, known as the capper. The capper is generally a genteel-looking individual, apparently forty or forty-five years of age, conveying the idea of a retired merchant, or a gentleman living upon his income. It often happens that a party of amateurs, or greens, may be gathered together in a gaming-house, disposed for sport, and yet each of the assemblage being unwilling to open the game on his own individual account. In this case the capper is needed. A bell gives him the signal. He hastens down stairs from his inner chamber, opens the street-door, enters the gambling-room, as though a visitor just arrived. He is welcomed by the proprietor with *empressement*, saluted as "Colonel," is asked where he has been lately, — he has not been visible for some time, etc., — and will he not have a glass of wine or a cigar. The capper, or colonel, blandly accepts all the courtesies shown him, and then, looking around in his polite and dignified way upon the assembled company, impressing them with a feeling of respect and confidence by his unblemished integrity, suggests pleasantly, "What say you, gentlemen, to enjoying a social

game with our friend, the proprietor?" etc. He sits down to the table accordingly, and the rest follow their leader; and the great object is accomplished, — of commencing play, — out of the proceeds of which the very respectable capper takes his very respectable percentage. The capper is generally an expert, sometimes keeps the cues, and is altogether a most important personage.

Another of the chief features of ordinary gambling, in all cities, and a feature upon which much of its pecuniary success depends, is the institution known to the initiated as "roping-in." This system affords the means of an elegant and easy livelihood to many, and is worthy an *exposé*. A roper-in is simply an outside agent for a gambling-house, who supplies it with its victims, receiving, in consideration of his services, a per cent of sometimes one-half of the pluckings. The roper-in is generally a man of the world, polished in manners, full of *savoir faire*, a good judge of human nature, and keen in perception. His field lies within the compass of the fashionable hotels. He haunts the reading-rooms, gentlemen's parlors, and offices of the St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, New York, Windsor, and Fifth-Avenue Hotels, and his usual mode of operation is as follows: He watches closely all the arrivals, and ascertains from the inspection of the books, or casual observations, the names and business of such guests as he deems will best suit his purpose, then devotes his energies to the study of the *personnel* and *morale* of the latter class. Having satisfied his scrutiny, he contrives in some cunning way to form the acquaintance of one of their number, and, by plausibly conceived and well-executed lies, diverts all suspicion, and soon ripens an acquaintance to almost friendship. Having made his points thus far, the roper-in invites his friend to accompany him to the theatre, and insists on paying all the expenses, on the ground that it is his duty, as a citizen, to extend the hospitality of New York to the stranger. After the theatre, the roper-in suggests a cigar, and then, amid the puffs of a Havana, hits on a visit to a friend's house in the neighborhood, where he knows they would be welcome, and could enjoy a game-supper and a bottle. The stranger, fascinated by this new idea, flattering himself that he is indeed seeing the

elephant, and doing New York, assents, and is accordingly ushered into luxuriously furnished apartments, where all that can please the eye, or gratify the taste, awaits him. He is introduced to a number of gentlemen of distinguished bearing and exalted name; and, after a liberal course of conversation and refreshments, it is proposed to join in a little social game; and, to make the play more interesting, it is also proposed to wager small amounts of money upon the result, — merely for amusement, — *pour passer le temps*, of course. The victim assents: to refuse now would be ungentlemanly. He may plead ignorance; "but the principle of the game is so simple," and the roper-in will show him all the details. He plays, and wins, — the victim generally wins at first: he is elated and good-humored with his luck. Higher stakes are proposed: still he ascends, and still he wins. At last the tide of fortune begins to turn. He loses; but the roper-in at his elbow says, "Try your luck once more: you will come all right again." He resumes his game, and loses all self-control. Inflamed by wine, and frenzied by excitement, watched by men who have long since learned to stifle all human emotion in the terrible machinery of play, he falls an easy spoil. In a few hours he is stripped. All his available funds are diverted from his own pocket to the coffers of the bank. Sometimes the victim even pledges his rings or watch, to retrieve his loss, but to no avail. And then the roper-in, having fulfilled his mission, will be seen no more in that quarter for a while.

The ropers-in number many hundred in New York, and are among the chief pests in our public places. They lounge on the street-corners, haunt the entrances of theatres, stand at the doors of gaming-houses; and, though known to the hotel-keepers and police, are allowed to proceed unmolested in their ways.

Again. In the third place, in short card-games, blacklegs gull the unwary by means of their thorough knowledge of the appearances of the various cards of a pack. Occasionally a card manufacturer and gambler will act in concert; the former suggesting certain figures to be marked upon the backs or corners of the cards, which, though not to be perceived by the uninitiated, will, to those in the ring, be as clear

and full of meaning as a telegraphic signal to an operator. For the manufacture of these cards, the gambler will contribute a large sum, so as to enable the manufacturer to sell them at a low rate, and force them on the market. Of course, wherever these cards are used, the gamblers are masters of the situation. Even the ordinary playing-cards can be readily distinguished one from the other, and their suit and value ascertained by the sharper by their backs as well as the general public by their faces. Thus, for instance, the star-backed cards present occasionally a star at some given corner, divided into two portions, which serve as indications. The calico, or check-backed. cards are also distinguishable by the recurrence of some especial stripe or check at a corner which will serve to designate the suit and the card. Even in a pack of plain-backed cards, presenting no marks whatever, the sharper can easily know all he needs. In one suit of these cards, the grain of the paper may chance to run longitudinally; in another suit it may run transversely; in another, diagonally; and in the last, bias. An expert gambler can read the cards as rapidly from one side as from another. We have seen the fact demonstrated.

In the fourth place, the sharper, or blackleg, acquires, by care, study, and long practice, a wonderful mechanical sleight-of-hand in his manipulation of cards. We have met blacklegs who can outdo Hermann in card-tricks. They can deal a certain number of cards to their opponents, and as many as they choose to themselves, without exciting suspicion. They can cause two or three cards to pass as readily as one. They can produce any desired card precisely when it is wanted, and no one save themselves be the whit the wiser. Cards can be shuffled by them, and cut *ad libitum*; but, provided the sharper has the deal, he can control his own hand, and that of his adversary, at will.

In the fifth place, the mechanical appliances of the sharper, utterly unsuspected by the unwary, enable him to defraud without detection. This is especially the case with faro and the faro-box. This latter appliance is often a marvel of ill-applied ingenuity, full of hidden springs and contrivances which are absolutely invisible to

the unpractised eye. The box is made of silver, and presents a very beautiful appearance: it is seemingly simple, but really complex. Into the faro-box the usual variety of cards will occasionally not pass without being "reduced." There is a plate or knife prepared for that purpose, through the agency of which the edges of the card can be made concave or converse, and by which means, also, a number of marks and variations can be produced, sufficient to distinguish each and every card in the pack.

"Braces," or two card-boxes, are also used by dishonest gamblers. Cards are sand-papered, and so arranged as to cling lovingly together; and numerous contrivances of similar character are in vogue.

But, taken as a whole, it is a very difficult thing to cheat successfully at faro. There must be in all cases a collusion between the dealer and the cue-keeper, and great carelessness on the part of the player.

Sixthly, among blacklegs there sometimes prevails a system of signals, which answers all their purposes, but defies the observation of outsiders. And sometimes a regular telegraph (a "gambler's telegraph") is put into operation. A confederate placed in a room above, or some supposed stranger looking on, can see the cards of the players, and then, by the means of some mechanical communication, and a series of agreed-upon signs, can telegraph his knowledge to his pals. But instances of this kind are comparatively rare. Besides all this, the professional blackleg possesses the immense advantage over his opponent of a memory rendered almost miraculous by constant practice, a sense of touch educated to a capacity rendered almost equal to that possessed by the blind, and a coolness which is derived from long familiarity with scenes of excitement, — a coolness which is in itself half of the game.

From this *résumé* of the tricks practised, and the advantages possessed by the blacklegs, or swindling gamblers, it is evident that the "patent" man, or sharper, by his marked cards, his sleight-of-hand, his "paling," stealing cards, false shuffling, dealing from the bottom, slipping the cut on top, "stocking" the cards, signals, tele-

graphs, arranged boxes and tables, his agents and cappers and ropers-in, combined with his wonderful memory, touch, and coolness, is an adversary against whom all amateur-playing and strokes of luck are unavailing: in other words, to use an expressive phrase, he is a man who plays to win.

As regard the interior of gambling-houses, much description is not needed. Sketch-writers and personal experience have rendered to most information on this matter superfluous. They are, as a rule (we speak of the better class of houses), handsomely furnished, with costly tables, elegant machinery, table-attendance, and well supplied with cigars, wine, and edibles generally.

It was at Mr. Morrissey's establishment, No. 5 West Twenty-fourth Street, that the celebrated game, one of the most stupendous on record, between the Hon. John Morrissey on the one side, and the Hon. Ben Wood on the other, was played. This play, alike from the prominent positions of the principal personages engaged, and the enormous sums staked, has acquired almost a world-wide notoriety. The game was a combination game, and six or seven persons were engaged in it, — Tom Merritt, who bears the reputation of being the sharpest dealer in the United States; "Jim Stuart," a noted gambler; old "Scribner," who has been a successful professional for over a third of a century; a gambler rejoicing in the unusual appellation of John Smith; and a noted player called "Barclay" from California. In addition to the two distinguished congressmen, a noted city judge was also present at the play; and it is said the Hon. Ben Wood happened to be "short" at the commencement of the evening; the judge loaned him three thousand dollars to start with. The game was continued until morning; both principals waxed more and more excited as the stakes grew higher and higher; and both, it is averred, drinking freely. During the latter part of the game, over thirty-one thousand dollars was staked on the turn of a single card. The play, which proved a serious earnest for Mr. Morrissey, resulted in Mr. Ben Wood winning from the bank a hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars. Of this sum Mr. Morrissey is said to have lost only seventy thousand dollars, the balance being

shared among his associates. At any rate, the game was, according to the professional gambler's ideas, squarely played, and evinced a degree of skill on one side, and pluck on the other, which has seldom been equalled. Certainly, it was a game worthy, in its magnitude at least, of the Empire City. Such a game could have been played nowhere outside of the metropolis.

Among the many establishments in which, though not gaming-houses, gambling is excessively carried on, may be enumerated those popular institutions known as clubs, embracing the Travellers', Union, Manhattan, New York, and other fashionable resorts. Poker and whist, with other varieties, are among the favorite games at these places; and heavy stakes are not unfrequently wagered on the results. We have been told of one week in which over a hundred thousand dollars changed hands at the Union Club on a game of cards. Of course, at the clubs, the parties playing being all gentlemen of birth, education, and position, the utmost honor is observed; and the best feeling prevails. Occasionally, however, a sharper will manage to obtain the entry; or (such cases have been known of, though very rarely) one of the members, who has learned the tricks of gamblers, will avail himself of his nefarious experience, — and, of course, the gentlemen who wager their money will be defrauded. But these cases are exceptions to the rule; and, whatever may be the moral aspects of club-gambling, it is, at least, a fairly conducted amusement, patronized by those who can afford it.

As regards the statistics of gambling, we would say a few words. This branch of the subject is replete with difficulty; and all data given must, of course, be considered as only approximate; but still some general figures can be stated which will afford some suggestive ideas.

Exclusive of the groceries, which are countless, and the very vilest of the low dens of the metropolis, there are about two hundred gambling-houses, — public, and recognized as such, — about fifty of which belong to what may be styled the first-class and fashionable houses. The expenses of a fashionable gambling-house are enormous; amounting, for wines, cigars, suppers, and other expenses, from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand dollars per annum. The

value of the furniture often exceeds twenty thousand dollars in one of these establishments, while the amount of capital required to start with varies from fifteen thousand to fifty thousand dollars, while some establishments can command twice the sum last mentioned. The amount of capital invested in the gambling-houses of the metropolis must exceed, in all probability, over a million and a quarter of dollars. The amount of money lost or won at gambling must amount throughout the year, on an average, to about forty thousand dollars nightly. The number of professional gamblers in New York has been variously computed from five thousand to ten thousand, or about one-fourth the number of professional courtesans. A proprietor of a gambling-house generally makes money, lives well, dines as an epicure, drinks like a temperate Bacchus, dresses like a lord, and enjoys life generally; but his tenure of prosperity is, generally, short-lived in the majority of the cases. As for the professional gambler, he simply makes his expenses, which may be averaged at two thousand dollars per annum; is generally as poor at the end of the year as he was at the beginning; and, taken altogether, earns his money with as much expenditure of time and talent as though laboring in some regular trade or profession.

The passion for gambling, like the passion for drinking, often obtains a terrible hold upon its victim. One of the most forcible illustrations of this awful truth is afforded by the powerful, realistic sketch entitled "The Gambler's Christmas Eve," written by Mr. Isaac G. Reed, jun., the author of the celebrated series of sketches, "Thirty Years in Gotham," in which the story first made its appearance. This sketch is founded upon fact, and was as follows: —

A man with a passion for gambling — and with a wild idea, common to many gamblers, that he will some day "think out" a "system" which will enable him to beat chance, burst a faro-bank, and always win — marries a deserving woman, and finally, through her influence, promises to abstain from gambling, and

never to enter a gaming-den again. He kept his promise, but still brooded over his possible infallible "system."

This was the *status* one Christmas Eve. We give the rest of the story literally.

Christmas Eve came: and it had been intended for all the Watson family to take a stroll along Broadway, and finish the holiday purchases, fillin' the family stockings; but his wife's only sister, livin' in Harlem, was taken quite sick; and the wife was compelled to pay her a visit of mercy, while the home was to be looked after by the husband and father. The wife would fain have taken him with her; but, one of the children being too unwell, he was left behind to superintend the nursin'. Christmas Eve came; and a lonely, dismal eve it was, — the wife and mother away from home, at the bedside of her sick sister; the husband and father seated in his room alone, with no company but the hired girl and his sleeping or sick children. Hours passed on: and suddenly an idea flashed across George Watson's mind; a point about his "infallible system," that had hitherto escaped him, now occurred to him. Suddenly, all that had been unfortunate to him, or mysterious in the system, seemed to be explained away, as if by magic or inspiration. He saw a way to infallibly beat and break the faro-bank at last. A fortune lay within his grasp, if he could get an opportunity to try his newly discovered, almost divinely inspired, "point." He had one hundred dollars in his pocket: it was enough to lay the foundation of a fortune, if he could buck against the tiger with it that night. But there was his sick child: he could not leave her in the sole care of the hired girl. But just then a kindly, motherly neighbor dropped in, — a friend of his wife's. It was his golden opportunity, and he seized it. He left his household and his child in her experienced care, and went into the streets in a fever of excitement and anticipation. With one hundred dollars in his pocket, he walked hastily to 818 Broadway, then the great "Gamblers' game" of the city of New York, and rang the bell. The colored man in waiting admitted him. He knew him of old, and welcomed him with a smile; and in

a few minutes he was buckin' against the tiger and the new point in his infallible system. His one hundred dollars became several thousands, and he was wild with joy. His system worked at last; he would be a rich man erelong; it was a glorious Christmas Eve indeed! Meanwhile, with a presentiment of evil, the wife and mother had suddenly left her sister's bedside, and had returned home. Her worst fears were realized: her husband was gone; and a terrible instinct told her where he had gone to, and what he had gone for. She had in times past learned by sad experience all his gamin' haunts, and she knew that of 'em all, his chief favorite, the first place he would strike would be No. 818. She was sick herself, — footsore, heartsore. She had been troubled with several attacks lately of heart disease, which she had kept quiet about for fear of alarming her husband. It was a bitter cold night, and it was beginning to snow: it would be a stormy night and a wild Christmas morning, but she did not hesitate one moment.

Kissing her unconscious children, leavin' them in the charge of her kind-hearted neighbor, who vainly endeavored to dissuade her from going out, she again started out in the snow-storm, and trudged wearily along until she reached the door of No. 818. She was still a pretty woman, though faded and jaded; and men looked at her curiously and impertinently, as she walked along through dark, though whitening, streets; the young men even turned, followed her, and accosted her with an impudent leer; but she took no heed whatever. She reached the door of the gamblin'-hell, the best-known place of its kind in the United States, and stopped there, just as if any thin' could be accomplished by her stopping out there in the dark and in the cold.

It may have been, that had she pulled the bell of 818 just then, and asked for her husband while her husband was winning thousands, she might have had some chance given her to get at him, and to get him away; but she did not have the nerve to do that then; all her strength seemed to have deserted her at the gamblin'-hell's portal. All she did was to wring her hands, and moan, and walk up and down Broadway, and wait, wait, wait, in the snow and cold, as if

waiting could do any earthly good. At last, chilled to the bone, she grew desperate, and ascended the steps, pulled the bell of No. 818, but so feebly that it could not be heard at first; though the few passers-by, knowin' the character of the house, wondered at seeing a woman there, at the entrance of a "hell:" — finally, mustering courage, she gave a stronger pull at the bell; and the sleek colored man answered the summons in surprise. Feebly she stammered out the name of her husband, and asked to see him if he was inside. The colored man took in the "situation" at once; experience of life had made him keen: he caught the name upon her lips, recognized it at once, and saw that the wife was after her husband. But it would never do to interrupt the game or to have a scene. So the colored man denied all knowledge of her husband, and, tellin' her to go somewhere else, shut the door in her face. And there, upon the snowed-upon steps, she sat that Christmas Eve, waitin' in front of the gilded hell for her husband to come out, and who did not come. Somehow, she was not interfered with by any policeman. The blue coats and brass buttons did not see her sitting on the steps; their business was "not" to see any thing that was goin' on in or around 818; they had their reasons. But the sports passin' to and fro, and going out and in, removed her from the steps. Then she took her station near by, and watched and waited, gettin' colder, and burning hot with fever and excitement and pain within, the snow falling around and upon her, — this was the faithful, loving, true wife's Christmas Eve! Meanwhile George Watson's "system" had gone back on him; his new point had played him false; he lost all that he had at first won; and about midnight he had lost every dollar of his original hundred dollars, and had given an I. O. U. for one hundred dollars besides, with an oath, and drainin' a glass of brandy to the dregs. With despair in his soul, and not one cent in his pocket, he left No. 818, and walked into the street at midnight, at the legal beginning of Christmas Day. He saw a woman crouchin' in a corner. He stepped toward her curiously, sympathetically, as towards a human being as wretched as himself. He stooped down to lift the cloak which the poor woman had clasped around her,

found her unconscious with the cold, and, gazing on the freezing, dying woman, saw that he was gazing at his own wife. A yell that might have issued from a lost spirit rang through the street, and startled even the policemen into action. The woman was taken hastily into a drug-store; and restoratives were applied, but in vain. She had been faithful unto death; for in the vain attempt, somehow, some way, to get at her poor, tempted husband, the man she loved better than life, she had frozen to death. That Christmas morning dawned drearily on a dead woman in a drug-store, and a played-out gambler who had gone mad.

"And gazing on the freezing, dying woman, saw that he was gazing at his own wife" [p. 148].

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE PEN-PANORAMA OF NEW YORK (*continued*). — THE METROPOLITAN POLICE AS THEY ARE. — THE DETECTIVES. — THIEF-TAKERS IN PETTICOATS. — HOW CAPT. JOHN S. YOUNG CAUGHT A THIEF BY INSTINCT. — THE TOMBS PRISON, AND "MURDERER'S ROW."

INTRICATE, elaborate, and varied as is crime in New York, the machinery of the police-system is even more so. It is not saying too much to assert that New York, with all its faults, is the best-governed and the best-regulated city in America. Being the largest city and the principal seaport, it is necessarily the favorite resort of abandoned and dissolute characters, male and female; but I do not hesitate to assert, and I am sustained by facts, and fortified with the opinions of those most qualified to form an opinion, that, considering its population, notwithstanding its enormous criminal class, New York is one of the most orderly cities in the world, and its police among the most efficient.

True, ever and anon, as in the memorable Forrest-Macready and the draft riots, the roughs will, for an hour or a day, get the upper hand of the authorities; and scenes of bloodshed and horror will ensue. But, as a rule, the city is peaceful, orderly, well-behaved, as a city, though it contains thousands of inhabitants who are otherwise.

The police, too, as a rule, and as a body of men, are skilled and trusty: with all his human faults, the New-York policeman, like the New-York fireman, is trained, active, and reliable. But still, in many — too many — individual cases, he is unworthy

of his position, — is either the creature of politicians, or the friend, associate, and stipendiary of "the criminal class" itself.

It is not saying too much to assert, that, if the New-York police were absolutely and entirely honest and determined, the New-York criminals would, as a class, cease to exist. So thorough is the police-system, so accurate and so varied are their sources of information, so many are their opportunities, and so great are their powers, that, if so disposed, the New-York police could not merely *diminish* New-York crime, — they could *wipe it out*.

Every professional criminal is known to the police authorities: every haunt of crime is known to them. The police have a list of every gambling-house, every assignation-house, every den of vice, every policy-shop, etc. If they want a rogue, they know just when and where to put the finger on him.

And yet "policy" is played by tens of thousands in this city, in defiance of the law; dens of vice are in full blast, in defiance of the law; hundreds of houses are devoted, almost openly, to immoral purposes, in defiance of the law; men daily and nightly gamble, and are fleeced by gamblers, in defiance of the law; and an army of thieves prowl through the city, in defiance of the law.

Certainly, under such circumstances, while giving the New-York police the credit for what it really does, it should be held censurable for what it really and deliberately leaves undone. One of the great faults, the glaring evils, in the practical workings of the police-system of New York, is the connection — the shameful connection — that is allowed to exist between crime and politics. A well-known thief in this city is, and has been for years, a prominent politician, and his "den" receives police protection. For years a New-York law-maker and congressman was a New-York law-breaker and gambler. And other cases in point could be cited.

The intimate connection between money and police favor is another kindred and crying evil. Rich vice is seldom interfered with: crime that pays its way has a way made for it, and kept open, by the police; while poverty is regarded as, in itself, a crime.

Even in the workings of New York's latest patent improvement, the new Dudley Field *et al.* penal code, the distinction between rich and poor is plainly observed. Some Sundays ago a hard-working woman, a widow, with three children to support, was arrested for selling some trifles on the sabbath; while two well-to-do theatrical managers were permitted to make hundreds of dollars by giving Sunday concerts, — concerts in which no part of the programme was "sacred," — and some twenty rich music-hall and saloon keepers fairly coined "money" in exchange for music and liquor.

Men, rich men, brokers, and bankers, or prominent politicians, can be seen any night, reeling from "swell" bar-rooms; and the police either look on, laughing, or kindly assist the well-dressed "reeler." But when a poor man is found, in the streets of New York, under the influence of liquor, then there is an arrest, a cell, a fine, or the island.

Ay, not unfrequently some stranger, when seized with a fit, is taken, not to a doctor, but to a magistrate; not to a hospital, but to a station-house, and is clubbed, instead of cared for.

And in the system of the police-courts, in their practical administration, gross evils exist, — official outrages are perpetrated every day, — and police blackmail is levied upon all who will or must endure it.

Fines are often levied which have no warrant in law: bogus or straw-bail is often offered, and received, for a consideration. Police-court lawyers are not seldom simply police-court sharpers, and the administration of "justice" is sometimes notoriously unjust.

But, with all its faults, the Metropolitan Police-System is one of the most deserving and beneficial of metropolitan institutions; and the metropolitan police are justly the pride of New York. The old police-system was a failure, — it failed to protect; but, from the time when the State Legislature created "a Metropolitan District" (consisting of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, the counties of New York, Kings, Richmond, and Westchester, embracing a circuit of about thirty miles, controlled by a commission of five, the mayors of New York and Brooklyn being members of the board), the police-service has steadily improved.

As a practical working-force, the metropolitan police may date its efficiency from the days of the celebrated John A. Kennedy, who, though he was something of a despot, was the best police-officer, the very best police-superintendent, New-York City has ever seen.

With its officials, inspectors, captains, sergeants, patrolmen, doormen, special policemen, etc., the New-York police comprises an army of considerably over two thousand men, neatly uniformed, armed with clubs and revolvers, and thoroughly drilled. The discipline is perfect.

The policeman's club is a terrible weapon: the "roughs" dread its certainty of crushing or maiming more than they fear the chancing of a pistol-shot. And it is sometimes terribly abused. Awful to state, men — peaceable, though silly, sick or intoxicated, comparatively or actually innocent men — have been clubbed to death in the streets of New York by the New-York police. While, at the same time, the handsome features, splendid *physique*, and gallant politeness, of "the Broadway Squad," who escort, or even carry on occasion, ladies over the principal crossings, has become proverbial.

But probably the most interesting department of the police-force (to the general reader) is the "detective" branch there-

of. The modern detective figures largely in the modern play and novel, and the "story-papers" are full of him. Yet few are familiar with the *facts* about detectives.

Time was when the whole detective force in New-York City was comprised in the person of one man, — old Jacob Hays. Gradually, as the city increased in size and crime, a separate organization of detectives was formed: then organizations were multiplied, till to-day there are some fifteen or sixteen distinct, and sometimes conflicting, varieties of detectives. There are the central-office detectives, the local-ward detectives, private detectives, hotel detectives, insurance detectives, divorce detectives, United-States detectives, and female detectives.

As regards petticoated detectives, a volume, and a very entertaining though not edifying volume, could be written. Men suspect men; they watch each other as closely as two strange dogs, and in as unfriendly a manner; but they are generally off their guard with women. Besides, women know the weak points of men better than men do themselves. And, for both these reasons, they make capital detectives. In France they have long been found useful; and, from the days of Richelieu, the most successful spies have ever been females. But, in our sober country, the idea of ever employing women in secret service has all the force of a novelty. In two varieties of cases females are peculiarly valuable: the first of these is in the event of bank-robberies, especially when suspicion falls upon the clerk of the institution. Male detectives are set to work at the outset: but sometimes the suspected clerk has skilfully covered up his tracks, and defies investigation; or else he watches every man who approaches him, in whatever guise, like a hawk; and all efforts to win the knowledge of his secrets are in vain. At this stage of the game a woman is sent for, generally a pretty, smart, well-dressed woman, who is

not over-scrupulous; and the matter is placed in her hands. Sometimes she proceeds directly to the point, but generally *finesse* is resorted to; and it is so contrived that the acquaintanceship of the fair detective and her intended victim shall be brought about in some romantic manner, removed from the usual beaten track of common life, and invested at the outset with some of the charm of adventure or romance, so as to utterly divert suspicion of her real design. Ascertaining from general inquiry the character of the bank-clerk whom she is to track, she resorts to the "Personals" of the newspapers, to arrange an interview with him. Thus, if this clerk be, as the majority of such clerks are, an admirer of the sex, a gay boy, the fair detective contrives one day to meet him, in the stage for instance, attracts his attention, and, at the same time, notes his person and attire. A day or two after, in one of the morning journals, an item appears, somewhat to this effect: "If the tall young gentleman, with dark hair, heavy side-whiskers, dressed in such-and-such a suit, or with such-and-such a diamond ring or pin (as the case may be), who got into the stage at —— Street, and noticed the young lady in red who sat opposite, will write to —— Street, or call at ——, he may hear something that may please him (or hear of the lady, or form an agreeable acquaintance, or whatever other wording may be given to the concluding paragraph of the personal). Of course, "the tall gentleman with dark hair," etc., sees this item, or it is so arranged that his attention is called to it at once. Of course, also, he regards the affair as a good joke,— a capital love-adventure. Of course, he answers or calls, as directed, and either at once, or step by step, forms the acquaintance of the fair deceiver. Having now put her party under the most favorable auspices, the game is at her disposal. By her art, or her beauty, or probably by both, — for females of her profession are not apt to stick at trifles, — she obtains

sooner or later his confidence; she surrenders, perhaps, herself: he surrenders more than himself, — his secret, — and is at her mercy. Having made her points, and gotten her man "dead to rights," she places the matter in the hands of her male associates; and the affair is settled by arrest or by a compromise. In nine cases out of ten, by the latter.

A recent case occurred in a Broadway bank, where the suspected clerk was a scion of a noble family. A pretty girl was put on his track, managed to form his friendship through the "Station D" dodge, infatuated her "man" with her charms, and obtained, not only possession of his guilty secret, but also eight thousand dollars of the money taken from the bank. The matter was finally hushed up by a settlement; and the pretty detective netted for her services, in seven weeks, the handsome sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

Women are also used as car-detectives on the city passenger-railways with advantage. It sometimes happens that the thieves and the conductors are in partnership; and, in course of time, they become cognizant of the *personnel* of the regular male detectives, whose influence is hereby neutralized. In these cases the services of the softer sex becomes *desiderata*.

One of the most quiet, and therefore most valuable, of the female detectives, is a young woman called "Mary Gilsey," or "White Mary," from the fairness of her complexion. Mary is tall and slender, and has the most dovelike, not to say stupid, expression of countenance. She is the last woman in the world whom nine out of ten would select for her profession, and yet she is a superb detective. Keen, quick, possessed of a memory exceedingly retentive, she never forgets a face, a place, or a name, and has the faculty of seeing through a stone wall farther than any woman of her age. She is but twenty-one, and was born in the city of New York. In Paris she would make a fortune in a year. In point of character, also, Mary is

superior to the average of her profession; being, as far as personal purity is concerned, irreproachable.

The divorce detective has become, of late, "a social evil" in New York. He or she is simply disgusting, disgraceful; but the fact that such a creature is in demand — in constantly increasing demand — in our greatest city, is in itself a sign of the times.

The *modus operandi* in the case of a divorce detective is somewhat after this fashion: a wife suspects her husband, or *vice versa*. Husband or wife, however, is careful to cover up his or her tracks, and keeps shady as to "the little outside arrangement." Wife or husband sends for a detective, and the matter is arranged. The first question with the detective is, of necessity, the pay. Some of them are in the habit of undertaking the job at, say, fifty or a hundred dollars, others charge five dollars per night, or ten dollars per day, during the continuance of the investigations; others, again, refuse to bind themselves to any specific sum, but will be guided by circumstances. But all agree on insisting upon two cardinal points, — a certain amount of money, cash down, to bind the bargain, and the payment of all incidental or contingent expenses. In this latter item lies the great *placer*. The detective who draws but ten dollars a day salary may obtain from his principal twenty dollars a day for his hotel expenses, and outlays for wines and *et cæteras*, necessary by his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, especially if the party he is dodging be at all luxuriously or fashionably inclined. And there is no way by which the principal can help being "bled," if his agent or detective chooses to bleed him, which he usually does. One detective obtained from his employer, a wealthy merchant down town, thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars in four months, part as salary, and part as "contingent expenses," in the tracking of the merchant's suspected wife: and, after

fingering the money, the detective one day coolly advised the merchant to abandon the undertaking; as his "investigations" had convinced him — the detective — that either the lady was as innocent as an angel, or else as cunning as the Devil, — which oracular opinion was all the value received by the merchant for his thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars. Very often the detective does nothing whatever but draw his money, and hold his tongue; and, quite as frequently, he will make himself known to the other party, and thus make a good thing of it from both sides. But, even when legitimately employed, the divorce-detective's style of doing business is, to say the least, peculiar. At all hours of the day and night he is at all kinds of places, in all sorts of disguises, under all varieties of pretences, and with all classes of persons.

Detectives are some of them misnamed. Some of them never "detect" any thing or anybody: they are really too lazy or too stupid. Others are really too "smart" to *de*tect: they find it pays them better to *protect* and to blackmail. But among the detective force are to be found to-day some of the keenest and most upright men in the metropolis; and the history of the detectives of New York presents prominently the names of two men equal in ability to Vidocq himself, — the late Chief Matsell and Capt. John S. Young.

As an illustration of the cleverness of Young, and as conveying an idea of the life and experience of New-York detectives, let me narrate the following interesting and characteristic episode.

One fine March day, when Kennedy was superintendent of police, and John S. Young was one of the controlling spirits of the police detectives, the latter individual was walking down Broadway, when he suddenly bethought him that a certain fine French clock which he had at home required repairing. He also bethought him that he had been recommended by a friend

to employ the services of an experienced watch and clock maker, who did business on a side street, near Broadway, in the precise neighborhood where, at this moment, he happened to be.

Turning down this side street, forthwith Young soon found himself at the clockmaker's, who occupied a shop in the rear of a loan-office; the proprietor of which latter establishment constantly required the watchmaker's services in repairing the watches and clocks which were constantly, in the way of business, deposited either temporarily or permanently at his office.

The door between the loan-office and the clockmaker's happened to be open at the time of Young's visit; and, while the latter was chatting with the mechanic, he saw, through the open door, a man enter the loan-office, and commence a conversation with the proprietor.

The man was of medium height, dark in complexion, swarthy, strongly built, with restless black eyes, which were small, sharp, and furtive in their glances; and his whole appearance was rather unprepossessing.

He wore what are called "store-clothes," — a frock-coat, a badly fitting vest, and large pantaloons, and seemed to be uneasy in his apparel, — just as uncomfortable as a sailor would be in a suit of civilian's clothes on shore. His age seemed to be about thirty-eight years, and his face was as clean shaven as a lad's.

The moment John Young set his experienced eyes on the man, he said to himself, "That fellow is crooked: he has been doing time." Which means, translated into ordinary parlance, "That fellow is a professional rogue, and has been serving a term in State prison."

Just as sailors can tell a seafaring man at a glance; just as soldiers recognize military men in a moment; just as journalists understand one another in an instant; just as women, by

instinct, comprehend the mysteries of other women, — so do detectives and thieves recognize instinctively each other.

But in this case the rogue did not see the detective; though the detective, from his post of observation in the clockmaker's shop, keenly watched the rogue, and heard him say, finally, to the proprietor of the loan-office, —

"To-night, then, at half-past six."

He then took his departure.

"Do you know that man?" asked Young of the keeper of the loan-office.

"No," was the reply; "but he has been making some inquiries about our way of doing business, and says he will call again at half-past six to-night."

Young said nothing more, but, as he left the loan-shop, made up his mind that he would follow up this case, commencing his operations at "half-past six to-night."

He had no charge whatever to make, and he knew of none whatever that had been made, against this man; he had no well-grounded cause for suspicion of him; there was no accusation pending against him, so there could be no warrant procured for his arrest. He was a perfect stranger. Yet John S. Young at once made up his mind that he was a rogue, that he was even now engaged in a rogue's work, and that he (Young) would at once penetrate the mystery of this rogue's work, prevent its accomplishment, and arrest the rogue.

Detectives have often to act in this way with just as little apparent reason and authority, — taking their chance of being sanctioned by the results, — acting on the principle that "the end justifies the means."

About six o'clock that evening three detectives — Young, in company with detectives Elder and McCord — were hanging around a store in the vicinity of the loan-office.

About six and a half o'clock the mysterious stranger, in the

"store-clothes," entered the loan-office with a small bundle. He remained within a little while, and then came out without the bundle.

Young went into the loan-office after the other had departed, and had a few minutes' talk with the proprietor.

The mysterious stranger had merely pledged some rather ordinary articles of clothing which he had no further use for, — "Merely," he said, "to get used to the way of doing business here, preparatory to some large operation in this line."

Having obtained this much, which was very little, Young followed his two associates, who had quietly turned, and followed the mysterious stranger down the side street into the Bowery.

Having gained this popular thoroughfare, — the Broadway of the east side, — the mysterious stranger slowly sauntered along, stopping in at several bar-rooms to enjoy a solitary drink.

Finally he turned into a first-class country tavern, or third-class hotel, near Chatham Street, and, walking up to the office, asked for the key of room No. 40, which was handed to him.

The three detectives — who had ere this separated, McCord and Elder keeping together, and Young waddling along alone after his own fashion, but who had never for a moment lost sight of their man — were now at his heels, and ascended the stairs after him.

At last, just as the mysterious stranger had unlocked the door of his room, and had entered it, three persons came upon him, and entered the room with him.

He looked surprised at this intrusion, as well he might.

"What do you want," he cried, "and who are you?"

"You will find that out before we leave you," said Young, acting as spokesman. "What's your name?"

"What the D——l is that your business?" replied the man thus unceremoniously interrogated.

"Ah! you know what our business is with you well enough,

my friend," said Young, in the most familiar manner in the world, as if he and the mysterious stranger had been acquainted since their infancy. "You have quite a nice trunk there, of its kind," continued he, pointing to a large black packing-trunk in the corner of the room near the bed. This trunk was a four-foot, covered with black canvas, and bound with sheet-iron straps, — such a trunk as merchants use in shipping certain kinds of merchandise to the West.

"Well, what of it?" growled the mysterious stranger.

"Nothing," replied Young, "only I want to see what you have in that trunk."

"That's my affair," replied the man.

"I will invoice it then,' replied the officer. "Come, let's have no nonsense. What's your monniker?" (the thieves' slang for name).

"What's your racket?" asked Elder ("racket" is slang for line of business).

"You don't look like a hoister" (a detective's phrase for shop-lifter), chimed in McCord.

The stranger tried to assume a puzzled look, as if to convey the idea that all this slang was unfamiliar to his ears; but the attempt was a failure. Evidently the fellow understood every word, and Young told him so.

"How long have you been home?" continued Young (i.e., how long since you have come back from State prison).

"About five months," remarked the man reluctantly, but with the manner of one who had made up his mind that there was no further use in trying to hide his real character.

"How long have you been in this house?" asked Young.

The man remembered that his interrogator could readily obtain the facts on this point from the clerks in the office; so he made a virtue of necessity, and told the exact truth.

"Two weeks," he replied.

"Where do you come from?" asked Elder.

"From — from Baltimore," he answered.

He lied; and Elder and the rest knew it, and he knew that they knew it.

"Let's see the inside of that trunk," said McCord.

Now, an ordinary man, an innocent man, would at once have demanded to see the warrant, if any, upon which these three men who had forced themselves into his presence acted.

Such a man would have demanded to know of what he was charged, and by whom.

In this case the three detectives could have done nothing whatever, for they had not the slightest shadow of legal authority for what they were undertaking.

But it is a peculiarity of a "queer" or "crooked" man, a professional rogue, that he recognizes the officers of the law by some undefined instinct, and seldom insists upon their "producing their papers." He will avoid, defy, or dodge them as long and as well as he can; but, when finally brought to bay, he seldom avails himself of merely legal or formal technicalities with the officers of justice, though, of course, he will fight the judge, lawyers, or juries, the machinery of the courts, with all his might and skill.

Knowing this, the three detectives calculated, that, once having impressed themselves upon the mind of "the man" in their true characters, he would demand no papers, and they had calculated correctly.

The mysterious stranger (who was gradually becoming less "mysterious") made no point about their having no warrant, but merely tried to "bluff" his unwelcome visitors, telling them that he had no key to his trunk; he had lost it, the trunk only contained his own clothes, etc.

Finally he produced the key from his side-pocket, and opened the trunk.

On top, sure enough, were some clothes and some dirty linen; but the greater portion of the trunk underneath was occupied with silks of the richest quality and choicest pattern.

"This is 'swag silk'" (stolen silk), said Young.

"No, it ain't," said the man curtly.

But he looked as if he did not expect his companions to believe him. And they didn't.

"Where did you get these silks?" asked McCord.

"I bought them at auction in Baltimore," replied the stranger.

"Got 'em cheap, didn't you?" asked Elder significantly.

"Yes, I did: I got 'em at a bargain," answered the man; "and I have brought them on here, hoping to sell them at a fair profit."

"To a 'fence'" (a receiver of stolen goods), "eh?" chimed in McCord. "Let me tell you, my friend," continued the detective, "you came near making a great mistake. Our friend at the loan-office, whom you met at half-past six to-night, is not the man for your purpose: he is not a 'fence.' You might spare yourself any further trouble in that quarter."

"In fact, you needn't take any more trouble in any quarter," said Young; "for we will take charge of these goods for you from this minute."

"Devilish kind in you, to be sure," growled the man; "but I always like to handle my own property."

"Or the property of other people," added Young. "Come, no nonsense, now. Where did you get these silks? You have no 'stiffs'" (papers or bills) "to show for them, I suppose?"

"No: I lost the bills and receipts," answered the stranger.

"Oh! I thought so," said Young, "but it don't matter to us. We will try to find out the real owner of these silks. Come now, no nonsense, I tell you" (as the man began to look ugly).

"We are officers from police headquarters. You know us by this time, and we want you and this trunk. So don't make any fuss, or it will be the worse for you."

Young, as he spoke, stood between the man and the door of the room. Elder stood by the one window, and McCord was sentry over the trunk. Each one of the three looked like a man who understood what he was about, and meant business. There was no escape for the hunted-down man, and he surrendered sullenly.

"Do as you d——d please!" he muttered, and they fulfilled his instructions. In a few minutes a carriage, containing the three officers and their prey inside, and the big black trunk on the rumble outside, was driven to police headquarters.

At that time there were a few rooms, or cells, for the detention of suspected persons, — parties strongly suspected, though not positively charged with crime, — located on the same floor of the police headquarters' building as the detective office, and to the rear of the latter.

These rooms were as secure as the cells down-stairs, but more comfortable, and into one of these the "man with the trunk," as he was now styled, was placed.

He preserved a sullen reticence, and seemed to regret that he had not made at least a show of resistance before allowing himself to be taken.

Meanwhile a consultation was held in the detective office concerning the new prisoner, and especially concerning the silks which had been found in his trunk. That they had been stolen, there was no manner of doubt; but when and where, — that was the question: all the newspapers and documents were carefully conned which in any way related to past robberies in New York of stores and silks, but nothing was found which in any way corresponded with the facts of this case. At last, after many pshaws, and not a few muttered "condemnations,

spelled with a d——," John Young lighted on a robbery of silks in a store in Philadelphia in which some fifteen thousand dollars' worth of goods had been stolen, and in which no clew had been obtained, either of the goods or the robbers, though over six weeks had elapsed since the affair.

Young made up his mind at once that this Philadelphia robbery was the one in which his "man" was concerned, and he at once acted on this idea. He went into the room where his "man" was confined, and entered into conversation with him about robberies in general. Then he brought the subject to robberies in Philadelphia in particular. At the mention of the word Philadelphia "the man" started slightly, — very slightly, — but enough to convince John Young that he had touched the right chord. So he kept harping on Philadelphia — Philadelphia — Philadelphia — till, finally, "the man" said, "Look here: you mean something by this 'Philadelphia,' — spit it out!" and John Young accordingly "spatted out," and told him in plain English that he suspected his companion of "being in" this silk-robbery in Philadelphia.

"Look here," said the man, surveying the ample proportions of the adipose Young with an eager glance, and speaking this time earnestly, and from his soul, — "Look here: I will trust you. Promise me, on your honor, that you will do all you can to get me a two-and-a-half stretch instead of a fiver" (a sentence for two and a half years instead of a five-years' term), "so that I can get out just a little while before my wife, who is in for a three-years' stretch, so that I can have a chance to turn round and provide for her when she comes out of the grand quay" (State prison). "Promise me this, and I will 'open,' I will 'split'" (or tell). "I won't tell you who my pals were, — I would not 'squeal' on them if you were to give me twenty years; but I will not bother you: I will waive my rights about warrants and States, and all that,

and go with you to Philadelphia, and plead guilty, and tell you where the balance of the swag is planted" (where the balance of the stolen silks are concealed), "so that you can raise the plant" (recover the goods). "You couldn't do it without me, for the swag is planted where nobody could get at it unless somebody dies" (an expression at which Young wondered at the time, though he comprehended it afterward). "Now, is it a bargain? I want to get out before my wife. She was very kind to me. I love her. She would not have been a thief had it not been for me. She nursed me when I was sick. She has been true to me, and I want to show her when she comes out that I am not ungrateful. Promise me that you will fix it so that I will get out for this a month or so before my wife, and I will keep my word, and save you a heap of trouble."

The man was really in earnest, self confessed thief as he was: his whole anxiety now in this matter was one which would have done honor to the noblest and best man on earth, — an anxiety to provide for the future of the woman who loved him, — a woman who, however bad to others, had always been good to him.

The three detectives had surprised this man by swooping upon him without charge or warrant; but now this man, in his turn, surprised the three detectives by exhibiting a phase of the manliness which was utterly unexpected, and which caused Young to shake him by the hand heartily, and led Elder to say to McCord, "It's a pity such a fellow as that should be crooked!"

The man's petition was granted. A bargain was struck between him and the officers. He waived his rights to an examination, was taken the next day to Philadelphia to plead guilty to participation in the robbery of the silk-store, and revealed where the balance of the stolen goods was concealed, — in an old tomb in a cemetery in the upper part of the city,

where they never would have been discovered unless somebody had been brought to that particular tomb to be buried in it (which explained what the man meant when he said "nobody could get at it unless somebody dies"). The recovered silks were restored to their owner, who rewarded the detectives handsomely.

As for "the man," in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case, his action in the matter, and the bargain made by him with the detectives, he received less than one-half the ordinary sentence for his crime. He was doomed to only two and a quarter years in Cherry-hill Prison, and was set free, on account of good behavior, even before the expiration of that term.

On coming out of prison, he resumed his trade, — he was a plasterer when he was not a thief, — and was earning good wages when his wife re-appeared in the world.

He took the woman to his home; and, when last heard from, "the man" was still a hard-working laborer, while the wife was a laundress.

Hundreds of equally interesting sketches of detective life and experience could be related did space permit, but it does not.

All that I can here add in concluding this chapter is, that, in the vast majority of cases, the police, in one way or other, prove too much for the criminals, and that, sooner or later, crime comes to punishment.

In Centre Street, in the heart of "down town," rises a large, heavy granite building, in the style of an Egyptian temple, known throughout New York as the Tombs. Within the walls, which face the street, is a large square, in which are three prisons, for boys, men, and women respectively; and in the centre of the prison-yard stands, ever and anon, when needed, the awful gallows.

The main cell of the prison is a large room (holding, or able to hold, about two hundred persons; holding even more sometimes on a Saturday night), called "the Bummers' Cell." The Tombs' police-court is always a terribly interesting and instructive place, especially on a Sunday morning. And certainly the most saddening place in the whole metropolis is the tier of cells devoted to the temporary occupancy of the wretches condemned to be hung, called "Murderers' Row."

And either to the prison or the gallows, the detectives and the police bring, sooner or later, the fools, knaves, and criminals of New York. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

CHAPTER XIV.

A SUNDAY IN NEW YORK. — RELIGIOUS AND IRRELIGIOUS GOTHAM. — THE BIG FUNERALS OF NEW YORK. — SUNDAY EVENINGS IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS. — THE HISTORY OF ONE MEMORABLE SABBATH DAY.

New York, being the city of contrasts, abounds, not only in police, but priests; not only in crimes, but churches.

The churches of New York are among the finest in the country; and the clergymen connected therewith are, as a class, alike devout and intellectual. A dull minister has as little chance in New York as any other dull man.

Trinity Church, New York, at the head of Wall Street, is the richest ecclesiastical corporation in America. It really does some good with its money. Services are held within its walls constantly, and all well-behaved persons are admitted freely, and receive the most polite attention. Trinity is so well established, that it can afford to be democratic. In Trinity churchyard repose the remains of Gallatin, the Revolutionary financier; George Frederick Cooke, the actor; the unfortunate and beautiful Charlotte Temple, and other persons of note. The right of Trinity corporation to its revenues has been disputed from time to time, but so far wholly unsuccessfully.

Grace Church (Episcopal) stands next to Trinity in its fashionable importance. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful, architecturally, of any church in the city. It forms, with its grounds and rectory, a prominent object of what may be termed "middle Broadway," directly adjoining "Stewart's store."

Old St. Patrick's Roman-Catholic Cathedral stands on the

east side, and is hallowed by memories. The new cathedral rises on Fifth Avenue by the Park, and is a grand pile. The new church of the Jesuits on Sixteenth Street, and St. Stephen's Church on Twenty-eighth Street, are famous for the high quality of the music of their choirs. The Roman-Catholic churches are crowded every Sunday, not only by worshippers, but visitors.

There are many superb Presbyterian, and not a few very elaborate Methodist and Baptist and Dutch Reformed, churches. Protestantism in the metropolis has gained in elegance, perhaps, what it has lost in primitive simplicity.

There is a Roman or Greek Church chapel, and a Chinese joss-house; and a temple of free thinkers, or a society devoted to ethical culture; and there are also a number of fine Jewish synagogues.

And, while there are many temples for the rich, there are likewise many churches for the poor. While Rev. Dr. Hall preaches every Sunday to representatives of over four hundred millions of dollars, there are not a few clergymen whose humble chapel-worshippers could not raise perhaps a thousand dollars among them, all told. As in other respects, so New York presents great and startling contrasts in the difference between the working of its Sunday laws and their enforcement.

The "Sunday laws," so called, of New York, are very rigid, yet their administration is very lax; and it must be confessed that these laws are only enforced on and against the poor and obscure. The pedler must "observe the sabbath;" but the rich hotel-keeper or rum-seller, or the fashionable and luxurious, can do as they think best, and no one dreams of interfering.

In point of fact, and as a mere matter of fact, all religions, no religion, and irreligion, stand equally in the eyes of New-York law, and are equally unmolested by New-York custom. Excursions and devotional exercises are patronized. Sunday

schools and sample-rooms are open. Church-goers and concert-goers consult their inclinations freely every and any Sunday. One characteristic feature of a New-York Sunday is the number of its funerals, especially the funeral-pageants of the poorer classes. Sunday, being the only "spare day" of the poor man, is availed of by him and his family to combine the paying of his last respects to a departed friend with the enjoying of "a carriage-ride," even though it be only to and from a grave-yard.

Another characteristic feature of a New-York Sunday, of late years especially, is the number and popularity of its concerts, alike on the Bowery and on Broadway.

Probably the most characteristic Sunday, the most thoroughly dramatic, cosmopolitan, contrasted, and thoroughly New-York Sunday ever known to New York, was the Sunday of March 11, 1883, — the Sunday when the great Wiggins storm did *not* come off, but when the funerals of "Jimmy" Elliott the thief, and McGloin the murderer, *did*.

Of course, this Sunday was years later than was the date of my first appearance in New York; but I allude to it here, as giving my readers the most forcible idea, not only of the possibilities, but of the actualities, of a New-York Sunday.

On this particular Sunday over five hundred places of worship were open; and from two to four congregations assembled during the day and evening at each place of worship, embracing, say, over a hundred thousand men and women. An even larger number of Sunday-schools, mission-schools, etc., were attended by an even larger number of children. Thousands of sermons were earnestly preached, and respectfully listened to. Many thousands of prayers were publicly, as well as privately, offered up to Him who heareth prayer.

Though, alas! the public libraries and reading-rooms and art-galleries were closed, some six thousand saloons were open, by the side-doors at least.

And on the very day that a hundred thousand adults attended divine worship, and more than a hundred thousand children went to Sunday-school, in that very city a tremendous stir took place in the streets; and public honors were paid to a murdered burglar and an executed murderer. Far be it from me to deny or cavil at the right, the privilege, of the afflicted ones to whom the dead were dear, to pay the last sad tribute of affection to all that is left of them, — their coffins. But, certainly, there was nothing in either the manner of the lives or the manner of the deaths of James Elliott, the professional pugilist and burglar, and McGloin, "the tough" and the assassin, to warrant or to sanction such a wonderful "ovation" as their funerals amounted to.

The terrible taking off of Elliott in the midst of his sins, by a fellow and professional sinner, had an awful lesson somewhere in it. And so had the execution of McGloin. But both lessons were completely neutralized by this public demonstration in their honor.

Read how Elliott was buried.

The casket was a gorgeous affair. The hearse was a marvel of magnificence. The plumes were ample and orthodox. Besides, there were no less than four horses, all dapple-gray, to draw the mortuary vehicle through the streets. Such a display the Sixth Ward had not looked upon since the exodus of the good old days of the Bowery boys and "Dead Rabbits." That every thing should be in keeping, fifty gentlemen of admitted standing in the sporting world, with ample breadth of chest, clean collars, and high silk hats, were held in waiting to take up their position behind the hearse. Sixty carriages containing relatives, friends, and gentlemen about town, who believed they would be insufficiently "game" were they to absent themselves, were to follow the pedestrians. Altogether it was a very imposing and a very formidable gathering. But, satisfactory as

the *cortége* appeared to the critical eye of the onlookers, it did not come up to the intentions of Mr. Jack Stiles and his colleagues. They had determined that no well-regulated funeral of this description could be complete without the presence of Mr. J. L. Sullivan. They also deemed it inadvisable to proceed with the final arrangements till other "knockers out" of repute had been communicated with, and their attendance had been politely requested. A flood of invitations was accordingly issued, but not all of them met with response.

The redoubtable Sullivan flatly refused to make a show of himself behind the bier of his quondam challenger, and some other representatives of the first sporting society of other cities had the ill-taste to utterly ignore the communications. All were not so unmindful of these little mortuary courtesies. Parson Davis of Chicago, who was responsible for Elliott's appearance there, sent word that he was busy. Others pleaded urgent engagements. Many responded in person. What remote cities failed in, New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City amply supplied. Every youth of "spirit," who had a consuming ambition to be regarded as a "slugger," paid his respects in person. Any "chicken," "mouse," or "clipper," who had donned the mittens, and boxed in the cheap variety shows of any of the three cities, was bound to be there. Rat-fighters, dog-fighters, cock-fighters, horse-jockeys, turf-loungers, and pool-room watchers, — every one who had a drop of sporting blood in his veins, or thought he had, made his way to Harry Howard Square. Another feature of the gathering was the representation of the criminal classes that appeared. Plyers of the bit and jimmy, cunning sneak-thieves, wily pickpockets, — men who usually skulk along in the crowd, and slip by in the dark unnoticed, and wishing to remain so, — stood yesterday in the full glare of the sunlight in the immense concourse before the crowded house. Of course, the police were there. So were

their clubs, as some of the onlookers later experienced. But they seemed to have their attention too much occupied with the movement of the multitude to spare it for any casual wrongdoer who chanced to appear.

Canal, between Centre Street and the Bowery, was almost blockaded with the dense crowd of men, women, and children. The pressing throngs came crowding in from all sections of the city. Chatham Square was made nearly impassable by the presence of the vast multitude, which continued to grow larger and more compact. Along the Bowery, as far up as Seventh Street, it soon became difficult for pedestrians to move. Such a spectacle has not been seen here in a long time. All seemed intent on one point, at least; and this evidently was what the most came for, — to catch a glimpse of the funeral *cortége*. Beyond this few had any expectations; and, if they might at an earlier hour have anticipated an opportunity to gaze upon the face of the dead pugilist, they soon must have abandoned any such hope. At all events, whatever may have been the desire of the most of them in this regard, they quickly perceived the utter impossibility of doing more than remain in the street, and content themselves with seeing what passed before them. In front of Mr. McDavitt's house Capt. Petty and a large force of policemen devoted their attention — and it was with no little difficulty they succeeded in doing so — to keeping the sidewalk clear of everybody except the pall-bearers.

Read how murderer McGloin was interred amid scenes of ribaldry and rowdyism. Read how curses and prayers were commingled in a church.

A noisy multitude, numbering at least five thousand persons, filled West Twenty-ninth Street, and surged in front of the tenement where the body of Michael McGloin the murderer lay. The housetops, windows, and stoops for a block each way

were black with spectators; and Eighth Avenue in the near neighborhood was impassable. On every side were the typical corner loafers; and scores of faces seemed to reflect the defiant words of the strangled assassin, "I'm a tough." Swaggering young men in tight trousers cursed and struggled with swaggering young women to get an advantageous position, and even mothers with children in their arms endured the crushing and pushing rather than lose a glimpse of the expected scene. A platoon of policemen, headed by a roundsman, struggled and fought with the mob to keep a clear space in front of the door, on which the streamer of white and black crape was hanging. At first the policemen were persuasive in their manner; but at last they were forced to draw their clubs, and charge. Men, women, and children were prodded and rapped. Again and again they were charged, and the air was filled with curses and ribaldry. A more disgraceful scene can hardly be imagined. Roars of laughter went up from those who were far enough away from the policemen's clubs to safely indulge their feelings. In the midst of all this terrible scene stood the hearse, with its nodding plumes.

When the procession arrived at Calvary Cemetery, it was re-enforced by a large detachment of hard-looking citizens of the rowdy type. The hearse drove through the waiting crowd to the little wooden chapel; and the casket was carried up the wide aisle, and laid in front of the altar under the polished trefoil arch. The father of the dead murderer, accompanied by his wife and daughter, pushed their way into a pew; and a host of "toughs" went upon their knees as Father Brophy, the chaplain, and an altar-boy, advanced to the flower-covered bier, and began the service.

Just as the priest had raised the *asperges* to sprinkle the casket with holy water, there was a loud sound of strife at the door. Then the chapel-walls echoed with curses, and a crowd

of rowdies was seen struggling with two men who were guarding the door.

"Silence," cried the priest, in a warning voice.

But the struggle went on, and the men at the door were hurled from side to side in the fight. In the clamor which came from the desperadoes, there seemed to be a kinship to the dead man's boast, —

"I'm a tough."

The impressive service was completely stopped; and many of the people in the chapel, becoming alarmed, ran toward the side-door, as if in fear of the roughs who were trying to force their way in.

"Let no one leave his seat," cried the priest. "Do not fear, and remain where you are, I command you."

At that instant the band of ruffians at the main entrance burst into the chapel, fell on their knees, and the service was resumed. But, all through it, there were sounds of fighting outside at the entrance; and the chaplain's eyes were fixed on the door, while his lips repeated the supplication for grace to the murderer's soul. Finally the priest and his assistant retired behind the altar: the remains were raised upon the shoulders of several young men, and carried to the hearse, which was driven to Section No. 7, where a large crowd had already formed around an open grave, hidden among tall tombstones. It was a very small grave; and, as the casket was lowered to the bottom, it rattled against the sides of coffins which protruded from the adjoining lots. McGloin's father, mother, and sister stood on a mound of freshly dug earth, and calmly watched the casket disappear from sight. Then the trench was quickly filled up, the sod was packed down tightly, and the flowers were arranged artistically over the grave. Then the crowd left, and the sorrowing relatives re-entered their carriages. Then there was a loud shout, a scramble over the

graves, as Elliott's hearse came in sight; and the multitude had forgotten, in the presence of the new attraction, the man whose ambition was realized, when he said, —

"I've knocked my man out, and now I'm a tough."

Such was the sabbath day: and, when Sunday night came, there was a grand concert given at one theatre on Broadway, and another opposition and fashionable concert given across the street at a rival theatre; both concerts being fully attended, and neither concert even so much as pretending to be "sacred."

Then the fashionable beer-halls on Twenty-third and Fourteenth Streets held concerts likewise, and were crowded, as were the beer-gardens along the Bowery. And the games of poker at the Fifth-avenue clubs, and the games of faro at the club-houses, or gaming-dens, near Broadway, progressed pleasantly and uninterruptedly. And the saloons generally were in full blast, and two terrible murders were committed.

All within the compass of one New-York Sunday.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEALTH OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS. — TRADE, SPECULATION, WALL STREET, AND THE PROFESSIONS. — THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS WHO TRIED TO SUCCEED IN NEW YORK BY BEING HONEST. — "FASHIONABLE SOCIETY," AND WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO. — THE BRIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK. — NEW YORK, AFTER ALL, THE BEST AS WELL AS GREATEST CITY.

We have already considered, and considerably in detail, the poor of New York, the criminals of New York, and the police of New York. But the predominating element in New York is not steeped, either in poverty or crime: it has little to do with prisons or police. It is chiefly concerned in buying, selling, investing, speculating, and spending. It is engaged in trade: it dabbles in stocks or securities or real estate. It practises law or medicine, or is concerned in and with politics.

The wealth of New York is not fully appreciated, even by New-Yorkers. Some idea of this wealth will be formed when I state that it is estimated that there are over one hundred men in this city worth over twenty millions of dollars each, and over a thousand men worth over a million of dollars each. A paper of New York published, some time since, a list of men who pay taxes on a hundred thousand dollars and over; and the mere list of names occupied so many columns in one issue, with so many columns of names yet to come, that it was found to be injudicious to complete the publication.

One manifest tendency of trade is to "section"-alize itself, to localize itself, each separate trade occupying one section, or locality. Thus, the leather-dealers occupy "the swamp," the

steamship-offices cluster round Bowling Green, the real-estate offices are found in and around Pine Street, the jewellers congregate in Maiden Lane, the newspaper-offices are thick around the Park, and the retail dry-goods stores have their up-town centres.

Another manifest tendency of trade is to work its way toward the Central Park. "Business" has invaded successively and successfully Clinton Place, Fourteenth Street, and Twenty-third Street, and is now encroaching upon Madison and Fifth Avenues, — thoroughfares hitherto sacred to "fashion."

And "speculation," which was once confined to Wall Street, is now, by the telegraph and the telephone, diffused, as it were, all over the city. Brokers' offices are located now in up-town hotels; and the leading speculator of New York, Jay Gould, has his private wires connected with his private office in his private house, near the Windsor Hotel.

Speculation is at once the blessing and the bane of New York, — the blessing of the lucky few, the bane of the unlucky many. New York is the gambling (stock gambling) centre of the world; surpassing in the magnitude of its operations, compared to its capital, either London or Paris.

Fortunes are made sooner and lost more easily in New York than in any other place on the face of the earth. A rise in a stock has made almost penniless men millionnaires in a week, and a fall in securities has rendered millionnaires bankrupt in a day.

As Edward Winslow Martin remarks in his celebrated book, which all should read, "The Secrets of the Great City:" —

> Watch the carriages as they whirl through Fifth Avenue, going and returning from the Park. They are as elegant and sumptuous as wealth can make them. The owners, lying back amongst the soft cushions, are clad in the height of fashion. By their dresses they might be princes and princesses. This much is due to art. Now

mark the coarse, rough features, the ill-bred stare, the haughty rudeness, which they endeavor to palm off for dignity. Do you see any difference between them and the footman in livery on the carriage-box? Both master and man belong to the same class, only one is wealthy, and the other is not. But that footman may take the place of the master in a couple of years, or in less time. Such changes may seem remarkable, but they are very common in New York.

See that gentleman driving that splendid pair of sorrels. He is a fine specimen of mere animal beauty. How well he drives! The ease and carelessness with which he manages his splendid steeds excite the admiration of every one on the road. He is used to it. Five years ago he was the driver of a public hack. He amassed a small sum of money, and being naturally a sharp, shrewd man, went into Wall Street, and joined the "Curbstone Brokers." His transactions were not always open to a rigid scrutiny, but they were profitable to him. He invested in oil-stocks, and, with his usual good luck, made a fortune. Now he operates through his broker. His transactions are heavy, his speculations bold and daring; but he is usually successful. He lives in great splendor in one of the finest mansions in the city, and his carriages and horses are superb. His wife and daughters are completely carried away by their good fortune, and look with disdain upon all who are not their equals or superiors in wealth. They are vulgar and ill bred; but they are wealthy, and society worships them. There will come a change some day. The husband and father will venture once too often in his speculations, and his magnificent fortune will go with a crash; and the family will return to their former state, or perhaps sink lower: for there are very few men who have the moral courage to try to rise again after such a fall, and this man is not one of them.

In watching the crowd on Broadway, one will frequently see, in some shabbily dressed individual, who, with his hat drawn down close over his eyes, is evidently shrinking from the possibility of being recognized, the man who but a few weeks ago was one of the wealthiest in the city. Then he was surrounded with splendor. Now he hardly knows where to get bread for his family. Then he lived in an elegant

mansion. Now one or two rooms on the upper floor of some tenement-house constitute his habitation. He shrinks from meeting his old friends, well knowing that not one of them will recognize him, except to insult him with a scornful stare. Families are constantly disappearing from the social circles in which they have shone for a greater or less time. They vanish almost in an instant, and are never seen again. You may meet them at some brilliant ball in the evening. Pass their residence the next day, and you will see a bill announcing the early sale of the mansion and furniture. The worldly effects of the family are all in the hands of the creditors of the "head;" and the family themselves are either in a more modest home in the country, or in a tenement-house. You can scarcely walk twenty blocks on Fifth Avenue without seeing one of these bills, telling its mournful story of fallen greatness.

The best and safest way to be rich in New York, as elsewhere, is for a man to confine himself to his legitimate business. Few men acquire wealth suddenly. Ninety-nine fail where one succeeds. The bane of New-York commercial life, however, is, that people have not the patience to wait for fortune. Every one wants to be rich in a hurry; and as no regular business will accomplish this, here or elsewhere, speculation is resorted to. The sharpers and tricksters who infest Wall Street know this weakness of New-York merchants. They take the pains to inform themselves as to the character, means, and credulity of merchants, and then use every art to draw them into speculations, in which the tempter is enriched, and the tempted ruined. In nine cases out of ten a merchant is utterly ignorant of the nature of the speculation he engages in. He is not capable of forming a reasonable opinion as to its propriety, or chance of success, because the whole transaction is so rapid that he has no chance to study it. He leaves a business in which he has acquired valuable knowledge and experience, and trusts himself to the mercy of a man he knows little or nothing of, and undertakes an operation that he does not know how to manage. Dabbling in speculations unfits men for their regular pursuits. They come to like the excitement of such ventures, and rush on madly in their mistaken course, hoping to

make up their losses by one lucky speculation; and at length utter ruin rouses them from their dreams.

Although New York is the chief business centre of the country, fortunes are made here slowly and steadily. Great wealth is the accumulation of years. Such wealth brings with it honor and prosperity. One who attains it honestly has fairly won the proud title of "merchant," but few are willing to pursue the long life of toil necessary to attain it. They make fifty thousand dollars legitimately, and then the insane desire seizes them to double this amount in a day. Nine lose every thing where one makes his fortune.

The reason is plain. The speculation in stocks is controlled by men without principle, whose only object is to enrich themselves at the expense of their victims.

Professional life in New York, like mercantile and speculative, is heated full of bitter rivalry and intense competition. The higher class of New-York lawyers charges enormous fees; while the lower class embraces the sharks, — the lawyers who take cases on "spec," — and "the Tombs shysters," or jail-bird lawyers; and then there is a fouler class yet, — the divorce-lawyers. The physicians of the metropolis bear, as a body, a deservedly high reputation; while the journalists and journals of New York are conceded to be at the head of journalism. New York has also produced its poets, its painters, its authors, and artists, and is disputing with Boston itself the claim to be the literary centre.

With lawyers like Brady, O'Connor, Field, and Evarts; with physicians like Francis, Hosack, Mott, Sayres, Jacobi, Sims, and Hammond; with journalists like Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, Dana, Whitelaw Ried, *et al.;* with poets like Bryant; and with its long array of men distinguished in science, art, and literature, — the Union in general, and New-Yorkers in particular, may well be proud of New York. With regard to the percentage of honesty that is to be found in the ordinary commercial

and professional transactions of New-York life, as compared to the percentage of dishonesty, observers differ according to their stand-point: some hold that honesty is the rare exception, while dishonesty is the almost universal rule.

Such is the view taken by Mr. Isaac G. Reed, jun., in his *brochure* entitled, "From Heaven to New York" (published by the Murray-Hill Publishing Company). In this remarkable, and in many points remarkably pointed, because truthful, satire, the adventures and misadventures of the brothers Goodheart, who came to New York, and tried to succeed honestly, are recorded as follows: —

Having a little capital and a somewhat speculative turn of mind, Robert Goodheart naturally sought Wall and Broad Streets, and became "a broker." He conceived a great respect for brokers as a class, — on theory. "Brokers," "bankers," "financiers," Wall-street operators, thought he, must be high-toned and honest men, *par excellence;* for they not only are amongst the wealthiest, but our most influential, citizens; they occupy a social, as well as a pecuniary, position; they are highly respected, therefore they are highly respectable. (Poor fellow! he was very young.) Many of them are church-members in good standing. Some support clergymen, others support churches; some have endowed theological seminaries; they are professedly Christians, therefore they must be practically honest men. Therefore I will join their number, and be an honest man and a broker. (Poor fellow! he was very, very young.) In a little while he had mastered the "slang of the street." He fathomed the mysteries of puts and calls, and margins and dividends, coupons, bullion, specie, legal tenders, certificates, call-loans, funded debt, preferred and common stock, etc.; and, at last, he entered into operations on his own account. His first transaction was with one of the most successful and most celebrated of the money-kings, — a little, dark-browed man, who was worth millions, and was president of a railroad. The little man swallowed up in a day every dollar which our hero, or fool, had invested in the enterprise, and then refused

even to see the little minnow, who never even so much as set eyes upon the mighty whale again.

His next operation was with another railroad-king, — a fine-looking, magnificently preserved, stately old man, with a clerical look, who controlled untold millions. Of course, our hero did not deal with this superb Crœsus directly, but only dabbled in his "stocks" at the advice of his "agents." He lost every dollar he invested, and never so much as saw the great Mogul, into whose pockets his money had all gone, save once, when walking one afternoon, footsore and tired, up town, he met the Crœsus returning to his palace behind some of the finest and fastest horse-flesh in the world. His third venture was in a "pool" engineered by an old and pious millionnaire, whose good morals were supposed to make ample amends for his bad English. Goodheart never saw the millionnaire, nor his own money either. The latter was at once "gobbled" up by the former, who never could be found, or gotten at in any way, not even by a lawyer, so cunningly had the millionnaire covered his tracks. Then Goodheart invested a portion of his remaining capital in a stupendous railroad scheme, which was to benefit the world, and which was controlled by an eminently Christian philanthropist who loved clergymen. This "lover of clergymen" went to the wall, and all the poor fellow's investment went with him.

He never realized enough from the wreck, even to pay his travelling expenses to a neighboring city, where he might have had a chance to catch a passing glimpse of the eminently "Christian philanthropist" who loved clergymen. Still hoping for the best, still believing in the existence of mercantile honesty, Robert Goodheart invested a little of what he had left in the stock of a steamship company controlled by men of social pretensions, whose names were always in the newspapers. He lost every dollar; but, in this case, he had the satisfaction of being allowed to "see" one of the "principals," who kindly shook hands with him, and invited him to "take a drink."

Meanwhile our poor Robert mixed with the average herd of brokers, Wall-street operators, etc., and found them, with but few exceptions, to be yelling, lying, nervous, idle, immoral, reckless, unscrupulous,

selfish, improvident gamblers, utterly shattered, alike in *physique* and fortune. He found them to be men who were as bitter in their enmities as they were brittle in their friendships. Their word was a mockery, and their "honor" was a sham. They were thieves whom the law could not touch. They robbed their victims, and often robbed each other. They were stock and gold gamblers, who practised openly down town tricks which would have been scorned by the faro and keno gamblers up town. They were rogues who were also hypocrites. They were humbugs as well as criminals. They were a curse to the city and to the country. They were foul-mouthed libertines and drunkards, double-faced and double-tongued, without faith in God, man, or woman, and without fear of the Devil, — men who met in dark corners to conspire against humanity, their country, and each other; and yet, withal, they were men who were husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers of our best "society." They were the men, too, who controlled the railroads and the railroad stocks, who manipulated and watered the stock, and who made an American railroad alike a danger to the public and a disgrace to the world. They were the men who regarded public trusts as private tools for selfish ends, and who made the very name of an official report synonymous with a deliberate lie.

Robert Goodheart's eyes were opened at the last. He saw that an *honest* broker had precisely the same chance for success on Wall and Broad Street that a lamb has for life among prairie wolves; so he abandoned the street forever, a wiser and a poorer man. But he did not abandon business altogether: he could not, he must live. So he took heart once more, and embarked what little he now possessed in "trade." He was successful at the start; but, just as he began to realize the fact, one of the giants in his line of business, a Christian merchant, worth half a hundred millions or so, who owned palaces and churches and theatres, and had more money than he could ever spend in a thousand years, and to whom a temporary loss was, of course, of no consequence, *marked down* the prices of all his line of goods, and did business at a loss for a time, — for just long enough to ruin Robert Goodheart, and bring him to the hammer.

Then our poor hero, like a phœnix, arose from his ashes, and tried a new line of business on a humbler scale, and was prospering in a modest way, when, lo! one of the great houses in his vicinity conceived the idea of letting their patrons have certain articles in Goodheart's line at cost price, so as to induce the public to purchase more freely of their goods at a profit. Of course, those who had, before this, bought their articles of Goodheart now deserted him, procured what they wanted at the great house (by doing which, they could save even Goodheart's moderate profit); and so for the second time his business was ruined. But what cared the great house for that? For the third time Robert Goodheart tried his fortune, and attempted to manufacture a certain article, — to deserve success by procuring the best materials, and engaging skilled labor at a fair rate of compensation. But how could he thus compete with the monster factories which only paid "starvation wages," and which did not hesitate to defraud the public with inferior material and workmanship? So for the third time Robert Goodheart, in his checkered career, found himself a ruined man. Meanwhile he was cheated by the petty tradesmen with whom he dealt. His tailor swindled him, and his shoemaker; his butcher and his baker swindled him; in every thing he ate, drank, or wore, he was swindled. His agents were all rogues: his insurance agents were all liars. He found himself in a world and whirl of falsehoods. In sheer despair he bought a ticket in a lottery highly indorsed, and he found the lottery and indorsement a swindle.

A friend borrowed money from him, under a promise of immediate payment: he never saw his friend or money again. Another borrowed money on worthless securities. A man to whom he had lent money on real estate "failed," and then it was ascertained that the estate was in his wife's name: another obtained large sums of money by false representations. A confidential friend drew on him at sight for some money, pleading urgent necessity, but never redeemed the draft. A confidential clerk forged his signature to a check, and then absconded: and, lastly, a small sum of money, on which he had depended, was swallowed up by the failure of the savings-bank; and

what little furniture he had was seized by his landlord, who turned him out in the streets without a dollar. And all this time Robert Goodheart had never cheated a man out of a penny. He had been, what he promised to be, an honest man of business, and had received the inevitable reward of his honesty. So it came to pass, that, in the year of our Lord 18—, in this Christian city of New York, a man failed in life, utterly, hopelessly, irretrievably, and yet he was an honest, hard-working man. Meanwhile the other members of the Goodheart family had been pursuing their own life-paths, and each had been striving to be "honest" in his own way.

Thus Francis Goodheart, the second of the brothers (while Robert had been giving himself up to speculation and to trade), had been devoting himself to study and a medical career. He found the theory of medicine absolutely glorious, but he found its practice absolutely disgraceful. As a science, medicine is sublime: as a pursuit, it is sublimely ridiculous. The art of healing in modern times is simply too often the art of humbug, — a mixture in equal proportions of cant and imposture. The allopaths quarrel with the homœopaths. The eclectics ignore both, and the hydropaths all three. He soon discovered that the modern author is the incarnation of modern conceit. He is simply a word-juggler, who plays his tricks with language to astonish or amuse, not to benefit. Out of sixty-two professional doctors of whom Francis Goodheart made the acquaintance, he ascertained eight were boors, twenty-three either beats or beggars, twenty-five were libertines; while, of the whole number, forty-one were either avowedly or in reality sceptics, — mockers of God and immortality, — and fifty-three were drunkards. Francis Goodheart soon ascertained, by practical experience, that doctors are charlatans with diplomas. Sickened of medicine, Francis Goodheart rushed to its antithesis, — the law. Law is justice, and justice is an attribute of divinity: therefore law is divine. It may be so; but one famous New-York lawyer is a living, moving, money-making bundle of technicalities. Another has made a world-wide fame by his mastery of legal forms: another has done every thing by not doing it. He succeeds in putting every thing off: he is the apostle of delay.

Another, who is sleek and fat, with country-house, big diamonds, has achieved pre-eminence by two simple processes, — fleecing clients and bribing courts; another, by a high "religious" character, looking at these bright and shining lights, mindful of the characteristic truth that James Fisk, jun., was the highly successful man of his day, and Jay Gould is his highly envied successor; while, a few weeks ago, a man was sentenced to prison because he "stole" a loaf of bread to keep his wife and child from starving. Seeing and remembering all this, Francis Goodheart, just as he had previously abandoned medicine, now abandoned the law.

But at this juncture, according to Mr. Reed, somebody suggested to Mr. Goodheart that there was a great opening for an honest man in New-York politics (!); and, accordingly, Mr. Goodheart availed himself of this "opening."

Francis Goodheart commenced his political career by becoming an assistant alderman. In this capacity he honestly endeavored to do his duty. But one of his colleagues was an ignorant man, — a grossly ignorant man, — who, instead of attending "primary" meetings, should have been sent to a primary school; another assistant alderman traded in his "influence" precisely as he traded in his soap and candles; a third was a toper, who did not draw a sober breath from Monday morning till Saturday night: a fourth sold the whiskey on which the third got drunk; while a fifth never performed a single duty required by his office, — and, to do him justice, he was no hypocrite, for he never even pretended to perform it.

Among Francis Goodheart's political associates there was a rascal whose "influence" was five times that of Goodheart. Then, there was a "shoulder-hitter" and a "plug-ugly," whose "influence" was five times greater than that of the rascal again, and of course, therefore, twenty-five times greater than Francis Goodheart's. Then, there was a notorious "ballot-box stuffer," very expert in his branch of the profession, very much in demand at elections, whose prestige was greater than that of the rascal and the rowdy combined, and who was, therefore, more influential than fifty Goodhearts.

And then there was one man, one prominent politician, whose weight in the counsels of the metropolis of the nation far surpassed the combined influence of the rascal, the rowdy, and the ballot-box stuffer, with Francis Goodheart's "thrown in."

This mighty man made and unmade mayors and congressmen: he had been a congressman himself. He controlled the police and the police-commissioners. He filled up political "slates," and rubbed them out at his own sweet will. He dictated the nominees of his party. He was a Saul and a Samuel combined, as well as a Goliath, in the political Israel.

Assuredly, thought Francis Goodheart, this great man must be a giant of mind. But he was not: he was only a giant of *muscle*. Assuredly, thought Francis Goodheart, this ruler must be a model man. But he was not: he was only a model *prize-fighter* and a model *gambler*, — a prize-fighter who boasted that he had always hit from the shoulder; a gambler who prided himself that his "game" was "square," not "skin," — a man who was too cautious to get drunk, and too politic to lie; whose word was his bond; and that was all that his warmest friend or partisan could claim in his behalf.

Francis Goodheart also found that what are called ballots are just as purchasable as what are called bullets, — just as easily procurable to order, and even more dangerous.

The votes of the poor were controlled by their employers. Mill-owners directed factory operatives. Railroad presidents swayed railroad employees. Merchants directed clerks. Even the government itself went into the business of "influencing elections," and gave work to thousands of men for a few weeks or days in order that it might receive the benefit of the votes for which it had stained its record with "bribery and corruption."

Voters were traded in, trafficked for, — transferred precisely as cattle, hogs, or other live-stock; and, like live-stock, hogs, and cattle, they were disposed of to the highest bidder. It was a matter of price, — no less, no more.

The votes of the rich, too, were also for sale, and were sold regularly. Merchants were shown certain favors at the Custom House;

they were permitted to cheat Uncle Sam; they were allowed to "smuggle." Real-estate millionnaires were "assessed" at less than one-third of the true value of their real estate. Railroad-kings had their "taxes" arranged. And in return for these unlawful favors these rich men cast their votes and their influence on the side of their interest, and even lent their names publicly to "whitewash" the men who bribed them.

Goodheart also found that the system of sinecures, or merely nominal offices, drawing, however, real and liberal pay for needless work, and oftentimes for no work at all, was in full blast, and much favored by rich men for their relatives. He became personally acquainted with one wealthy politician, whose two nephews were thus fattened on the public crib, drawing large salaries, but never going near the City Hall, saving once every two or three months to sign the warrants for their pay. He was also cognizant of an official, high in place and prestige, who had inscribed no less than seven names on the city pay-roll, he himself drawing the pay for all the seven, which were merely so many *aliases* for himself.

Francis Goodheart also found in a very short time (the discovery was forced upon him: any fool would have found it out) that the political many are completely at the mercy and in the power of the political few; that the men rule about ten million (the millions meanwhile insisting loudly and proudly that they rule themselves). He discovered that there was no machinery in the world so effective as political machinery; and that, by a simple series of "combinations" and "primaries" and "caucuses" and "conventions," a very few designing rogues could do whatever they saw best — or worst — with a world of self-deluded calves who called themselves "free and enlightened citizens." Francis Goodheart saw all this, discovered all this; and his heart grew sick within him. Still he hoped on, worked on, aspired on, and determined to penetrate even yet deeper into the mysteries of politics, trusting that he would find erelong a better and a brighter side, "the silver lining of the cloud."

By Herculean efforts Francis Goodheart contrived, without positive trickery or dishonesty, to be elected an assemblyman, and, in

the discharge of his official duties, went to Albany. To Francis Goodheart's sensitive soul it was like going to — hell. To him the capital of the State of New York was indeed a pandemonium. His colleagues of the Legislature, of both branches, were drunkards and gamblers, where they were not libertines, and were bought and sold once (or in a *good season* twice) every twenty-four hours. Everybody who had any business with the Legislature commenced operations by bribing the members, — "influencing" them it was euphoniously styled. A number of men, and every now and then a woman, made a handsome living by serving as "go-betweens" the Legislature (which was ready to grind any axes) and those who had axes to be ground; seeing that the legislators were duly bribed, and that the private axes were ground fine on the public grindstone. These useful go-betweens were known as "lobbyists;" and among them were to be found "venerable" and "respectable" men, — men who were "powers behind the throne," and who, though not members of the legislative body, were the "breeches-pocket" of the Legislature.

Albany was the city of jobbery. Every measure started or introduced there became, sooner or later, — generally sooner, — a job, from the necessity of the case. It was in the air.

Disgusted and disheartened at his Albany experiences, Francis Goodheart abandoned all further aspirations at the State Capitol (which was about the best thing he could do, as he had not the ghost of a chance at any further advancement in that quarter), and, returning to New York, managed, by the influence of a ward politician (who thought he could "use" him), not by any merit of his own, to become connected with one of the city departments.

Here, as a New-York politician, a New-York official, living, moving, and exercising his functions in the metropolis, he became personally and officially cognizant of the existence of an organized system of political rascality which far surpassed any thing of which he had any previous conception.

He was forced, in his own despite, to flounder about in a pool of political pollution, in which were wallowing, steeped up to the very lips with mud and money, all his fellow-officials, of low and high degree.

He found the courts corrupt. "Judges" were "elected" through the direct "influence" of certain notorious "politicians;" and, being grateful and wise, these "judges" played into the hands of those who elected them and did their bidding, using the machinery of their respective (though not respectable) courts for "political purposes:" other "judges" bought their offices, and made them "pay" an enormous profit, selling their "decisions" to the highest bidder.

One judge was "identified" with certain "railroad interests;" and his "decisions" were, of course, in the "interests" of the railroad. Another judge, though immensely rich, owning, among other real estate, various houses of ill-fame, which yielded an enormous revenue, still was so covetous of money that any litigant with a long purse could buy him as certainly, though not as cheaply, as any article at the dollar-store. A third judge "truckled" for popularity, and, while sentencing a criminal who had no "influence" to the full extent of the law, inflicted upon another criminal, equally guilty, but *with* influence, the minimum penalty. A fourth judge was a notorious libertine and drunkard, who never spared man in his wrath, or woman in his lust.

There were certain lawyers who "had the ears" of certain "judges," and could do with them what they pleased. These lawyers, of course, were in great demand, and received large fees for their "influence," and "divided" with the judges. Nepotism was unblushingly practised, and the relative of a judge was almost as great and almost as rich as a judge himself. The latter would appoint (in any case with money in it) the former as a "referee;" and the referee would "remember" the judge, and both would get rich together.

The police-courts were as corrupt as the courts of a higher grade. Police-justices were incompetent or idle, or dissolute or venal; while their clerks "run the machine" for the "benefit of those it might concern," being "concerned," of course, chiefly for themselves.

The police were as corrupt as the courts. The executioners of the laws were as venal as the expounders of the laws. The superintendent of the police was the bosom friend, the public and private

associate, of the very men whom it was his official duty to arrest and punish. The police detective system was an abomination: bribery and compounding a felony were of every-day occurrence; the detectives "divided" with the thieves they protected, and bought diamond rings and houses and lots on twelve hundred dollars a year. Gamblers walked up Broadway on the arm of magistrates, and every night the magistrate took supper at the faro-bank of the gambler. The mistresses of prominent officials were as well known as, and more sought after, than their wives; the influence of the former being ten to one that of the latter. Judges supped with actresses nightly, and on Sunday nights participated, with those free-and-easy creatures, in a drunken orgie held at a public building erected for political purposes. Railroad magnates, fearing neither God nor man, trusting to money and technicalities to keep them out of State prison (the only hell they believed in), used laws, legislatures, and judges as their bought and paid-for tools, and with the proceeds of their rascalities bedecked and bedizened their pet courtesans, who flaunted their busts and diamonds in the faces of wives and daughters at our fashionable balls; while fathers and husbands ko-to-oed before them in the profoundest adoration.

Official "position" was only another name for official "peculation." The only standard of duty was "the *golden* rule." Everybody wanted a "fat" office. The sheriff, and the register, and the county clerk, and a dozen more offices, were fortunes yearly.

Meanwhile prison discipline was a farce to the prisoner who had money, and a piece of barbarity to the poor devil who had none. Murderers were lionized, and were never hung unless they were poor: unless they wished it, they were *seldom* even arrested. Swift and sure justice might do well enough for "the effete barbarisms" of Europe; but it was far behind this "enlightened" age, and unworthy of the land of the spread-eagle.

Under such a condition of things, it is no wonder that the honest Francis Goodheart, like his honest brother Robert, failed as a New-York politician.

This picture of life and struggle in the great metropolis is highly colored; but in too many respects its outlines are truthful, and its scenes are realistic: just as are the main points in the satirist's companion picture of an average rich and fashionable New-York family, whom he describes under the suggestive name of "the Brownstonefronts."

Young Brownstonefront, "the son of his father," is thus introduced: —

He was a crack shot, a capital horseman; always won at cards and billiards; could talk French like a native; could sing an Italian love-song with Brignoli himself; was in demand for "the German;" had read every lewd book ever written, either in the original or in the translation; was a favorite with yacht-owners for their summer cruises; was an *habitué* of all the French balls; had no faith in man or woman; cared for neither God nor Devil; was a connoisseur in wines; owned half a million in real estate, yet owed everybody, his washerwoman included; had a different pair of pants for every day in the week; doted on "fancy" neckties and perfumes, and curled his hair; told a lie with a coolness which truth itself might envy; ate five times a day; never gave away a dollar in his life; was borrowing money all the time, and was a member of the leading clubs.

The "Brownstonefront" mansion on Fifth Avenue is thus pen-painted: —

They called it "home," but "home" it was none. It may have been a "mansion," or a "palace," or a "residence;" but it was not a "home."

It was costly, but not comfortable; "deucedly" expensive, "stunningly" fashionable, the "swell thing," and all that, but anything but homelike.

There is no place for mere "homes" on "the Avenue:" space there is far too valuable to be devoted to what a satirist has called "our domestic affectations."

The "Brownstonefront Mansion" was a brownstone front, of course, suggestive in equal proportions of gold and gloom. Its exterior was marked by elaborate, expensive, but tasteless stone-work; a prominent carriage-step; and two entrances, distinctively appropriated, the one to the family, the other to the menials; and large windows, in which real lace curtains of almost fabulous cost were always displayed to create Envy in the bosom of Vulgarity, and Disgust in the mind of Taste. Within, the rooms were large and cheerless, despite their gaudy furniture, which had cost some forty thousand dollars. And although the walls were filled with "paintings" whose gilt frames were worth "a round thousand," yet the pictures in themselves were worthless; and the *tout ensemble* of the household ornamentation was repulsive. The house was dark (it was too big for sunlight); and, like many modern palaces, it was imperfectly ventilated. It saddened first, and then stifled. The ground on which it stood was worth several dollars an inch, but there was not twenty-five cents' worth of genuine comfort in it. As often happens in these gew-gaw shells, the plumbing-work was defective, and the splendors were marred by smells. The chairs in the dining-room cost $1,325.50, — we love to be precise, — and the mirrors in the parlors had been paid for at the rate of $5,500.00. The lambrequins had cost $700.00; and the exact bill for the fresco-work, such as it was, had been $5,853.27; but the total cost of all the books in the house was less than three hundred dollars, and the major portion of even this expenditure had been for the "covers."

To this Fifth-avenue "home" hied Mr. Richard Brownstonefront, jun.; and he reached it just at dinner-time. The *menu* of that day (or rather night) was sumptuous, embracing soup à la reine de Hollande, boiled halibut, egg sauce, with potatoes à la duchesse, turkey stuffed, cranberry sauce, ham glacé, champagne sauce, ribs of beef, lobster salad, paté with truffles, pigeons en compote à la Française, six vegetables, three varieties of pastry, Madeira wine, jelly, macaroons de Nancy, with fruits, etc.; and yet that very night the "help" of the Brownstonefront mansion sat down, after a hard

day's work, to pork and beans, potatoes, and a pie; and a poor woman who had applied with her sick child in her arms, at the basement-door, "for some cold victuals or bread, for the love of God," had been driven away empty-handed and hungry-mouthed.

Mrs. Brownstonefront, the wife and mother, was tall and slender, and had been originally good-looking. She still looked well, — thanks to powder and paint and enamel, and Madame Jumel, and glove-fitting corsets, and the hairdresser, and belladonna, and pencilling with India ink, and rouge, and cosmetics, and French paste, and chalk, and arsenic, and her dentist, and cotton, and padded sleeves, and padded arms, and tinted nails, and tight lacing, and false hips, and bustles, and French boots.

The mother and her two daughters, the Misses Brownstonefront, are characterized as follows: —

All three ladies were, in the American sense of the term, "fashionable" (i.e., money-and-time-wasting) women. They promenaded Broadway, shopped at Stewart's, had bills at Tiffany's, had their dresses made by Worth, had a box at the opera, a villa at Newport, kept their carriage, and footman in livery, had been to Paris, talked French execrably, waltzed divinely, flirted *à l'outrance*, relished *double-entendres*, wore the lowest of low necks and the shortest of short sleeves, were encyclopædias of gossip and tittle-tattle, were dictionaries of small-talk, lived high, loved French novels (translated), and doted on French plays (adapted), copied the tricks of actresses and the styles of the *demi-monde*, could and did drink a good deal of wine at parties, receptions, New-Year's Days, and the like, kept late hours, indulged in artificial compliments and friendships, and "knew" more men than ever visited them at their residence.

The mother had been in her day "a belle," and her name had been bandied about in connection with a certain noted *roué* of an Italian tenor; Miss Cleopatra had been at one time seriously "com-

promised" with a German count, whom she had picked up on the Rhine; while Miss Angelina's "deucedly neat" foot and ankle were the admiration of any number of "young men about town," for whose benefit said charms were "artlessly" displayed two or three times a week on Broadway, and every Sunday morning and afternoon on Fifth Avenue.

"Fashion" was the especial hobby of Mrs. Sophia Brownstonefront, *née* Von Diamondeer. She asked not *what* fashion was, or *who* was fashionable: that they *were* fashionable was all she demanded of her "set." Had Madame Restell herself suddenly become "fashionable," she would have found a warm friend and admirer in Mrs. Sophia Brownstonefront, *née* Von Diamondeer. Like all true native Americans, she prostrated herself in abject adoration before the glory of a "position;" and she never cared a whit how the "position" was obtained. Had Satan himself been an "old Knickerbocker" or a "distinguished foreigner," she would have bowed blandly to the Devil. Practical woman that she was, she never questioned an accepted fact.

"Dress" was the deity of her daughters. They were the true Catholics of the mode, and their Virgin Mary was the goddess of the toilet. Their whole souls "went out" in silks and satins, and they dated the creation of the world from "opening-day." They would never have betrayed their Master, like Judas, for thirty pieces of silver: it would, in their case, have cost some thirty or forty yards of velvet. Modest creatures that they were, they were all the time thinking how to cover their nakedness.

All their "dear" friends and female intimates dressed superbly. True, one of those "friends" had, by her extravagance, driven her husband into dishonorable bankruptcy; another "intimate," whose dress far exceeded her father's purse, was openly "talked about;" while a third neglected her family to adorn the promenade. But what of that? they all did "dress;" and people, you know, *will* talk.

And so the Misses Brownstonefront were very "dressy." They possessed between them forty-two silk dresses (twenty party and

evening dresses), twelve cloaks (embracing two seal-skin sacks, worth five hundred dollars each), four velvet cloaks (costing about twenty-five hundred dollars for the four), two camel's-hair shawls (worth four thousand dollars the pair), and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of laces, — point-lace, point applique, Valenciennes; then, they wore during the year some twenty bonnets (averaging forty dollars apiece), some eighty pairs of gloves, some hundreds of handkerchiefs. But, really, life is short.

As for New-York "society," it is "summed up" by the satirist in this one piquant paragraph: —

The "old lady, Mrs. Brownstonefront," called about five hundred men and women whom she knew more or less intimately, — a hundred of whom were swindlers (undetected), a hundred more of whom were bankrupts (as yet undiscovered), a hundred more of whom were *roués*, libertines, and gamblers (known as such), a hundred more of whom were old ladies who were trying to sell their daughters to the highest bidder, while the last hundred were young ladies who were displaying their matrimonial points wherever and however they could to the aforesaid three hundred swindlers, bankrupts, and *roués*, — *she called these* five hundred "*society.*"

And there are five thousand more like her in New York.

But it must be carefully borne in mind by the reader, that there are two sides to every question, and generally more than two sides to every question or point connected with New-York City.

While the experiences and observations of the brothers Goodheart, and while the pictures of the Brownstonefronts, are truthful and realistic as far as they extend, — they do not extend far enough, — they only apply to a part of New York, not to New York as a whole.

New York, as a whole, is, with all its evils, a good, as well as a great, city. This fact, this comforting and consoling fact, this better and brighter fact, is too often forgotten by New-

Yorkers themselves, and is steadily ignored by the New-York press, and writers on New York.

The New-York papers are full of murders, suicides, thefts, scandals, and horrors. But why are they full of them? Simply because these are *the remarkable exceptions to the ordinary state of order, decency, honesty, peace, and security.* If they were normal occurrences, — these murders, thefts, scandals, and horrors, — the papers would not record them; they would not be able to; but they simply record them now as *exceptional* occurrences.

If people would but bear this simple, self-evident point in mind, they would carry about with them much more accurate notions of New-York life than generally prevail.

The writer once met a dear, good old lady, who loved God, the Bible, and her fellow men and women, and found this blessed Christian lady terribly exercised in spirit, having just finished the perusal of a morning New-York paper, in which she had read graphic, — too graphic, — elaborately detailed, — far too elaborately detailed, — accounts of all varieties of crimes and horrors. The old lady put down her paper with a sigh and a shudder, and exclaimed to the writer, "What a wicked city we live in!"

"No, madam," I replied. "Say, rather, what a good city we live in." And then I explained to the dear, good old soul how really the prominence and space given in the paper to the crimes and horrors proved how extraordinary and exceptional they were.

"No paper prints," said I, "the numberless good words said and good deeds done yesterday in New York and elsewhere, simply because they are numberless, and of constant, ordinary occurrence: they are, fortunately, matters of course, and, as such, need no account or comment. But thank God, madam," I devoutly and gratefully, as well as truthfully, remarked,

"murder, theft, licentiousness, blasphemy, and the like, are unusual enough yet to challenge attention."

The old lady seized the point of my observations at once, and appreciated its truth: she smiled, and from that day has regarded New-York papers and New-York City very differently from the light in which she formerly considered them.

The facts are, — and let us thank God for them, — that there are vastly more good and honest men, and vastly more good and virtuous women, in New York, than there are men and women who are not honest or virtuous.

If the great metropolis leads in evil, it also more than excels in good. Every now and then there may occur a "carnival of crime;" but purity, charity, honesty, industry, and religion are "always with us."

New York is a religious city, as already hinted at. There is one place of worship, on the average, to every four hundred people in the metropolis; and many of these churches, chapels, etc., are crowded, not only on Sundays, but during the week.

New York contains twenty-two public libraries, and over a hundred large first-class private libraries, as well as hundreds of book-stores.

New York likewise contains a hundred and thirty-five public schools of all grades, for all classes, and for all colors, and employs over three thousand teachers. The metropolis can justly boast of its Columbia College, the university of the city of New York; the famous Cooper Institute free schools of art, where hundreds of young women have laid the foundation of a useful, profitable, honorable career; its Free Academy and its Normal College; while its private schools — such as Rutgers Institute, the Charlier Institute, etc. — are justly celebrated.

The metropolis has also twenty-one public squares and parks, including the finest pleasure-park in America, the Central Park,

as free to the tramp as to the millionnaire. There are numerous public and private galleries of art; some of the private galleries, such as Belmont's, being occasionally thrown open to the public.

There are numerous public and several "free" baths. There are over two hundred general societies, all flourishing, and all instituted for worthy objects. There are sixty-three trade societies, all doing good, and, on the whole, well managed; while the charities of New York are literally "too numerous to mention." A mere list of the charitable societies and enterprises of the metropolis would occupy pages of this book. From twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand people are relieved by them annually. May it not, then, be said of the great metropolis to-day, as it was said over eighteen hundred years ago of Mary Magdalene, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her; for she loved much" (if philanthropy is love, which it is): for "inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me."

And, good as New York is, it is growing better every year. Just as the old Five Points, the most terrible spot on the American continent, is now "wiped out," and the old Brewery, the scene of misery and murder, is supplanted by a public mission-house; so other evil localities in the great city are gradually, slowly but surely, being purified. The American poet, Lowell, is right, — "Humanity moves onward" — and upward. "Excelsior" is the motto, not only of Longfellow's immortal poem, but of the city of New York.

This being so, — and this is so, as any careful student of the metropolis is prepared to testify, — let us "thank God, and take courage."

Let us confess the errors, concede the vices, regret the crimes, of New York. Let us picture, if we will, the dark side of metropolitan life. But let us ever do justice to the

enterprise, and to the virtue, morality, and religion, upon which, after all and more than all, the metropolis is based.

If, like a famous New-York divine, Rev. Dr. Crosby, we must confess "the shame of New York," let us not refuse to concede to the greatest and best city on the American continent its meed of "glory."

CHAPTER XVI.

SEEKING AND FINDING EMPLOYMENT. — NEW YORK AT NIGHT. — "THE SLEEPLESS CITY." — THE DEMON RUM.

INTO the great city which I have just described (from the experience and observation of later years), I now came, a friendless lad, dependent on his work for his bread. But where to get the work? That was the problem which presented itself to me, as it has presented itself to thousands of others before and since.

Oh! the difficulty of obtaining work in New York. That is, obtaining your *first* work, — getting your *start*. That start once obtained, the rest is comparatively easy; as the French say, "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte*" ("It is the first step that costs"). Some have suffered all the agonies that mind and body can endure ere they have conquered that first step; and some

> "Have by wayside fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life,"

before they even gained that "start."

But I was more favored than the majority; although I had to pass through a certain share of torture, although I had to walk and worry and wait till I was weary and worn out, yet, just before I was completely exhausted, I obtained my chance, I conquered my start.

I procured employment in the freight-department of the far-famed Erie Railroad, under M. A. A. Gaddis, one of the local freight-agents of the road. My former experience in railroad-

ing gave me favor, and within a few weeks I had my place and work and wages among the struggling myriads of the metropolis.

I was busily employed all day, and gave satisfaction. But I had my nights to myself. I congratulated myself on this fact, but in reality it was my great misfortune. Had I been compelled to toil at night, I would doubtless have felt more tired; but I would doubtless have been more temperate, and equally as happy.

Working men and women need little care and compassion while "on duty;" but they need the former, and call oftentimes for the latter, when "off duty." When the eye of the superintendent or employer is upon them, they are "all right:" it is only when there is none to see them but the All-seeing that they are in danger of being "all wrong."

Especially is this the case in the metropolis. Other cities rest at night, and the working-classes rest in and with them. But New York is as restless by night as by day. New York never sleeps: it has been truthfully styled "the sleepless city."

It has been calculated that over seventy-five thousand people are busy or bustling, at work or at play, every night in the great metropolis. The night-population of New York includes an army of men and women, in different walks of life, — the *attachés* of theatres and minstrel-halls, of concert-saloons, of the newspapers, of the restaurants, etc., the hackmen, the car conductors and drivers, the police, the thieves, the gamblers, the courtesans, the firemen, the bill-posters, the butchers, the bakers, the vagrants, the hotel *attachés*, — these, and other classes too numerous to mention, render the streets of New York, or some of them at least, almost as lively at midnight as at noon. One need never be lonely in New York at night if he is not particular as to his company. And the temptations to dissipation and intemperance in a crowd like this at night

are endless. And they were too mighty for one of my temperament to resist. Homeless, I haunted the taverns and the theatres: friendless, I made companions of the dissolute. I soon fell into my former drinking-habits, and acquired, if possible, the curse of intemperance still stronger. Many a morning, after many a night passed in bar-rooms till almost daylight, I would go to my work with a fevered brow and a trembling hand. But still, under all these disadvantages, I somehow kept along. For a whole year I kept my situation; and during that time I familiarized myself with the haunts of vice and intemperance, and was falling lower and lower in the scale of humanity. I became entangled in several "scrapes;" and although I was never arrested by the police, never imprisoned in a police-station cell, and never brought before a magistrate in a police-court, it was due to the restraining hand of Providence, not to any restraint that I placed upon myself. This period I regard as one of the darkest of my life. And, under the influence of the demon of rum, I committed indiscretions, which, when reported to my father in the course of time, nearly drove him to distraction, and which distressed my dear mother more than all her pangs of sickness. Friends remonstrated with me in vain. I was mad indeed.

Finally I lost my position on the railroad, but that did not sober me; for I obtained an even better situation in its place with H. B. Clafflin & Co., in the entry-room, under Mr. Henshaw as superintendent: and I drank harder than ever.

But I only held this latter situation for a month: then rum, my greatest enemy, dislodged me; and again I was roaming the streets of New York without employment.

I was not utterly destitute as yet; and, as long as my money lasted, I haunted bar-rooms, and drank rum. Liquor-saloons were my only resorts; and I finally sank so low, that, under the influence of my potations, I would frequently sleep in these

places till they closed, and then would walk the streets by night, trying to quiet my nerves (for sleep I could not), until they opened again.

I recall to memory one night in particular, when, after a devilish debauch (I can use no milder term), the thought of my once innocent past, my dear brothers and sisters, my honored father and mother, and my pure and happy home, in dear old Montreal, came across my mind with such overpowering force, that, in sheer despair and desperation, I purchased a soda-bottle full of whiskey, and, rushing out of a saloon, took my position at midnight on the steps of 618 Broadway, — the Museum of Anatomy, — and swallowed almost the entire contents of the bottle.

I was wild with grief and shame, and I knew not what I did. I presume I meant to take my chances of death or delirium tremens; and I deserved either, or both, but escaped: perhaps the very quantity of liquor that I swallowed saved me; but, however that may be, I merely suffered more than usual, and was more sick and nervous than usual for some forty-eight hours, and then proceeded downward as before. And here I must pause, and warn my readers of the terrible state to which poor mortals may bring themselves. With tears in my eyes I make this confession. But my case is not exceptional. Thousands have been in the same condition, and only those that have suffered can appreciate the same. I wish I could show to every young man and woman in the country what intemperance is sure to lead to. Reformation is hard — oh, so hard! Intemperance destroys self-respect; and, when that is gone, manhood departs. It dries up the sacred fountains of love; and, when they are dry, hope turns sadly away. It estranges those who should be dearest to each other. It turns the father from the child, and the child from the father; and all that is contained in the word "awful" it surely possesses.

I have seen the ocean asleep, when scarcely a ripple disturbed its placid breast. The smallest craft could venture out on its tranquil bosom in safety, and the sunbeams dallied with its surface, and peace and contentment seemed to have an abiding-place within it. Anon the winds would rise, the hurricane would rage, and the scene would be changed. Arising from its lethargy, the mad waves would roll, threatening to overwhelm every thing in their fury; and night and darkness would combine to augment the horrors of the scene. Intemperance is like that ocean: it seems fair and lovely to gaze upon; and the poor mariner upon its bosom looks listlessly in the tide, nor sees the frightful monsters that inhabit it. But now they come, slimy, filthy creatures, who wind themselves around his better feelings; and the fierce storms of passion, lust, and all that is unholy and debased, sweep him from mortal view. The fell demon spares none. He allures the noblest of the earth, and beneath him they become the most debased. No position in society is secure from his attacks. He even invades the sanctity of the pulpit, and the priest of God becomes his satellite. He glories in destruction, and gloats over the shrieks of his helpless victims. O young men! if you are yielding to the power of the monster in any degree, repel him before it is too late. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup: at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Point me to a case where, used as a beverage, it ever did mortal man any good. Graves that have been watered with burning, bitter tears, proclaim the contrary; families severed speak its desolation; the groans of orphans and the shrieks of the dying, over the land, bear fearful testimony to its destruction; and yet the curse survives, and human law appears powerless to crush it from existence. Were a mad dog turned loose in our street to bite and maim the passers-by, what a cry would ascend to the skies if prompt

action were not taken to stop his ravages! Yet, worse than the most rabid canine, intemperance is allowed to strike his victims again and again, and almost without hinderance. I have felt his deadly fangs, and feel that I have a right to lift up my voice against him, to combat my greatest enemy with all my power, and to show him and his emissaries as the greatest enemies of the human race. Had I then gone to the foot of the cross in faith, and trusted in Him who alone can sustain us, I might have been spared the years to come of sorrow that passed over me; and not until I did so did I find deliverance from my bondage: but, thanks be to Him, my deliverance came; and I am now ransomed by his precious blood from the galling shackles of intemperance. All things are possible with God.

"Would you lose your life, you find it;
And in giving love you bind it
Like an amulet of safety
Round your heart forevermore."

CHAPTER XVII.

DRIFTING AND SHIFTING. — A MEMORABLE SUNDAY. — MY ADVENTURES IN CINCINNATI. — LIFE ON THE RIVER-STEAMBOATS. — ITS TRAGEDY AND COMEDY ILLUSTRATED. — STEAMBOAT RACES, FIRES, AND EXPLOSIONS. — RIVER-GAMBLERS. — MOCK COURTS AND A BLESSED PRACTICAL JOKE. — MY CURSE CONQUERS ME AGAIN.

In my last chapter I moralized somewhat; now let me turn to my own vicissitudes of fortune, and speak of myself. Being almost literally driven out of New York by my own misconduct, finding it now impossible to procure a situation, and being on the very verge of abject destitution and positive starvation, I turned my thoughts to Albany, where I had been told there was a chance for employment. Through the kindness of Mr. Caulfield, a steamboat-man, agent of a line of steamers plying on the Hudson, I obtained a pass to Albany, in which city I landed literally penniless.

My first experience of New York had been brief and shameful. I left it now, as I thought, forever; but I was destined to return to the great metropolis again, and yet again, as the reader of this life-narrative will see.

I found Albany just like New York in one most important particular. You must have money, or starve, in either place. As I had no money, I came near starving, and might have perished, had I not been in this extremity befriended by S. R. Gray, a true Christian gentleman, who interested himself practically in my welfare. But there was no opening for me in Albany at that time; and so I went on still farther, looking for

something to do. I called upon E. D. Worcester, Esq., the secretary of the New-York Central Railroad, and, on the recommendation of Mr. Gray, obtained from this most practical, yet kind and most genial and polished man, official, and gentleman, a pass to Buffalo. I arrived in Buffalo in precisely the same penniless condition in which I had reached Albany, but found no duplicate of the great-hearted Mr. Gray. Having neither money nor friends, only a little — a very little — "hand-baggage," I was at once compelled to pawn the latter, to procure a few days' board.

I spent my few days trying hard to obtain employment, but in vain, and, at the expiration of a week, found myself reduced to my last dollar, — poorer than I was when I came to Buffalo, by the amount of the value of my little hand-baggage, now unredeemed at the pawn-shop. I was not only desperately poor and "hard up," but I began to suffer from the cold. I was thinly clad, and had no change of raiment with me; my clothing, such as it was, being all at that "interesting" relative's, "my uncle's." But I must keep moving. If I could not find work at Albany or at Buffalo, I must push on farther West, and try Cleveland. So I begged a pass, on the strength of my former connection with railroads, from Otis Kimball, Esq., and one cold, dreary Saturday night first set foot in Cleveland. I am told that Cleveland is a very pretty city. Its citizens are justly proud thereof. But God knows I was in no mood in my visit to the place to appreciate its beauties. I was reduced to the mere animal, the wholly brutal, condition, of needing only just then, and caring only just then, for food, warmth, and drink, and of not being able to obtain any one of the three.

I reached Cleveland a pauper; and I resided in it (Heaven pardon the mockery of the use of that word "resided") for nearly forty-eight hours, — two nights and nearly two days, —

a tramp and a beggar. Yes, through folly and rum I had reached those two extremities at last. I was a homeless tramp, a penniless beggar; sleeping, when I slept at all, in sheds or out-houses, shivering in my scanty seediness, gnawing away for life at stray crusts, "at the very husks the swine did eat," — those husks which were for a while the envy of the prodigal son in the parable, whom, in not a few respects, I closely resembled, although even yet I had not attained unto his penitence. I was wretched, of course. I grieved over my condition. But mere grief and wretchedness do not constitute true penitence. I was in no sense of the term repentant. I was only reckless, desperate, despairing, only a tramp and a beggar, whom only the mercy of the Most High kept from being a criminal and a thief.

Of all the Sundays in my life, I shall never forget that wretched, homeless, churchless, friendless, shelterless, joyless, prayerless, dreary, weary, hungry, thirsty, cold Sunday which I passed in Cleveland. It was a living death. Towards noon I was constrained to beg in the public streets for a few pennies to buy a meal, — my first meal for nearly thirty-six hours; and at night I begged a shelter from the storm, — slept by permission in a hall-way. Great God! what a Lord's Day that was! How terribly it contrasted with my sweet home Sundays in dear Montreal! It is a wonder and a mercy that I did not go mad, — memory mad.

It is more than a wonder, too, that such a fearful experience as this, brought on directly by my cursed appetite for liquor, did not lead me at once, then and there, to determine to forsake rum, and to sunder myself forever from the cause of my misery. But no such blessed result took place; and I was not only in reality a tramp and a beggar, but at heart, as before, a drunkard. I would have been a drunkard if I had had the chance.

Monday morning dawned bright and beautiful and balmy, after the most horrible Sunday I had ever experienced; and, utterly disgusted with Cleveland, I braced myself up, tried to assume a jaunty air, tried to forget I was a tramp and a beggar, and, applying at the railroad-depot as an ex-railroad-man, secured from the officials there a pass to Columbus, O.

Arriving at this thriving place about midnight, I slept in the cars till morning, and then made some inquiries for work. Finding no immediate opportunity in Columbus, and having no time to wait, being full of a bitter restlessness which drove me on, like the wandering Jew, knowing and caring not whither, I applied to Mr. Doherty, then the depot-agent, and procured, through his kindness, a pass to Cincinnati, where I arrived with precisely five cents in my pocket, the remnants of forty-five cents I had begged, — my worldly all.

True, on no larger a capital than this, men have raised themselves to influence and affluence. But then, these men were not habitual drunkards.

I was now in Cincinnati, — the Queen City of the West, as it is called; the Paris of America, as it has been also styled; the leading city of the great State of Ohio, one of the leading communities of the world.

There is much in Cincinnati to interest the thoughtful, and to impress favorably the travelled observer. There is a mingled air of enterprise and stability pervading the city, which strikes one forcibly. Every thing seems established on a solid basis, yet all is bustle and energy. But there is no "flash in the pan" business, no mere wild, feverish, unsubstantial speculation: every thing is a reality, like the pork itself.

The streets of Cincinnati are well laid out, the public buildings are imposing, the hotels are excellent; and it possesses one peculiar charm and beauty which can be claimed by no other city in America, — those hills, or mountains, or elevated

lands, known as the Highlands, and Mount Lookout, which rise from and command the city. The peculiar vertical railways by which these mountains are traversed are among the curiosities of the West.

Cincinnati is justly proud of its superb music-hall — the finest in the country — and of its musical societies, — the largest and best conducted in the West. True, it has its darker aspects, — its "over the Rhine," and its Sunday theatres; but, as a whole, Ohio can well afford to boast of Cincinnati.

And perhaps of all places in Cincinnati the most really interesting to the greatest number is the river-front. There is always a fascination about the water and the water-ways. Even a brook suggests a river; and the river still more eloquently suggests the sea, while the sea itself suggests infinity and the universe. Then, there is an abundance of life and motion and change upon the surface of a river: boats and passengers are constantly adding animation to the scene. Altogether, the Ohio River forms the most interesting portion of Cincinnati; and to the river I now turned in my need to look for work.

I was not as completely wretched and destitute here in Cincinnati as I had been in Cleveland. I had stumbled across an old acquaintance, employed at the United-States Hotel, Cincinnati; and through his kindness I had at least a place to sleep for a while. I need not walk the streets all night, nor sleep and shiver on the pavement; and that was something. But all day long I hunted — ay, absolutely hunted — for work, trudging up and down the levee, tramping from boat to boat, seeking a job, — seeking but not finding; though, like Esau, "I sought carefully and with tears."

Nothing presented itself. No opportunity "turned up." I became discouraged; and finally through very shame I would not return to my kind friend at the hotel, but determined to

stay around the levee day and night till I had obtained a job. There was a good deal of "stuff" in this determination, and I feel glad now that I made it and kept it then. It showed to myself, that, spite of my fall from grace and good, I was not wholly lost. I was not utterly debased, and I had my reward.

By dint of repeated, persistent, urgent solicitation on my part, of the steward of one of the transient boats from Cincinnati to Louisville, I obtained from him a job at last.

True, it was not a very responsible position, — it did not require any great physical or mental strength, — it was only the post of dish-washer and knife-cleaner; but it was something, — it was better than nothing, — it was a job.

As such I gratefully regarded it; and perhaps my fallen condition at this period cannot be illustrated more forcibly than by the fact that I, who had formerly occupied positions of some little responsibility in railroad offices and stores, now congratulated myself on securing the position of a scullion.

But it was only for a while. Within forty-eight hours after commencing my menial duties, "the iron entered into my soul." I saw myself as others saw me, — literally "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water;" and I realized at last to what rum had brought me.

Still, — and this fact I record now with satisfaction, — I did not give up my place because disgusted with myself. No: I remained a scullion, and tried to discharge my menial duties; but as a servant I was not a success, and soon there was another scullion in my stead.

But by this time I had made the acquaintance of a river-captain, Capt. Daniel Conway of the steamer "Alice Dean," to whom I had imparted the outlines of my history, and who conceived a sincere liking for me. Capt. Conway's vessel was being put in running order for the season of navigation, and the kind captain promised me employment on his boat as soon

as it commenced its regular trips. He also kindly suggested to me that I could take up my quarters on the boat at once; that is, I could sleep on board of it at nights. I eagerly availed myself of this permission, and now began a new and peculiar era of my ever-changing life.

Every night I enjoyed to the fullest extent my roomy quarters on the steamer, which at that time I had almost to myself. And all day I did nothing but wait, and look at the men getting the vessel ready, occasionally taking a hand myself for sheer lack of any thing else to do, and to oblige my kind friend, the captain. The balance of my time I "loafed," talked with the deck-hands, or the laborers on the levee, smoked when anybody offered me a cigar, hung around bar-rooms for "the free lunches," for which the West is famous, and, alas! took every opportunity to drink, — and my opportunities were only too many. There are, unfortunately, always chances to get a drink. I had also availed myself of my abundant leisure to write a letter to my brother William, who answered it lovingly, and sent in his letter a small sum of money for my immediate wants, a large portion of which small sum went at once to supply my then most pressing want, — liquor. Finally, "The Alice Dean" being ready, I was, according to promise, installed as steamer-clerk, at a fair rate of compensation. And now began my experiences of life upon a Western river-steamboat. Before the great civil war, life on an Ohio or a Mississippi-river steamboat was a very different and more exciting existence than it has ever been since, or will ever be likely to be again: still, even in my time, it was bustling and exciting enough. It brought one into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and, especially to the young and impressionable, was ceaselessly and vividly interesting.

Each trip of each steamboat up or down the river was a story in itself. Then there was the racing with rival boats. Then

there were the peculiarities of the passengers, the characteristics of the captain and the pilot, the eccentricities of the crew.

Volumes could be written — books have been written, I believe — on Western steamboat-life; and stories of steamboat adventure have from time to time appeared in magazines and newspapers. Thrilling descriptions of steamboat-races have been published, — terrific, because terrifically true, narratives of horrible steamboat explosions. Instances have been known in which the cargo itself of a vessel has been used as fuel in a life or death race. The old story of a negro fastened to the safety-valve to keep it down during a race is literally true. Boats have time and time again caught fire while madly racing, and been, with cargo, crew, and passengers, consumed.

Steamboat explosions were of constant occurrence. One of the most fearful was the explosion of the steamboat "Moselle" near Cincinnati. "The Moselle" was a splendid new boat, sailing between Cincinnati and St. Louis, and was "a crack boat," a "fast" boat, — one of the very "fastest" on the river.

One pleasant afternoon, just as "The Moselle" was leaving Cincinnati with an unusual number of passengers, the catastrophe occurred. The vessel had been delayed some fifteen minutes to accommodate the rush of passengers, and was now starting, under a tremendous force of steam, to overtake an opposition boat that had left Cincinnati "on time," and therefore with some quarter of an hour's start of "The Moselle."

Just as the bow of the boat was shoved from shore, an explosion took place, by which the whole fore part of the vessel was blown up, and torn into fragments. All the boilers, four in number, burst at once. The power of the explosion was unprecedented in the history of steam. Its effect was like that of a mine of powder, or of dynamite.

The deck was blown into the air, and all on it were hurled into eternity. Fragments of boilers and of bodies were thrown

upon both the Kentucky and the Ohio shores. One unfortunate was hurled with such force, that his head, with one-half of his body attached thereto, penetrated the roof of a house over one hundred and fifty yards distant from the vessel. A few in the rear of the boat dashed into the water, and swam ashore, or were rescued by boats; but the majority of the two hundred and sixty human beings on board were either drowned, scalded, or mangled. The actual number of lives lost in this one explosion exceeded one hundred and fifty; and all because the captain, encouraged by his passengers, had determined to overtake and pass an "opposition boat."

The scenery of the Mississippi River has neither beauty nor sublimity in the ordinary sense of the words, but it possesses the solemn characteristic of "vastness" to a grander and gloomier degree than any river on the face of the earth.

The navigation of the river is very dangerous, alike from the instability of its banks, the impetuosity of its currents, and the obstacles in the river, — the snags, planters, or sawyers, as they are called. Collision with these is certain destruction to a steamboat, yet such collisions are of frequent occurrence.

The steamboat "Tennessee," one dark and sultry night, struck a snag just above Natchez. She filled with water rapidly, and all was consternation and despair. Then came out some of the meannesses of human nature. One wretch of a passenger seized a skiff, and paddled round the sinking steamer, calling out to those on board to throw him a bag, which contained his money. The wretch might have saved, with his skiff, a dozen or more passengers; but he kept aloof, and only clamored (and, of course, vainly) for his money.

But, thank God! some of the glorious qualities of human nature also came to the front in this dark hour. A yawl was finally launched; and in it there was a place kept for the engineer of "The Tennessee," a young man very popular alike with

crew and passengers. But the engineer refused to leave the steamboat. "Who will work my engine if I quit?" he said. "I must stay here, and do my duty." And he staid on board, at his boiler, and did his duty till he died. They tried in vain to run the vessel on a bar, but she sank in mid-stream; and the heroic young engineer was drowned in his own engine-room.

The officer of "The Prairie Belle," who, in the poem, kept his place through fire and smoke "till the last galoot was ashore," was a fancy founded on a fact. Let us thank God for such facts as these.

"Hard drinking" among the crew, the passengers, and the officers of the steamboats, used to be the rule, the prevailing custom, on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. And several of the most terrible river-catastrophes occurred directly from the carelessness and recklessness produced by intemperance. The burning of the steamer "Ben Sherrod" was a case in point. One fine evening in May "The Ben Sherrod," one of the finest and fastest steamers on the Mississippi, was trying to get to Natchez ahead of the steamer "Prairie." Steam was kept at the highest pressure all night, and the energies of the firemen and crew were taxed to the utmost. In order to encourage the deck-hands, a barrel of whiskey had been turned over to them; and they drank freely, — too freely, — officers and men alike.

As "The Sherrod" passed on above Fort Adams, the wood piled up in front of the furnaces several times caught fire, but was each time extinguished, so it was thought. Had the men been sober, the fire would have been altogether extinguished; as it was, it smouldered, only to break out at last furiously. Even then, had sobriety and its accompaniments, sense and order, prevailed, all might have been well; but, with a drunken crew, what could be expected but what took place, — a scene of

unutterable horror? Two hundred precious human lives were lost by carelessness and whiskey.

But the dangers on the river-boats were not confined to fires, explosions, snags, races, or collisions. There was a human danger on board the boats as formidable as any material terror. I mean the river-gambler.

Day and night, during the voyage, the card-tables on the vessels were surrounded by the votaries of chance: sometimes six and seven tables could be seen scattered along the deck, from the ladies' cabin to the social hall, or parlor, of the boat, a game in progress at each table.

The games which were played mostly on the river-steamers were poker, brag, whist, Boston, and old sledge. Sometimes regular "banking-games," so called, were "set up" in the "social hall," or parlor, such as *vingt-et-un* or faro. According to the printed rules of these steamers, all gambling was prohibited after ten o'clock in the evening; but these rules were seen only in print, not in practice: and the morning sun dawning on the Mississippi rose on many an all-night card-party. The steamboat officers mingled with the passengers in these games, and the crew mingled with the officers. Gambling is a great leveller; and pilots, deck-hands, and millionnaires used to play cards together.

Life on a Western river-steamer in one respect resembled closely life in the great metropolis. It was full of contrasts. At one and the same moment four separate and totally opposed scenes have been taking place on the one steamboat-deck. In the ladies' cabin a group of pious men and women were engaged in prayer; in the dining-saloon, from which the tables had been removed, a party of young people were dancing merrily to the sound of the fiddle; in the "social hall" a game of faro was being played, amid the rattle of money and checks; while beyond was a group of carousers, getting drunk at the gorgeous "bar."

The river-gamblers, or professional sharpers, who infested the boats, travelled in small companies, or gangs, but, while on board a steamer, pretended to be strangers to each other, the better to avoid suspicion, and the more readily to fleece the unwary. Their number was always sufficient to make up a card-party whenever they could induce two or three "gulls" "to join them in a small game, merely for amusement," as the phrase was. All sorts of tricks were played upon their victims, — "stocking the cards," all varieties of cheating, trickery, and sleight of hand; and, even when a fairly conducted game was played, the confederates of the sharpers would "look on" as spectators, and meanwhile communicate information, or "itemize" the cards, to their "pals" by agreed-upon signs. Canes were twirled in certain ways, cigars were puffed according to a system, fingers were employed to telegraph the cards, etc.

"Holding out" was a trick much practised by sharpers. Extra cards would be secreted in laps, or behind necks, and "rung in" or slipped into the pack secretly, as needed. Some sharpers also played with marked cards. And in some instances the bar-tenders of the boats were in league with their nefarious schemes, and shared their plunder. This fact I have most positive means of knowing. For while I was clerk on "The Alice Dean," one of the bar-keepers of the boat being taken sick, I acted in his place for a few hours one day, and, while thus engaged, was approached by a very gentlemanly-looking young man, who, mysteriously calling me aside, made a proposition to me that I should be his confederate in cheating the passengers with marked cards. Of course, he did not say all this in so many, or rather so few, words as I have said it; but this is what his proposition amounted to. I listened patiently, and commanded my temper, till the "skin-gambler," or "river-sharper," had unbosomed himself freely, and had handed me his skilfully marked cards. Then I handed him over to Capt.

Conway, who, after cursing him and kicking him, put him off the vessel at the next landing.

Terrible scenes have been enacted on board the river-steamboats, in which the gamblers and their victims have figured as murderers or murdered. Men, despoiled of all their wealth at the accursed gaming-table, have committed suicide, or shot the cheats who robbed them. And in several instances detected sharpers have been put off the boats, and left at uninhabited islands to perish slowly and horribly.

But the comedy as well as the tragedy of life has been represented on the river-boats. There is always a good deal of "fun" in "a crowd," to those who care to study the latter, and are capable of appreciating the former. And some of the customs on the boats were specially amusing. To while away the time during the voyages, it has been a habit to establish mock courts of justice, styled "Courts of Un-Common Pleas." The mandates of these courts are generally obeyed with alacrity, but every now and then some contumacious passenger is found who will not "stand" a practical joke, and who, by his very "obstinacy," and "standing on his dignity," causes more fun than anybody else. There was once a strolling actor called "Tom," "River Tom," who passed most of his time on the boats going up and down the river, and who was always in demand as "sheriff's officer" in these mock courts. "Tom" took his *rôle* in dead earnest, and woe be to the unlucky wight who dared to resist the mandates of the mock court: he would be taught that he was dealing with a genuine "sheriff's officer," at least. "Tom" was a big, burly chap, and was always ready for "a rough and tumble," in the way of "fun," of course. He would arrest his man, and bring him before the mock judge first, at all hazards, fight or no fight: but, when all was over, "Tom" and his man would take a drink together; or, if they didn't, it was no fault of "Tom's."

On one occasion "a Court of Un-common Pleas" was turned to beneficial account, and the best results were accomplished through a little "fun." The steamboat was "The White Cloud," on her way from St. Louis to Louisville; and a mock-court had been formed. There was a bogus judge, clerk, prosecuting attorney, jury, etc.; and "Tom" was acting-sheriff. On board the boat was a well-to-do countryman, who had been drinking heavily. It was resolved to try him for intemperance. The man's name was Green, and very "green" he was, — so verdant and so drunk that he took the whole affair for earnest, and was frightened out of his little wits. He was brought before "the honorable court" by "Tom," who had to support the culprit, who shook with fear. He was tried, and found guilty, and was asked if he had any thing to say before the sentence of the court should be pronounced against him.

Then he found his tongue, and stammered forth, "Mister Judge," he said, "and gintlemen of the jury, I want to say this much: I am guilty. I don't justify the drinkers of whiskey. I don't, though I do drink. I drank too much whiskey, — I know I did. But I didn't feel well; and I took the whiskey to make me feel better, but it made me feel worse." (Poor fellow, he talked good sense just then.) "I know I've done wrong," he continued, "very wrong, and I deserve punishment; but I beg and pray this honorable court to have pity on my wife."

"Hast thou a wife?" interrupted the judge.

"I have," said the prisoner.

"And children also?"

"No, not yet — that is — but I expect to," said the prisoner solemnly.

Here the court was convulsed with laughter. But the prisoner proceeded still more solemnly, "My wife will become the mother of a fatherless orphan *if you throw me overboard.*"

"Throw you overboard! Who put that into your head, prisoner?" asked the judge.

"That man said I was to be thrown overboard if found guilty," cried the prisoner, pointing to "Tom." "He said that I should be punished by being compelled to swallow more water than I had whiskey."

Here the court and company were convulsed again. When order was restored, the case proceeded. The judge gave a charge to the jury, full of nice, wonderfully nice, points of law, so minute that not even a Philadelphia lawyer would have thought of them, but leaning to mercy's side so far as the prisoner was concerned. Without leaving their seats, the jury returned the following verdict: "We find the defendant guilty, but recommend him strongly to mercy."

And then the judge pronounced the prisoner pardoned, but only on condition that he would at once sign a cast-iron temperance pledge. The prisoner, now completely sobered, and full of gratitude, at once signed the pledge.

Ay, and kept it faithfully. He never drank a drop of liquor again, and lived happy and respected for twenty years after. This mock-court joke had been the most blessed reality of all his life. Would to Heaven that there could be perpetrated every day just a thousand such jokes.

Governor Cleveland of New York, in his recent course in pardoning a man who had been brought to crime by intemperance, on the condition of his pledging himself to drink no more, has acted on the idea suggested by this blessed "practical joke;" and I would that all the rest of the governors would follow his example.

But to return to myself. Amid the varied and exciting scenes of river-steamboat life, I enjoyed myself heartily for some time, meanwhile discharging my duties as clerk. But soon my social nature, and my popularity with the passengers

and my fellow-officials, proved my bane; and I took to drinking at the bar, of which in a few weeks I became one of the best, or worst, customers.

Drinking constantly, I soon began to neglect my duties; and, although the captain remonstrated with me in a friendly way, I did not heed his expostulations. My curse was once more upon me, and overcame me at the last. Tired of his vain expostulations, the captain discharged me from his employ. I reformed once, was taken back once, fell again, and was then discharged permanently.

Finally, again workless, hopeless, and penniless, I drifted to St. Louis.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE IN ST. LOUIS. — ONE OF THE MINOR DISADVANTAGES OF DRINKING. — THE SMELL OF LIQUOR. — SERIO-COMIC ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES. — "A HOTEL RUNNER." — HOW AN IRISHMAN OUTBAWLED ME, AND HOW I OUTGENERALLED HIM. — "A RAILROAD-MAN" ONCE MORE. — MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

ARRIVING in St. Louis, the first thing I did was a thing I had done already, alas! too often, — take a drink. This I did from choice. The next thing I did was also a thing I had already done too often, — look for work. This I did from sheer necessity. I was almost literally penniless. For several days I trudged through St. Louis, seeking employment, but not finding it. On two or three occasions I seemed to impress those I called upon favorably at first. But, after a talk with me, they dismissed me in, it seemed to me, disgust. I believe now that it really was in disgust, — disgust arising from the opportunity I unwittingly gave them, during my talk with them, of smelling my breath. The reader may be inclined to smile at this, but I found it was no smiling matter.

Really, among the many evils that rum-drinking brings with it, not the least is its pollution of the mouth and breath. This may be a minor point; but it has its importance, and its important disadvantages. Rum-drinkers unconsciously confess this themselves by the pains they take to counteract it. There are at least a half a dozen preparations in vogue among drinking-men, having for their avowed object the purification of the breath after its deliberate defouling with the fumes of alcohol.

In heated rooms, crowded assemblages, and theatres, this rum-polluted breath-nuisance becomes quite serious. A case recently transpired in which an old lady at a theatre was rendered deathly sick from the vile breath of a strange gentleman who sat next to her, and who "went out" to "see a man" between each act of a five-act play. Poor old lady, she deserved sympathy. She had come to the theatre to witness one tragedy. She was compelled to be a spectator of *two* tragedies, or a spectator and involuntary actor in an unpaid-for, unexpected, and utterly undesired, *serio-comedy*. The tragedy on the stage, and the serio-comedy at her side, kept on culminating together. During each act the tragedy of the actors on the stage increased in intensity, and after each intermission the serio-comedy of the man on the seat beside her with the bad breath deepened in disgust. The play became more harrowing, and the man's breath grew more horrible simultaneously, till at last, between the nervousness caused by what she saw on the stage, and the nausea caused by what she smelt off of it, the poor old lady fainted, and no wonder.

The story of the young lady at a play, who when her escort told her, during the intermission, that he must "go out for a moment to see the manager," assured him, taking some cardamom-seeds out of her pocket, that she had "brought a manager with her," contains "a moral."

My experience in St. Louis likewise contains "a moral;" for I feel assured, that on several occasions I lost a chance at a good situation, simply and solely because the parties to whom I applied for employment smelt my breath.

But at last I came across a hotel-man who did not regard my breath as a disadvantage. It would really be the height of impudence and unfairness for an average hotel-man (and rum-seller) to object to a man's smelling of rum. And this particular hotel-man was so favorably impressed with my general

appearance and "talk," that he engaged me on the spot as a "runner," or "tooter," for his hotel.

A bargain between us was soon struck. I was in no condition to parley long. Besides, the terms offered me were really liberal enough. I was to have no wages. I was to receive no money direct, except what I might "pick up" in odd jobs. But I was to have a room or a bed, and my three meals a day, at the hotel. And "board and lodging" both mean a good deal to a man who is not sure of either. So I became "a hotel runner."

It was my duty to be at the depots at the arrival of trains, and to cry out my hotel, and induce passengers to give it a trial. It was a post requiring activity and lung-power, with assurance. And I possessed all three qualities in about equal proportions.

Of course, there were other "runners" for other hotels; and we tried, in the way of business, to out-bawl each other. To make a base pun, it was between us a sort of game of base "bawl." (N.B. — This joke has been copyrighted, and any infringement upon it will be dealt with according to law.)

For a few days I found myself the most successful "runner," because undoubtedly the loudest "bawler." Then "my nose was put out of joint," or at least my "jaw" was, by a rival hotel engaging the services of a big, strapping Irishman, who had the biggest fist and the biggest mouth I ever remember seeing, and certainly the very loudest voice I ever remember hearing. From the moment I heard the "high notes" of this Irishman, I felt my doom as a bawler was sealed. For two days, however, I contended, though from the start vainly, with the possessor of this stupendous vocal organ. I yelled myself hoarse. I nearly burst a blood-vessel, and cracked my lungs. I utterly exhausted my wind-power, while the Irishman serenely screamed an octave higher. It was of no use. I accepted the inevitable, and I bawled no more.

But I did not abandon my business as a "runner," — no. I had too much nerve for that, and, I flatter myself, too much wit. Richelieu is said to have adopted Lysander's motto: "When the lion's skin falls short, eke it out with the fox's;" that is to say, when force fails, try cunning. And I copied from Richelieu, without then thinking either of Richelieu or Lysander. Finding I could not out-bawl my Irishman, I tried to outgeneral him, and succeeded.

I saved my lungs. I let the Irishman shout away, while I put on my most winning smiles, and, watching like a hawk all strangers at the depots, gently approached them, and insinuated myself into their confidence. I did not yell out the name of my hotel: I merely smilingly and softly suggested it to the stray passenger. Approaching him or her, I would bow politely and deferentially, and, as if I were a humble friend and a sincere well-wisher, would insinuate rather than state, that the hotel I had the honor to represent was confessedly the very finest in St. Louis, — at least the very finest for such a gentleman or lady as the passenger. And just as, according to Solomon, "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" so, according to Thomas N. Doutney, my readers may rest assured that "a soft, insinuating suggestion often turneth the stranger into the hotel to which he or she should go." I found it so in a score of cases, and have here the proud satisfaction of recording that I completely conquered at last my loud-voiced conqueror, and succeeded in sending more passengers to my hotel than he sent to his.

For a while I enjoyed my victory, and my life as "a hotel runner." By the by, while on this subject, I have recently discovered that "hotel running" or "tooting" is not unknown at Northern fashionable watering-places. At Long Branch, for instance, last summer a big, burly man (in wintertime a ticket-speculator in New York) was regularly employed as a "runner" for a prominent hotel near the pier, and, by his

energies and lungs, materially contributed to the prosperity of his hotel.

After all, I suppose the business is legitimate enough; but it is certainly not of a very intellectual or elevating nature, and erelong I wearied of it. My associations as a "runner" had by this time brought me into contact with many railroad-men around the depots; and, having been a "railroad-man" myself, I gradually drifted back into my old life: and finally, abandoning my career as a "runner," I obtained the more congenial and better-paid position of a clerk in the freight-department of the then North Missouri Railroad. For some time I discharged the duties of my new position with satisfaction to myself and my employers, and lived, on the whole, pleasantly and not dishonorably in St. Louis.

There is much in St. Louis, as a city, to attract the stranger, as well as to charm the resident. It has points and characteristics of its own quite as marked as any that distinguish its rivals, Cincinnati or Chicago. It has a mingled flavor of Southern as well as of Western life about it, and, while thoroughly American, is to a large degree German.

Its "upper classes" are highly cultured. It possesses great wealth and wonderful resources; while its "average" citizens, its middle classes, are honest, law-abiding, and industrious.

But, like all great cities, it is cursed with the vice of intemperance. It is a city of drinking-saloons and beer-gardens, and in these places I was far too frequently to be found. In short, I kept on drinking as well as working; and although I had once more, in my ever-changing life, mastered my business, and gained a situation, I had not mastered myself, or gained a victory over my great enemy, — liquor.

But I was not wholly depraved. I did not sink quite so low in St. Louis as I had sunk elsewhere; and among a few desirable and respectable acquaintances, I had won, to a certain

degree at least, the esteem and friendship of a good man, — a clergyman, — who took an interest in my welfare, temporal and spiritual, and upon whom I began to look in my comparative loneliness almost as a second father. My letters came in his care; and one ever sadly memorable Sunday evening, when I called at his house, he handed me a black-bordered letter, which, from the handwriting, I recognized as being from my brother William. With a trembling hand, dreading I knew not what, I broke the seal; and my worst possible fears were realized. Death had invaded our family circle, and my father, my true, real, only, much-loved father, was no more. Two weeks before I received the letter he had departed this life, and had gone to receive the reward of the just and the good. The hot tears coursed down my cheeks as I thought how many pangs I had caused him by my dissolute conduct, and he so patient, loving, and hopeful of his erring son. He never gave me up, nor abandoned me; and my emotions overcame me. I should have fallen to the floor had not the venerable clergyman supported me, and led me to a room, where my long-pent-up agony could no longer be controlled. Naturally sensitive, I now felt keener than ever the loss of my father, and my own ingratitude. I realized what a wretch I had been. I could stand it no longer; but, rushing out on the streets of St. Louis, I knew not nor cared not what I did. Alas! in my grief and despair I sought a temporary relief in my old curse, — rum. I drank and drank until my brain was doubly maddened; and then, oh, strange inconsistency! with my brain on fire with liquor, I tried to pray. My father was dead! These words were ringing in my ears with a fearful meaning. I, a wanderer from home, in my dark hours had heard the sad tidings; and I knew I should never see him more. All night I paced the streets, and wished I was dead. I besought God to take me out of the world. I felt I was in one sense a murderer, — the

"My long-pent-up agony could no longer be controlled" [p. 230].

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murderer of a loving parent, for my conduct had been the means of hurrying my poor father to the grave. I feel even now, that, if he could only have been spared to see me a reformed man, I would willingly have suffered ten thousand times the amount I have; but he was not permitted to do so, and with sad misgivings for his eldest son he must have passed away. The first glass was the occasion of all my trouble and much of his. For God's sake beware of the first glass. But, thank God! my dear father is not even now wholly lost to me.

"Not lost forever, whilst around me springing
The violets weep, the roses blush and bloom,
And summer birds, in summer woodlands singing,
Flood with soft rapture all the tranquil gloom;
Not lost forever, though on earth we've parted;
Not lost forever, though we meet no more:
They do not wander sad and broken-hearted
Who see heaven's radiance from this mortal shore.
There shall be meaning in the stars and flowers,
The deep and solemn voices of the sea,
Telling of happy dreams, of happy hours,
Of life and sunshine which it caught from thee."

How I got through that terrible Sunday I scarcely know, but it passed; and early Monday morning I went to the railroad office where I was employed, and saw personally the president of the road, Mr. Isaac Sturgeon. He had already heard, casually, from the clerks of my father's death; and when, with faltering voice, I told him that I desired to return East to pay my last and only tribute to his memory by looking on all that was visible of him, — his grave, — he at once kindly furnished me with a ticket to Boston.

So I left St. Louis, and turned my face northward and eastward, starting on a sadly solemn journey, terminating in a father's grave.

While *en route*, sad and penitential thoughts possessed me. But, reaching New York, I met, unfortunately, with some of my "old cronies," my former dissolute companions in the great metropolis. Temporarily oblivious of my grief, I once more sought distraction in drink. Alas, alas! the awful shadows from a dear one's grave cannot stand successfully to bar the path that leads the drunkard to his rum and ruin! On the way to my father's tomb I "went on a spree" (as the fearful and fearfully familiar slang phrase goes), and yet I loved my father. Finally I arrived in Boston with saddened heart, but also with shattered nerves and an aching head.

At the depot I met my brothers, who were anxiously awaiting me. Our meeting was affecting; for we sincerely loved each other, and had all loved the one we had just lost. With tears I heard the full particulars of my dear father's death. He had died, as he had lived, in the fear and love of God. He had died, as every true man would wish to die, at peace with God and the world. The prayer in his case had been fulfilled: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;" and "we sorrowed, but not as those without hope."

And then we brothers went to our father's grave in the small cemetery near Forest Hills.

"Only this, only this,
All this love and all this trust;
Only this, only this,
Only a handful of quiet dust,
And a grave beneath the daisies."

And, kneeling down beside it, I humbly prayed, and asked the Divine forgiveness, and the forgiveness of that father whom I trusted was now a saint in heaven. Sinner that I was, I was sincere in this prayer; and I arose feeling that my cry had been heard, and that my father now looked smiling from above.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY NEWSPAPER-LIFE IN NEW YORK. — AUTHORS, CRITICS, WRITERS, AND JOURNALISTS AS DRINKING-MEN. — HOW HORACE GREELEY BEGAN A DINNER-SPEECH. — SMART MEN WHO PUT AN ENEMY INTO THEIR MOUTHS TO STEAL AWAY THEIR BRAINS. — ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS A CURSE TO TALENT. — FAST BALLS, AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS. — BUSINESS AND DRINK. — A BLESSING THAT PROVED A BANE.

HAVING performed the last sad offices in memory of the dear departed, I had now to return to the world, and face realities. My situation was practically this: here I was in Boston again, with little money and no situation. My place in St. Louis had been filled, and I had small prospects of procuring a place in Boston. I again resumed the by this time to me familiar occupation of looking for occupation; but I was not, as usual, successful. After spending a few days with my poor, disconsolate brothers, as their guest, not wishing to tax their resources further, I bade them an affectionate and sorrowful adieu, not knowing when, if ever, we should meet again, and went to New York, the great city which has always exercised on me the same fascination that it has upon thousands of others. I turned to New York as the moth turns to flutter around the candle.

Arriving in New York, I conceived an idea, upon which I forthwith acted. It proved "a happy thought." I believe I have previously mentioned the fact that my dear, lamented father had for a while been in the employ of the proprietors of "The Army and Navy Journal," the Messrs. Church Brothers. Upon these gentlemen, the Church Brothers, I at once

called; and, availing myself of the respect and kindly remembrance they cherished towards my father, I asked them for work. They granted my request. The kindness they had extended to the father, they continued to the son.

I breathed a hearty sigh of relief when I had obtained this new situation, for it indeed relieved me of burdening anxieties. True, I had earned a good salary in St. Louis; but I had spent the major portion thereof in liquor.

Of how many hundreds, of how many thousands, of salary-drawing men can these words be truthfully written, they "spend the major portion of their salaries in liquor!" Poor fools! and yet they would resent the being called a fool.

I was again in a fairly paid position. I had the opportunity to honestly and easily earn needful and comfortable board, lodging, and clothing, and a chance to even save money besides. I earned my money, but what did I do with it when earned? True, I "lived," and lived fairly well in all material points. So far, so good; but what did I do with my spare money, my over-and-above-expenses money? Did I consider it as "*saving*" money, or as (to use that frightfully familiar and expressive phrase) "*spending* money." Heaven forgive me for my folly, but I *spent* it all. I saved nothing; and, incredibly silly as it was, I spent most of it in rum.

Having suffered from intemperance as I had suffered, one would naturally reason that I would hereafter shun indulgence in liquor. But I did not *shun* the cup: I *sought* it.

I was now "a newspaper-man,"—at least a man connected with a newspaper: and "newspaper-men," great and small, have their own peculiar temptations; and among their strongest temptations is intemperance. There was a public dinner once given in the Astor House to De Groot, the projector of the Vanderbilt Bronzes, or monument, near St. John's Park. To this dinner Horace Greeley was invited, and he accepted the

invitation. The veteran editor, with his shrewdly benevolent face, sat at the head of the table, and ate heartily, but drank nothing but water; though all the rest took wine, and took it freely. After a while Mr. Greeley was called upon for a speech; and, rising, he commenced as follows: "I have already seen two generations of editors die *drunk*, and I am expecting to live to see the third generation follow their example." This "opening" was greeted with good-natured laughter, everybody making allowances for what they called the "old man's cold-water hobby." But in these words Horace Greeley uttered a most lamentable but undeniable *truth*. It was hardly polite for him, under the circumstances, I confess, to say the words at all: but perhaps he meant them for a warning to his hearers; and, as a mere matter of fact, they contained as much truth as ever was printed in any editorial in the "Tribune."

Newspaper-men (reporters, correspondents, critics, editors), magazine-writers, poets, novelists, dramatists, writers generally of books and papers, as a class, are hard *drinkers*. *Writing-men are drinking-men.* It is a sad truth, but a positive fact. True, Shakspeare, the greatest of modern writers, in some respects the greatest of all writers, has put into the mouths of some of his immortal characters immortal words protesting against intemperance.

"Oh that men will put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

"O thou invisible Spirit of Wine, if thou hast no other name to be known by, let us call thee Devil."

And yet Shakspeare, unless persistently belied, was a drinking-man himself, and, it is even said, died from the effects of a drinking "bout."

Before Shakspeare's times, and since, poets have sung the praises of wine, from Horace to Moore. And in plays and

operas drinking-songs have ever been popular. The most brilliant operatic music which holds the lyric stage to-day accompanies a libretto of wine-bibbing. The literature of intemperance is voluminous and fearfully fascinating, and it pervades prose as well as poetry. The novelists have been mostly drinking-men, and have never protested in their famous books against intemperance. Other evils have been wonderfully well described, and wonderfully well reprobated; but the evils of rum-drinking have yet to find their Charles Dickens or their Victor Hugo.

Perhaps the most "original" and exceptionally gifted of American writers, Edgar A. Poe, fell a victim to the curse of intemperance. And his fatal vice has found, among his less-gifted but equally weak literary associates, hundreds of imitators and fellow-victims.

And among that brilliant but erratic class, called, for a lack of a more distinctive name, "Bohemians," i.e., writers for magazines and journals, liquor has reigned supreme. Time was when the Bohemians of New York comprised probably as brilliant a set of men as were ever congregated in one city at one time in the world. The old "Leader" newspaper, and the old "Knickerbocker" magazine, numbered among their contributors some of the brightest spirits that periodical literature or journalism has ever been able to boast of. They assembled nightly at Pfaff's famous old restaurant, and around those plain tables were uttered "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." Literary, dramatic, and musical matters were discussed with zest and intelligence; and religion and philosophy were treated of in a truly catholic and philosophical spirit. But, unfortunately, these high matters were discussed over beer or ardent spirits; and the liquors gradually got the better or the worse of the brilliant men who partook so continually and copiously of them.

The brilliant ideas soon passed away, and were forgotten too often with the convivial occasion that gave them birth; but the evil effects of the evil spirits endured and increased, till at last beer obliterated brains, and alcohol destroyed the writers one by one. Of the Bohemians of Pfaff's, but two remain alive in New York to-day. The rest of the brilliant band have perished wrecks. One, by far the most brilliant of the number, lived to become an object of aversion to those who did not know him, and of charity to those who did; till at last he died a pauper. Another of the number wandered for months around the streets of New York, a homeless tramp, sleeping in the station-houses in winter, and in the city-parks in summer, till one day he perished of mingled whiskey and starvation. A third died horribly of delirium in his prime. A fourth perished early of excess. A fifth expired in a hospital, and so the death-list rolled up. It is not saying too much to state, that, had it not been for liquor, nine-tenths of those brilliant Bohemians would have been alive to-day.

And history repeats itself. Just as the writers of the last generation "died drunk;" so many of the newspaper-writers of the present generation are going down to their premature deaths, killing themselves slowly but surely by rum.

One of the ablest writers on one of our leading journals died two or three years ago, having never been wholly sober for a day at a time for years. His unfortunate fondness for liquor was well known, and great allowances were made for it. But at last the proprietor of the journal which he had so long, ably, and faithfully served was compelled to discharge him.

Even then he was given what odd jobs of work could possibly be allotted to him, but even these jobs were not attended to. He was not in a fit condition to attend to them.

The unfortunate man had a family to whom he was devotedly attached, though not as devotedly as he was to liquor.

For a week at a time this family would be forced to live upon bread, — bare bread without meat, sometimes even without butter. On one occasion it was ascertained, that, although the weather was piercing cold, the family had had no fire in the house for five days and nights. There was no money in the pockets of the husband and the father to buy coal or food. This broke the old man's heart; and he died, leaving his family utterly destitute.

Another *attaché* of a prominent evening journal, although a personal favorite of the proprietor, was several times dismissed for intemperance, and taken back on solemn promises of reformation, which were constantly broken. Finally he was admonished that his next offence would be fatal, a bar to all possible future employment on that journal. With this warning in his ears, he was sent to a fashionable summer resort to report "the season." This post was a fairly lucrative one, an honorable one, an easy one comparatively, but it necessarily brought him into social and professional relations with sporting-men, politicians, and men of the world, all drinking-men. In an evil hour he forgot the admonition he had received, and fell. One night he was seen around the hotels beastly drunk, and, of course, was not able the next day to send on his required "letter." Inquiries were made about him, and a statement of his condition was sent on to the New-York office of the journal. One morning, as the poor young victim of intemperance was in his hotel-room, trying to "brace himself up," and "sober down," as he sat up in his bed, fevered and nervous, a knock was heard at his door, and a letter was brought to him by an attendant. The letter was from the office in New York, curtly dismissing him forever from his position on the journal with which he had been connected for years.

In a fit of unavailing despair, the poor young victim of intemperance, utterly demoralized, hung himself by his sus-

penders to his own bedpost. He was found, in the afternoon, cold and dead: the woman he loved was a helpless widow, and "rum did it."

One of the ablest and most experienced editors connected with the New-York press is subject to periodical "sprees," in which he disappears, and wanders off from tavern to tavern till the fit is passed, leaving him for weeks as helpless as a child. It is confidently expected, among others by the afflicted editor himself, that sooner or later, in one of these periodical sprees, the temporary madman will meet his death. The shadow of an awful doom is hanging over him; and yet he lacks the nerve, the moral courage, *the will*, to do the only thing that will or can save him, — abstain wholly from alcohol.

Perhaps there is a creature connected with this self-doomed editor even more to be pitied than the editor himself. I mean his devoted wife, who suffers more than tongue can tell during these awful absences of her husband, who is, at all other times, a model husband.

Many other cases could be cited; but will not these suffice? Suffice it to state, that at least four-fifths of the newspaper-men of New York are addicted to intemperance, and the same proportion holds in the newspaper-men of other cities.

And yet there is not the slightest *necessity* for this. The plea that writers and thinkers require spirituous stimulants is a false plea, utterly unfounded in either theory or fact.

The true theory is, that the brains and nervous system of writers, thinkers, and students, being necessarily taxed in an unusual degree, they should, more than other men, avoid all extra, unnecessary, and artificial stimulation. The real fact of the matter is, that the *leading* writers, thinkers, and students do NOT indulge to any degree, if at all, in stimulants. "Smart" men often drink, but the very "smartest" men do *not*.

Mr. A. Arthur Reade has recently compiled a very interest-

ing and valuable little volume, entitled "Study and Stimulants; or, The Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life," as illustrated by personal communications on the subject from men of letters and of science.

The editor of this little volume [which has been ably reviewed by the critic of "The New-York Tribune"] has made a contribution both interesting and valuable to the study of the effect of stimulants upon mental activity. He has taken pains to collect personal opinions and experiences from men distinguished in literature and science, and has thereby arrived at conclusions which ought to be serviceable to thinkers. These conclusions are as follows: (1) That alcohol and tobacco are of no value to a *healthy* student. (2) That the most vigorous thinkers and hardest workers abstain from both stimulants. (3) That those who have tried both moderation and total abstinence, find the latter the more healthful practice. (4) That almost every brain-worker would be the better for abstinence. (5) That the most abstruse calculations may be made, and the most laborious mental work performed, without artificial stimulus. (6) That all work done under the influence of alcohol is unhealthy work. (7) That the only pure brain stimulants are external ones, — fresh air, cold water, walking, riding, and other out-door exercises.

Not one of the eminent men whose letters Mr. Reade prints has resorted to alcohol for inspiration as stimulus to thought, though a few of them use it moderately as a support under conditions of mental and physical exhaustion. Mr. Gladstone has always abstained from the use of very strong and fiery stimulants, and smoking he detests. When Littré, the French philosopher, felt the strain upon his system produced by continuous thought, he repaired his natural forces, not with alcohol or tobacco, but with doses of fruit jelly or jam, pots of which he kept conveniently at hand in his study. Dr. Henry Maudsley does not consider alcohol or tobacco to be in the least necessary or beneficial to a person who is in good health. "I am of opinion," he says, "that any supposed necessity of one or the other to the hardest or best mental bodily work, by such a person, is

purely fanciful. He will certainly do harder and sounder work without them. I am speaking, of course, of a person in health: by a person not in health they may be used properly, from time to time, as any other drug would be used." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes holds much the same opinions. He prefers an entirely undisturbed and unclouded brain for mental work, unstimulated by any thing stronger than tea or coffee, unaffected by tobacco or other drugs.

While Professor Tyndall does not think that any general rule can be laid down, he is of the opinion that that man is happiest who is so organized as to be able to dispense with the use of both alcohol and tobacco. Sir William Thomson thinks that neither tobacco nor alcohol is of the slightest consequence as a stimulus or help to intellectual efforts.

Mr. E. A. Freeman has no liking for the scented weed. "I tried it once or twice when young," he writes; "but, finding it nasty, I did not try again. Why people smoke, I have no notion. If I am tired of work, a short sleep sets me up again."

Jules Simon regards the use of tobacco as a practice much to be deprecated, as its tendency is to separate men from the society of women. He believes, too, that, when taken in excess, it has a stupefying effect, and that it may act as a poison. A French senator who departed this life not long ago, assured him repeatedly that he was dying from the effects of constant smoking.

Mr. Charles Reade does not mention the use of alcohol, but expresses decided opinions in the matter of tobacco. "I tried to smoke five or six times, but it always made me heavy and rather sick: therefore, as it is not a necessary of life, and costs money, and makes me sick, I spurned it from me. I have never felt the want of it. I have seen many people the worse for it. I have seen many people apparently none the worse for it. I never saw anybody perceptibly the better for it."

Mr. W. D. Howells never uses tobacco, except in a rare self-defensive cigarette, when a great many other people are smoking; and he commonly drinks water at dinner. When he takes wine, he thinks it weakens his work and his working-force. Mr. Thomas Hardy has

never smoked a pipeful of tobacco in his life, nor a cigar; and his impression is, that its use would be very injurious in his case. So far as he has observed, it is far from beneficial to any literary man. Mr. Hardy goes on to say, "I have never found alcohol helpful to novel-writing in any degree. My experience goes to prove, that the effect of wine, taken as a preliminary to imaginative work, is to blind the writer to the quality of what he produces rather than to raise its quality."

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's letter is one of the most interesting and sensible in the volume: —

"I am quite willing to answer your question about tobacco. I used to smoke in moderation; but six years ago some young friends were staying at my house, and they led me into smoking more in the evenings than I was accustomed to. This brought on disturbed nights and dull mornings; so I gave up smoking altogether, as an experiment, for six months. At the end of that time, I found my general health so much improved, that I determined to make abstinence a permanent rule, and have stuck to my determination ever since, with decided benefit. I shall certainly never resume smoking. I never use any stimulants whatever when writing, and I believe the use of them to be most pernicious: indeed, I have seen terrible results from them. When a writer feels dull, the best stimulant is fresh air. Victor Hugo makes a good fire before writing, and then opens the windows. I have often found temporary dulness removed by taking a turn out of doors, or simply by adopting Victor Hugo's plan."

The venerable James Martineau (now seventy-seven), who is practically an abstainer, has untroubled sleep and digestion, and has retained the power of mental application with only this abatement perceptible to himself, that a given task requires a somewhat longer time than in fresher days. Few things, he believes, do more at a minimum of cost to lighten the spirits, and sweeten the temper of families and of society, than the repudiation of artificial indulgences. Mr. George Augustus Sala says that he has been a constant smoker for nearly forty years; but, had he to live his life over again, he would

never touch tobacco in any shape or form. He complains that drinking to excess weakens the eyesight, impairs the digestion, plays havoc with the nerves, and interferes with the action of the heart.

Professor Paul Bert, the well-known *savant*, sums up his opinions in the following propositions: —

"(1) Whole populations have attained to a high degree of civilization and prosperity without having known either tobacco or alcohol: therefore these substances are neither necessary nor even useful to individuals as well as races. (2) Very considerable quantities of these drugs, taken at a single dose, may cause death: smaller quantities stupefy, or kill more slowly. They are, therefore, poisons, against which we must be on our guard."

William Cullen Bryant, editor and poet, was a very abstemious man; Longfellow was extremely temperate in his habits; Horace Greeley, the most influential journalist of his time, was "a teetotaler." Numerous other examples could be cited; but certainly the list I have just given proves incontestably the point, that artificial stimulants are not in the slightest degree essential to literary achievement.

Consequently, I would here take the liberty of urging upon writers, students, and literary men, the absolute importance of temperance, and would earnestly and respectfully record my protest against the drinking-habits of newspaper-men.

But it is, after all, not their *professional* life, but their *social* life, that leads most newspaper-men to drink. They "indulge," not from even any fancied idea of nervous necessity, but from sheer conviviality.

They attend theatres largely, and go to public balls; and in these crowded places they meet associates, male and female, with whom they imbibe wine and alcoholic stimulants.

Of late years the great public balls of New York have become saturnalias of intemperance. I allude, not only to the "fast" public balls, "the French balls," so called, but to even

the balls of the highest grade, — the fashionable "charity ball," and the popular "Liederkranz."

The scenes at the suppers and in the "wine-rooms" of these public balls are often so gross as almost to be beyond respectable description. In plain English, at these balls men and women, *ladies and gentlemen*, *often get drunk together*.

Any ball *habitué* will bear me out in my assertion, that not only married ladies, but their daughters; not only men, but the female members of their families, — can be seen at every public ball held at the Academy of Music, in a state of stimulation and exhilaration from wine closely bordering upon positive intoxication.

The most "profitable" pecuniarily of all the "privileges" connected with a ball are the "wine" and "bar" privileges. Some public balls are every season gotten up wholly by wine-dealers as a vehicle to advertise and dispose of their wares: they are known among the initiated as "wine-balls." The statistics of the number of bottles sold at these "wine-balls" are, to a thoughtful mind, simply frightful. And there can be no manner of doubt that these public balls have become the most demoralizing agents among our public amusements.

Attending these balls regularly, and as a matter of "business," being of necessity conspicuous parts of these balls, it is the most natural, though lamentable, thing in the world, that the reporters should yield to the temptations by which they are surrounded. I write this more in sorrow than in censure, for I have ever cherished a tender regard for "newspaper-men;" and it is for the sake of this tender regard, that I would here, in taking leave of this subject, warn the newspaper-writers of the present day against that vice to which they are so peculiarly exposed, — intemperance. I wish to Heaven some one had warned me, at the period of my life of which I am now writing, against the peculiar dangers of a

newspaper-career, and that I had taken heed of the warning. But, as it was, I yielded without a struggle to my old enemy, drink, and soon became a confirmed sot, with just enough restraint over myself not to directly lose my position on my paper by neglecting my imperative duties. But my employers began to be dissatisfied with me, and no wonder; and, having been brought by my newspaper duties into relations more or less intimate with railroad officials, I finally applied for and obtained a situation on the People's Despatch, a fast freight-line owned by the then existing Merchants' Union Express Company, of which Mr. Van Duzen was the general agent. I had ever taken kindly to "railroad-life;" and in my new position, spite of my dissolute habits, I gave such satisfaction, that I was promoted to take charge of the entire depot business of the company at Boston, to which city I was now transferred. Here my position was technically that of "depot-master;" my superior officer being Fred. Wilde, Esq., a very capable and efficient railroad-man, who was then, as afterwards, general freight and ticket agent for the Western Union Railroad at Racine, Wis.

I pleased Mr. Wilde, and my prospects were now flattering. Had I been wise and self-controlled, had I only left rum alone, I would doubtless have from this time gone onward and upward. I understood thoroughly every department of my business. I liked my work, and my associates liked me. I had a fair salary, with a chance for advancement. How many thousands of young men would have thanked God for my opportunities, and availed themselves of them to the utmost. But I deliberately threw away my chances for a steady, profitable career, and, having saved a little money, made up my mind to spend it in "*seeing life;*" that is, in *drinking rum*, for I had reached that fearful stage when "rum" was "life." I blush now to record it; but I absolutely and deliberately resigned my position as depot-master (spite of the protests of Mr. Wilde,

who furnished me kindly with letters of indorsement), and started off on my travels, or sprees, visiting and drinking — the two terms with me were synonymous — in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Canada, wasting my time, health, and money in foolish, fatal dissipation. "Ephraim was joined to his idols" indeed.

With all the blessings of life showered upon me from above, I deliberately let the golden shower fall in vain. With all my business opportunities and business abilities, I became an idler and a drunkard; while other young men, no more gifted by nature, and no more favored by fortune, than myself, became, by steady attention to business, infinitely my superiors. *They took the path that led upward.*

And here let me draw the parallel, or the contrast, between two persons starting with even prospects in life, and show how sobriety, and attention to duty, must prosper, and intemperance and its corresponding neglect must fail. When I was in the freight-department in New York, a young man, C. De Kalb Townsend, was appointed to a subordinate position in the same place. He was a gentleman of unexceptionable character, and soon gained the esteem and respect of his employers. He and I were transferred the same day, — he to take charge of the freight-depot at Albany, and I at Boston. His course was upward; his promptness insured it: and he was soon appointed head agent in Albany, then superintendent of the western division at Cleveland, O., and is to-day, as I write, general freight-agent for the New-England States, for this same company. His office is at No. 1 Court Street, corner of Washington, Boston. I, with advantages equal to his, if not greater, threw them all away, just for my inordinate desire for strong drink. I could cite other examples of this contrast, drawn from my own experience; but two will speak as eloquently as two hundred, for the two hundred are but repetitions of the two.

Strong drink and business cannot go together: one or the other must be abandoned. I would implore all you young men who occupy any position in the mercantile world, if you are addicted to the use of stimulants in any shape, for Heaven's sake abandon their use before it is too late! Ninety-nine out of one hundred who continue in the habit are ruined, and the hundredth one is scorched. Total abstinence is the only absolute safeguard for the success, happiness, and prosperity of a business-man.

There are many employers, who, though drinking-men themselves, partaking occasionally of champagne, or even something stronger, will not have any employees who drink. And although they act inconsistently as regards themselves, and unfairly as regards their clerks, they act wisely as regards their own mercantile interests. The records show, that, in the majority of cases, defaulting clerks and dishonest cashiers have been "drinking-men."

There was a wise old king who held that there was a woman to every piece of mischief. Undoubtedly, the old king's theory had much to support it: women have done a deal of evil as well as of good in the world. But, really, wine has done more harm and far less good than woman.

Take the statistics of crime to-day, examine the figures in any country or city, and you will find that by far the larger proportion of crimes are committed by drinking-men. I include not only the crimes committed in the heat of passion, — murders, — etc., but the cooler and more calculating crimes of forgery and theft.

So that those business-men are prudent, who, even if they are not temperate men themselves, make it a rule to employ only temperance men. My only wonder now, looking back, and writing about the past, is, not that I got along so badly in my early business-life, but that, under the circumstances,

with my hard drinking-habits, I got along so well, or got along at all. I would not now employ such a young man myself as I once was. I would be afraid to. I would expect to have my business neglected, or my trust violated; and, in nine cases out of ten, my anticipations would be realized.

Drinking-habits are the worst possible habits for young men in business; and, conversely, temperate, totally abstinent, habits are the very best possible habits for young business-men. Just as a drinking-man generally falls, so a non-drinking man generally rises. Illustrations of this last fact abound on every side, — conspicuous examples, like Peter Cooper in New York, G. W. Childs in Philadelphia (the latter "a newspaper-man," by the by, and a great one, who has never taken a drink, or used tobacco, in his life), and literally hundreds of others. And in humbler, less public, more ordinary, life, the examples of the benefits of "temperance" in business are numberless.

I met, when a very young man, two families, became intimate with them. They were both poor; but the head of the one family was a whiskey-drinker, and the head of the other family had never taken a drop of ardent spirits in his life.

The first family was composed of a father and mother and two sons, all able to do a day's work and earn a day's wages, and save part. But the father only worked by fits and starts, a week now and then, a day now and then, or not at all: the rest of his non-working time, and all his spare time, he passed at taverns.

His sons naturally followed his example, were sometimes to be seen carousing with their own father, and were generally in low company.

The wife and mother protested and begged in vain: neither husband, father, nor sons would heed her protests or her prayers; so at last she lost heart, and took to drinking herself. At one time I have seen the whole family, wife and husband, mother

and sons, drunk together, — the most awful sight upon the earth.

The family are all "gone under" now. The father died of *mania a potu;* the eldest son died a tramp, and in a drunken brawl; the other son is in Sing-Sing prison, "doing time" for stealing; and the mother is over on Blackwell's Island.

This was the poor family that *did* drink.

The second family consisted of a father, mother, and two young boys, — a family constituted like the first, save that the members of the first family were all stronger and more robust in their physical health, and had therefore the decided advantage.

But the head of this second family worked day and night; and his wife and children worked with him and beside him, — worked hard and steadily, though they had no "regular work," so called. They had no "situations:" all they could get to do was, for a long while, "odd jobs." But they were always trying to get what jobs they could, and were always doing their best at any jobs they got.

At last the father got a place, — a place in a store where he had to work hard for very little; but he did his best gratefully and zealously. One day a vacancy occurred among the boys in the store: the hard-working father recommended his own son for the place; and, judging the son by the father, the recommendation was accepted. Then, a woman was needed to look after the building as a janitress: and the hard-working husband recommended his wife for the place; judging the wife and mother by the husband and son, the recommendation was accepted: and in a little while a place was found about the establishment for the remaining child.

Father, mother, and children were now all on wages together at one place. All at work together, not all drunk together.

Work, like blood, will tell. And to-day that once poor family are in business for themselves. The mother keeps a

trimming-store, doing a lively trade, with her youngest son as her industrious clerk and honest cashier; the father is in a shipping-house down town, getting a fair salary, and enjoying the esteem of his employers; and the eldest son is in the office of the Erie Railroad, a rising young man.

And this is the once poor family that *did not, and does not, and never will*, drink. I have known cases in which the greatest advantages have been neutralized solely by drink; and I have known cases in which the solitary advantage possessed was, that the party did *not* drink. And yet this one last solitary point in his favor has brought many a man to competency and peace, while all the points in favor of the others have been brought to naught by rum.

In my own immediate circle of acquaintances, I have known a man who, while keeping a large family solely on his small earnings as a clerk in a lace-store, with no prospects in life ahead worth speaking of, yet found, or rather made, time to start a little business of his own; his wife making neckties, and the children going round peddling them. From the receipts of this little extra business, he managed to accumulate a little money, which, prudently invested, became the foundation of a fortune. But, if he had been a drinking-man, he would never have had either the energy, or the time, or the means, to start this little outside business, which ultimately proved his salvation. It was because he did not waste his time and money in drink, that he had time to think out, and the wherewithal to start, this blessed little business. And his case is but one of thousands.

But I heeded not. I kept on with my idleness and my waste, my self-indulgence and my intemperance, till my means were almost exhausted, and my health almost shattered, going deliberately down, and yet hoping recklessly that something would "turn up."

And something *did* "turn up." "The unexpected always happens," says the French proverb; and an utterly unexpected and undeserved piece of good fortune now fell to my lot. I met an old acquaintance who had in former days been very friendly to me, and who was now in the possession of ample means. In the most generous manner this true friend loaned me a large sum of money, and thus enabled me, spite of my worthlessness and dissipation, to realize all the material advantages of industry and sobriety. Dear friend, he was actuated only by the most generous impulses, and by the most sincere desire for my success. But I was in such a state, and had gradually acquired such a character, or, rather, lack of character, that his kindness now did me far more harm than good, as the reader will see in the course of my next chapter.

My doom was sealed. I only wonder that it was not sealed for eternity.

CHAPTER XX.

A SILLY AND SINFUL VOW REALIZED. — I BECOME A RUM-SELLER. — "THE MERCHANTS' UNION CIGAR-STORE AND SAMPLE-ROOM." — I DISPENSE POISON TO MEN AND BOYS. — SELLING LIQUOR TO MINORS. — "POOL FOR DRINKS."

THE reader has not forgotten, that one wretched night in Montreal, in my rum-heated misery and madness, I had cherished the vision of one day keeping a saloon, — a rum-shop, — of my own. Years had passed since then. I had forgotten many things worth remembering; but I distinctly remembered that vision, and the vow I had registered with myself to realize it whenever possible. And now the opportunity was presented to me to realize my fearful dream, to keep my terribly silly and sinful vow. I was the possessor of quite a large sum of money in cash. It was mine to do with it as I pleased; and the depravity in which I was now steeped cannot be more clearly stated than when I say that my first and only thought about this money was to start a rum-shop with it. Had I thrown the money into the street, it would have been better for the world and me. That young man must be far advanced on the road to perdition whose only plan on receiving unexpectedly a large sum of money is to use it all to start a "bar-room."

But I hastened to put my plan into execution. I was impatient to behold my gilded palace of iniquity. I was eager to see myself as the proprietor — not the mere bar-tender, but the proprietor — of a drinking-saloon.

Strange perversity. Just as the student is anxious to clutch his diploma, just as the philosopher is eager to solve his prob-

lem, just as the philanthropist is longing to relieve the sufferings of humanity, so I, a young man, fairly educated, carefully reared, the child of many prayers, the youth of many opportunities, the young man now of liberal means, was anxious, eager, longing, to open and control a place devoted to the destruction of myself and others. And all this came of my amateur bar-tending in that saloon in Montreal. And all this sprung from a vision that had flashed across me that night in which I staid out in the street, a drunken tramp. How momentous are the little things of life! The seed had germinated, and its fruit was to be bitter.

I made the necessary arrangements for opening my contemplated saloon, with an energy and industry worthy of a better object; and in a little time I was before the public, in the good old city of Boston, as the proprietor of one of the showiest bar-rooms (and cigar-rooms combined) in that city. I fitted up the shop No. 628 (old number) Washington Street, opposite Common Street, with taste and liberality, and rendered it attractive, — greatly too attractive for many. Glowing signs, like banners, were suspended from "the outer walls." And my place was named "The Merchants' Union Cigar-Store and Sample-Room." The name was bestowed out of compliment to an express-company with which I had had dealings, and the compliment was reciprocated by liberal patronage. Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding, there *is* something in a name.

The idea of combining the two evils, a cigar-store and a rum-shop, tobacco and whiskey, under one roof, in one establishment, each poison having, however, its own distinct and separate place, was then a novel one in Boston. And I took quite a pride in having been one of the first to introduce this original novelty, this combination of two evils, either one of which was, sooner or later, certain death. It is astonishing what human beings can be proud of.

Yes, I had two dens of gilded vice now under my sole control, — a cigar-store in front and a bar-room in the rear; and many were the victims enticed therein.

"'Won't you walk into my parlor?'
Said the spider to the fly.
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.'"

And it really was a very pretty little parlor, or, rather, two pretty little parlors, if I, the spider, have to say it for myself. The cigar-store in front, in full view of the crowded street, was a very tempting, cosey sort of a place, and looked innocent enough. All the appointments were really, as the advertisements say, "first-class." Any gentleman might walk in, and survey the little cigar-store with pleasure. And then, just the other side of the neat little cigar-store was a still neater and handsomer bar-room, less exposed to public observation, — so cosey, so private; just the thing for a bar-room, and so genteel, — so very genteel, you know.

Ay, a genteel charnel-house; ay, a very cosey and comfortable "hell."

I had fairly now, and of my own free will, entered upon the occupation of a mercantile murderer, a licensed poisoner, a dealer in liquid death; and I gloried in the occupation. Like the arch fiend, my master, I had said, "Evil, be thou my good."

I was steeped in iniquity. And nothing about human nature is more terrible than the facility with which men, once launched on an evil course, learn to make a boast of that which is their disgrace, a glory of that which is their shame.

The man who blushes at himself, and shrinks from humanity, having committed his *first* theft, glows with exultation as he narrates to his "pals" in some "boozing ken" the cunning with which he has just accomplished his one *hundredth*. The Italian bravo in the story, who felt like Cain with the curse

as he staggered from the scene of his first crime, felt like a hero, and was as proud as an Alexander, when, after a long series of crimes, he was appointed the head of a band of hired assassins.

And so I, Thomas N. Doutney, who had once been a member of a truly Christian family, who had at another period of my life been the recipient of the greatest favors from a Christian and temperate family, who had felt and realized in my own experience the curse of rum, and had time and time again bitterly reviled myself for my intemperance, was now deliberately engaged in enticing men and boys to purchase of me their destruction. Ay, and I absolutely enjoyed my devilish work.

I have just used the expression "men and boys," for I sold to growing boys as well as to grown men. It was not enough for me to ruin the husbands and fathers, I must demoralize the youth. How Satan must have loved me (query, can the Devil be ever said to "love," even his own?) in those days!

Under cover of my innocent-looking cigar-stand in the front, the boy devotees to Bacchus, the juvenile slaves of drink, would stealthily glide in, as if half afraid that their employers or their parents might see them and discharge them, or stop their pocket-change. And, when once inside, the sample-room was invariably the chief resort and prime attraction. My drinking-hell, or parlor, the same thing, was really very pleasing to the eye: my furniture, glass-ware, etc., were of the best, and quite cleverly arranged, so as to produce a desirable effect. It looked just like what it was, the very place to drink in.

Here in this gilded den, here in this drinking "hell" of a "parlor," many an unfortunate young man, without a doubt, has, through my instrumentality, drained his first glass, and started, as I had started before him, on the downward path whose termination was perdition.

Here in this "cosey" "sample-room" of mine, in the strange democracy of drink, the rich customer and the poor have met on the common level of appetite; and the comparatively intelligent man and the positive fool have been each as wise — and foolish — as the other.

Many a man has wasted his day in my place, passing the long, bright hours, afforded him by a bountiful Providence for honest work, in senseless dissipation, the only effect of which was to transfer slowly but surely his money from his pocket into mine. Many a man has been led by me, and the influences of my place, to literally rob his wife and family, — rob them of his time, his strength, and their support. Many a boy has been induced to "drop in" my saloon when he should have been doing his work, and has been compelled to lie, and to deceive his employers afterwards, to cover up his folly. Many a lad, at my twin dens of vice, has contracted habits of self-indulgence and indolence, which, once contracted, cursed him and cursed his till his dying day.

And, bad as my place was by day, it was worse by night. Objectionable as it was under the sunlight, it was positively villanous "under the gaslight." For when the stars began to "blossom in the infinite meadows of heaven, those forget-me-nots of the angels," I on earth began to light my gas-jets, and fix my fire, and burnish up things, and make my hell as heavenly as possible. All the arts which a loving woman uses to adorn her home, to render her fireside the most attractive of all spots to those she loves, — all these little arts and cares I, a full-grown man, used to render my drinking-den attractive to the men and boys I did not love, but only intended to use and ruin.

And I succeeded with my drinking-den a good deal better than many a loving woman succeeds with her home. My place became "popular;" that is to say, in plain English it was a curse to the neighborhood.

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"Oh! my den was very 'gay' at night" [p. 257].

I ought to have been suppressed as a public pest; but I was hailed as "a hail fellow well met," a "good fellow." The women ought to have banded together, and "drummed me out" of town. The men ought to have "tarred and feathered" me, and "ridden me on a rail." The children ought to have hooted me, and pelted me with stones. But, instead of this, I was shaken hands with by men, and I was patronized by boys, and even, as I will dwell more upon later, by women themselves.

Many a man has lost his money and his evenings at my den. Many a man has lost his opportunities for domestic recreation, and lost his health and sleep, at my place. Many a man has deserted his wife and children for the unhallowed attractions of my cursed saloon.

Many a sister and daughter has been deprived of the cherished companionship of a brother and a father by me and my den. Many a fond mother has been robbed of the company of her beloved son by me and my vile place. Many a weeping wife has sat lonely at nights, waiting for a husband's return, whom yet she dreaded to see returning, on account of my damned saloon.

I use strong language, but not stronger than my case and my place and myself deserved. I see what I was *then*, and I do hesitate to say so *now*. Were I to live a thousand years, I could not fully atone for the evil I caused in those few months at "The Merchants' Union Cigar-Store and Sample-Room," No. 628 (old number) Washington Street, opposite Common Street, Boston. These confessions, these self-condemnations, are but a small portion of my punishment, my repentance, and, I humbly and fervently trust, my expiation. Oh! my den was very "gay" at nights. The sounds of revelry were heard within; and the young bloods, just starting on their career, jostled against the poor, hard-shaking inebriate, who had staggered in for a soothing dram. All classes and conditions of society were my patrons.

Many a strong man, rejoicing in his strength, drained his glass, who has since sunk beneath "the fire-water" I and others sold him, into a drunkard's grave. Many an old man, rendered prematurely aged by the use of stimulants, hobbled up to my bar, and with trembling arms "crooked his elbow" for his temporary gratification and my pecuniary gain.

Ah! I would not like to know the fate of all those who used to visit me. I would not like to hear the groans that their falls and my greed have caused. I would not like to see the tears that I have caused my victims to shed, — the bitter but unavailing tears. I write this sorrowfully and truthfully, but I felt nothing of the kind when I was selling rum. For then I was only a rum-seller, only a bar-keeper and a bar-tender; and such *gentlemen* should have no feelings. For, in order to conduct their business in a proper manner, they should be utterly oblivious to the sufferings of their victims.

All night long I kept my place going, — all through the night, until the break of day sometimes, if my custom warranted it, and my customers wished it. For although I professed to be "law-abiding" and respectable, and although the law closed all drinking-places at midnight, I found means to evade that or any other law, human or divine, which interfered with my interests or convenience.

In big cities a little money, properly distributed, can do a great deal. And there are few things that a liquor-dealer cannot do with the police. He can evade any law he pleases if he is willing to pay for the evading. It is so in Boston and New York, and I have yet to hear from any city where it is *not* so. The early-closing law had no terrors for me, neither had the law against selling liquor to minors. I sold rum to a boy just on the same terms as I sold rum to a man, — good money for bad liquor. Son or father were all one fool, one tool, one customer, one victim, to me. Like death, that death-dealer,

the rum-seller, is no respecter of persons. In this point, and this only, the liquor-dealer resembles the Almighty.

Here I would pause to solemnly protest against the laxity of the administration of the law in reference to this selling liquor to minors. God knows it is bad enough to sell liquor to full-grown men, but it is simply infernal to sell it to children. I feel now what I deserved myself, at this fearful period of my life, for doing this fearful thing; and I *know* now what men, or fiends, merit who persist in committing this atrocity.

What would be thought of, said of, and done to, the druggist who would sell arsenic or prussic acid to every child who happened to have ten cents? What, then, shall be thought of, said of, and done to, the rum-dealer who sells what is worse than any poison in the pharmacopœia, because more delightful, while equally dangerous, to every and any boy who asks for it? Nothing — positively nothing — can ever justify revenge or violence; but I sometimes think that a father would be as excusable in wreaking his vengeance on a man who sold his son rum as on the man who betrayed his daughter's honor. In both cases it is the object of the bad man to ruin the child. Only in the one case it is an object of passion; in the other case, of sheer calculation, and deliberate greed of gain. From this aspect of the case, is not the rum-seller viler than even the seducer?

Let me not be misunderstood. I would not be wilfully unjust. I would not exaggerate. I am fully aware that this selling liquor to minors is not, happily, a "universal" custom among rum-sellers. There are not a few liquor-dealers who would scorn to defy alike nature, law, and decency by selling rum to children. The larger saloons in our great cities do not permit this cursed custom. Even some of the better class, if there is such a class, of "dance-houses," do not sanction this atrocity. Thus, at Harry Hill's "dive" a conspicuous sign is posted on

the walls, — "No children allowed here." "Positively no liquor sold to boys;" and the spirit of those signs is carried out to the letter. But then, I am also thoroughly aware that these cases are exceptional, and that, take the country through, ninety drinking-saloons out of one hundred are not "particular" as to the *age* of their customers; or, as a liquor-dealer once phrased it, "Business looks to a customer's dollars, not his years." Perhaps the liquor-dealer was correct in his remark about business. But how about that Judge before whom even "a business" rum-seller must stand sooner or later?

And I cannot too loudly, sternly, bitterly reprobate the utterly damnable custom of "pool for drinks" which prevails. Surely Satan must have held high carnival in hell when this custom was originally introduced on earth. To the credit of the press of America, especially the paper called "Truth," when controlled by Mr. Josh Hart, be it said, that "pool for drinks" has been persistently denounced by the public press. But based, as it is, upon depraved appetites, appealing, as it does, to the lowest, and therefore most generally diffused, attributes of humanity, this "institution" is not dependent upon the approval, is, in fact, quite independent of the *dis*approval, of the public press. What do the boys who "pool for drinks" care for "what the papers say"? Most of them, perhaps, could not "read" the papers if they tried.

There is but one way of dealing with this much-denounced but growing evil. "Pool for drinks" should be a penal offence, and the penalty should be rigidly enforced. Every decent citizen should see that the offenders should be prosecuted, and punished to the full extent of the law.

I never see the sign "Pool for Drinks" in a bar-room but I shudder. The letters become confused before my eyes; and I see in blood-red characters, "Gates of Hell" instead of "Pool for Drinks."

CHAPTER XXI.

SELLING LIQUOR TO WOMEN. — FEMININE INTEMPERANCE. — THE GROWING FONDNESS FOR STRONG DRINK AMONG FEMALES. — THE TEMPTATIONS OF WOMEN TO INTEMPERANCE. — PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BALLS AND PARTIES. — THE SUPPER AFTER THE THEATRE, THE FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT, THE EXCURSION, ETC. — THE ABUSES OF DRUG-STORES EXPOSED. THE THREEFOLD HORROR OF INTEMPERANCE IN WOMEN.

THERE is another evil which is quite as pernicious as the love for drinks, or the selling of liquors to minors, — an evil which cannot be directly forbidden by law, and yet which should be forbidden by every man's very instincts and his human nature. I allude to the selling of liquor to females.

True, I sold liquor to females myself. To my shame I record it. But I have bitterly repented; and I would not offer a glass of liquor to a woman now, not for my life. Nay, I would rather offer her my life itself. The latter might possibly do her some good: the liquor could not.

But though I, thank God! no longer sell liquor to women, there are hundreds of liquor-dealers who do sell it to women as to men; and there are, alas! thousands of women who buy and drink liquor just like men.

The increasing number of women who drink, moderately or immoderately, privately and publicly, is one of the signs, and one of the very worst signs, of the times. It is a sign of the times which cannot be ignored by the thinker and observer, nor passed over by the moralist. I am sorry to say, not only that women drink, but that women of all classes and conditions drink; not only the lowest class, but the highest class;

and, worst of all, that most numerous class of all, the middle class.

The woman of "society" drinks her champagne; the woman not in "society" drinks her brandy; and the "respectable married (or single) woman" drinks her beer; the fashionable lady drinks at her receptions, parties, and balls; the adventuress or Traviata drinks freely at home or abroad, in the parlor, the wine-room, or the restaurant; while the women of the middle class drink in their "beer-gardens," or in those "family-rooms," so-called, which are now connected with the "side-door" arrangements of so many drinking-saloons.

Time was when none but the most depraved of the female sex would be seen entering a "saloon," either by the main or by "the side" doors; but now, through those "family-room" dodges, "decent" women, in the ordinary sense of the term, enter a saloon with their male escorts, and on the same terms.

The other night at an entertainment I noticed a party of three, — a handsome woman, an elderly lady, and their young male escort, a youth not over seventeen years of age at the oldest, — who attracted my attention by their good looks, and apparent gentility of deportment. But what was my surprise, when the entertainment was over, to see the party enter a drinking-saloon around the corner, through a side-door, over which was inscribed the words "family entrance." I know the place the party entered to be simply and solely "a rum-shop;" and yet these three respectable people, two ladies and a youth, had entered it, — ay, and remained in it some time, — so long that I was curious to know exactly what they were doing.

I opened the door of the "family entrance," and looked in. There were seated the party of three at a table, a thin partition only separating them from the crowd of drinkers round the adjoining bar; and on the table were placed two glasses of beer and one bottle of spirits. The little "den," or "parlor," or

"They were seated — the party of them — at a table, a thin partition only separating them from the crowd of drunkards" [p. 262].

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"family-room," or whatever it was, in which the party sat, was neat, and scrupulously clean. I will say that much for it. The table, too, was large, and rather elegant; the chairs were solid and comfortable; and there was a neat engraving suspended on the wall. It would have been quite a comfortable little room in the "home" of a "family;" but here, as an attachment, a supplement, to a bar-room, it looked as much out of place as these two ladies and this youth looked out of place in it.

This was one of the more elegant of the "family entrances" connected with the bar-rooms of the day; but, in the great majority of instances, these "family entrances" merely consist of a board partition and a movable slide, through which the woman hands the bar-keeper her money, and receives in exchange her liquor, — a fine position for a woman, a sister, daughter, sweetheart, wife, or mother, truly!

It has been claimed that these "family entrances" to "bar-rooms" are signs that the "bar-rooms" are becoming more decent. On the contrary, I hold that they are signs that the "family" of to-day is becoming less decent, because more inclined to bar-rooms and intemperance. You cannot touch pitch without being defiled. If a clean palm handles dirt, the purity of the palm does not communicate itself to the filth; but the foulness of the dirt communicates itself to, and soils, the palm. It may be unfortunate that it is so, but it is the fact. As Bob Ingersoll remarks, "Health is not catching, but disease is." Ingersoll, it is true, protests indignantly against this fact (in which protest I think he is unwise, as a little calm reflection will show); but even Ingersoll admits the fact that "the bar-room" can never be improved by "family" influences. But the "family" can easily be ruined by a "bar-room" and its "family entrance."

The female intemperance of the time is one of the great evils of the time. It is manifested everywhere. It is exhibited on holidays and at public and private festivals. The Jewess quaffs

her wine at Purim, and the Christian maiden quaffs her wine at Christmas, and they both quaff their wine together on the New-Year's Day. In regard to the New-Year's holiday, it must be confessed that there has been some marked improvement. Time has been when, throughout the country more or less, but in New-York City especially, New-Year's Day was a carnival of intemperance, initiated by the ladies; a saturnalia, in which women led the way to intoxication. But there has been a great reform in this direction; and now New-Year's Day is observed in a comparatively temperate and decorous manner, showing conclusively the power of public opinion when properly directed. But, though New-Year's Day observances are growing better, our balls and parties, public and private, are growing worse. I have already alluded to public balls in connection with the newspaper-men who attend them professionally. The number and the quality of the women who yield more or less to intemperance at these balls are strikingly suggestive. The wine-rooms, so-called, at these balls, are always filled with females, drinking, and generally, I must say, drinking freely, with their male escorts, and not a few of the women belonging to the class designated as "ladies," — ladies by birth, education, and position, and yet yielding to intemperance in their own persons, and setting an example of intemperance to others.

A young lady last winter had, literally, to be carried to her carriage from the Academy of Music, New York, about three o'clock in the morning. Two gentlemen and a policeman carried her. She was said to be "sick," but she was really "drunk."

A half an hour or so later two ladies (?) reeled — they could not be said to "walk" — from the Academy; and, in attempting to descend the steps that led to the sidewalk, one of the young ladies (?), while boisterously laughing, tumbled down the steps, and seriously injured herself internally, and has since been confined to her elegant home, an invalid.

These women were the daughters, sisters, etc., who figure in "good society;" and I know of a case in which one young man absolutely came, in the lobby of the Academy of Music, face to face, at a masked ball, with his own *mother* drunk.

Mind you, these balls were not the balls called "fast," or considered "disreputable." They were given under the patronage of well-known and popular societies. They were not held at some east-side hall, but in the very home of opera; and the females to whom I have alluded were not Camilles, so styled, Traviatas, or "unfortunates." No: they were the fortunate ones of this world, the lilies of the fashionable field, who were compelled neither to toil nor to spin; and yet they were public drunkards.

Believe me, I do not exaggerate. I *under*state, not overstate, the case. A friend of mine, who has for years made a specialty of pen-painting the great public balls for "The New-York Sunday Mercury," one of the leading journals of its class, in which my friend's ball-reports have been a leading feature, assures me that he has, in the course of his fifteen years of ball-going, seen the female members of many of the so-called and self-styled "best families" in the metropolis more or less (and generally more) under the influence of liquor at balls.

And, if these things are done in the green tree, what must be done in the dry? If public intemperance prevails among the women of "society," what is to be looked for in women who are not restrained by social obligations?

At private parties, balls, and receptions a higher degree of decorum prevails naturally than holds in public entertainments. But "drinking-habits" unfortunately pervade the whole fabric of society; and the wine-cup is as accessible, and, alas! as agreeable, to a woman in the houses of her friends, or at her own home, as in the Academy of Music on a ball-night.

A lady of the highest social position in this country (the

bosom-friend and hostess of one of the leading members of the English aristocracy), and herself the wife of one of the richest young men in New York, America, or the world, recently gave a fancy-dress party, to which were invited prominent representatives of the wealth, fashion, beauty, and influence of the metropolis. An ex-president of the United States attended the ball. An ex-secretary of State was there. The richest men in the land were there. And their wives and daughters, sisters and sweethearts, were there. Over eight hundred millions of dollars were represented by their owners, and their owners' wives' diamonds.

One of the very finest houses in America was thrown open to the eight hundred invited guests, who, decked in every gorgeous variety of fanciful attire, presented, in the magnificent parlors of the mansion, a scene rivalling fairyland, and far surpassing any scene ever presented on the boards of a theatre.

But there was more at the Vanderbilt ball than money or beauty or fashion or influence. There was WINE there in profusion. Thousands of bottles of *liquor* had been provided, at a cost of several thousands of dollars; and their contents were all consumed with gusto. True, there does not seem to have been any great excess at that particular place on that particular occasion. But the unfortunate fact remains, undenied and undeniable, that a prominent society lady, herself a professing Christian, at an entertainment representing that "best society" to which the rest of the social world looks for an example, at an entertainment controlled by her, given by her, to which the eyes of the world were turned, and to which she knew they were turned, deliberately gave her sanction to wine-bibbing, — ay, made the quality and quantity of the liquors provided for her ball a subject for marked comment.

By so doing, the lady unwittingly, and unthinkingly probably, *cast her vote, as it were, in favor of the liquor traffic.* What-

ever influence she and her position might have was thrown in the scale in favor of *drink*.

The ball, under such auspices, did not leave the world any better than it found it, but, in so far as the question of temperance or intemperance is concerned, *left it worse*.

Far be it from me to censure or criticise unfairly a lady or a stranger. From all I hear, the lady in this case is one of the best and brightest specimens of her delightful sex, a truly Christian woman; and, in giving wine at her ball, she did but follow the almost universal custom of the world in which she lives, moves, and has her being. But truth is truth; and the simple truth is, that it would have been infinitely better for the world if there had been no liquors offered at that famous ball. But the evil of feminine intemperance, or at least wine-drinking by females, is not confined to balls or receptions, etc., public or private. It has become one of the most pernicious and popular customs of the time, to connect an evening's amusement with a supper, as a matter of routine and of course. And of this supper, wine forms part, and a most important part, "of routine and of course."

It is not enough now-a-nights, for a gentleman to take a lady to an opera, or a concert, or a theatre. He must, almost perforce, ask the lady, after the entertainment, to partake of a supper, and a bottle, or bottles, of wine, at some fashionable restaurant. If he omits this invitation to supper and wine, he is considered by the ladies a very undesirable cavalier, is regarded "mean" or "stingy," is sneered at as "prudent" or "economical," or is slightingly and slangily designated as "N. G."

This evil of "supper after the theatre" or opera is a four-fold ill.

First, It is an unnecessary expense, and a considerable and therefore lamentable waste of money, benefiting nobody but

the rich hotel or restaurant keeper, who does not need it. True, to many this item of expense is but a trifle; they can afford it: but to many — many more men — it is a serious thing, and they cannot afford it; but they must stand it all the same.

Second, It is a positive injury to the physical systems of both parties to the supper. It is considered to be injurious to the digestion in the majority of cases.

Then, it is certainly an evil to the nervous systems of the parties, encroaching upon the hours that ought to be devoted to sleep.

And, lastly, it is a moral evil; as the wine-drinking thereat tends directly to intemperance.

Many a young girl, and many a mature woman, goes to bed with disordered stomach, excited nerves, and wine-heated brain, instead of a clear head, a cool head, a sound digestion, and a calm mind, "all on account of an after-the-theatre wine-supper."

And many a young man, finding himself in the streets of New York, or some other great city, after midnight, with his nerves inflamed by the wine he has just partaken of with a lady, determines to "make a night of it," and winds up with a disreputable debauch, "all on account of an after-the-theatre wine-supper."

Thirty-five hundred dollars have been received by one Fifth-avenue restaurant in one week from "suppers" ordered by parties *after eleven o'clock at night*. Of this expenditure, all of which was unnecessary, the majority was for wine, all of which was positively injurious.

Even those blessed institutions known as "excursions," which have become the poor man's greatest and only luxuries, and the average citizen's delight, are getting to be associated almost inseparably with drink and drinking-habits in some form or other.

The best and worst proof of this fact is, that a heavy profit is annually realized off of "the bar-privileges" of "excursion-boats;" although a tremendous price is charged for these "privileges," or curses.

Every "excursion-house" depends chiefly, if not solely, on its bar. And there are more "bars" than "hotels" at every excursion-place.

And as women and children form the majority of excursionists, as the male of the human species is generally accompanied on an excursion by his female and his young, it necessarily follows, that women and children are in the habit of "drinking" on "excursions," — a statement which every excursionist is in a condition to corroborate.

I do not mean to say (for it would not be the truth) that *hard drinking* is the rule on excursions: it is, happily, the exception. But, nevertheless, wine or beer drinking is not the exception, but the rule.

The writer one Saturday afternoon took a trip to Coney Island. He counted during the course of his trip, extending from four in the afternoon till nine in the evening, one hundred and eighteen women and seventeen children whom he saw drinking: true, most were drinking beer, which is one degree less injurious and reprehensible than drinking alcoholic spirits; but they were all on the road to ruin, and more than half the number were evidently "the worse for" their potations. The benefit derived from the fresh air and change of scene had been almost neutralized by the beer. The "excursion" had been changed from a blessing into a bane by "the drink."

But bad as is the drinking female excursionist, or the woman who drinks in company, the female solitary drinker, or the woman who drinks alone, is worse. The condition of the latter is much more dangerous than that of the former, though both are in imminent peril. And yet the number of solitary

drinkers among women is large, and is yearly increasing. There are so many women nowadays who live alone, who are deserted by their husbands, or who have no husbands or male protectors; there are so many women who have to live by themselves, in both senses of the word "by," and to these lonely ones the temptation is so strong to seek solace in the stimulation, or temporary oblivion, produced by alcohol.

One of the saddest sights, possibly, to be seen by mortal eyes, is one of the commonest, — I see it almost every day, — some little girl, from six years old to ten or twelve, sent to a saloon with a pitcher in her little hand, to be filled with beer for her mother, or, at any rate, some older woman. Such a spectacle is too familiar in tenement-house districts, and in some localities that have naught to do with tenement-houses, to attract attention. And yet there can be to the thoughtful observer really no sadder sight than an old woman sending a young woman for drink.

When a woman reaches the solitary-drinking stage she is generally "done for," lost beyond redemption, or as nearly so as any human being can ever be. Yet there are thousands of women, some of them brilliant, in this very stage this very hour.

I know of one once glorious woman who is, in the literal and fullest meaning of the term, drinking herself to death. She is still fine-looking, is accomplished and clever, but has become a slave to alcohol, and, alas! loves her slavery. She is ruining her health and her morals, ay, even what to many a woman is more than morals or health, — her looks; but she persists, and probably will persist unto the end, which cannot be far off.

The papers recently reported the case in which the relatives of a wealthy widow were compelled to apply to law to have a guardian appointed for the lady, who had become an habitual drunkard, and was squandering her property in drunken orgies with "fast" acquaintances, male and female.

There lives to-day in the city of Brooklyn a woman who has not drawn a sober breath for the last ten years. She keeps herself chronically drunk, and, what is even worse, has taught her nieces — two little girls — to drink with her. The younger girl, a miss of fifteen years of age, has repeatedly been seen reeling through the streets, carrying sometimes beer and sometimes brandy.

Not long ago there died on Blackwell's Island a woman called "old Sal Coon." This woman's real name was Sarah Kuhn; and she had been at one time a belle of New York, and the *fiancée* of a wealthy man. But she took to drink; and drink took from her, one by one, lover and position, and property and beauty, and health and self-respect: till at last she became a "station-house lodger" and "a vagrant," and as such served six or seven terms "on the Island." Yet she clung to drink as though it had been her own flesh and blood, or her heart's love, or her only hope, instead of her only curse and her worst enemy.

The once society queen lived a tramp, and died a pauper, for the sake of — rum. I could cite a score of similar cases did time and space permit. The cases would only differ in details: the main points would be terribly the same.

Of late years the facilities for feminine intemperance have been individually increased in a quarter which would not be at first suspected. The "drug-stores" of the period have entered into a species of competition with "the family entrances" of saloons, and with the "fashionable restaurants," for supplying the woman of the period with stimulants, alcoholic or otherwise. Cases are not infrequent in which the lady-drinker obtains her liquor from her drug-store, on the plea of "for medicinal purposes." The druggists do not hesitate to furnish the liquor, although they do not hesitate to laugh slyly at the plea. Money has as much influence over druggists as over any other class in the community.

And, in some cases, even physicians are induced to lend their aid to intemperance. At least, cases have been known in which female drinkers have produced physicians' prescriptions for intoxicating liquors. I apply these remarks in this connection, not merely to druggists in States or towns where "prohibitory" laws prevail, but to druggists in cities like New York and Philadelphia, who can have no possible excuse for the sale of liquor, except strictly in limited quantities, under peculiar circumstances, as medicine.

I may here add, that druggists do not confine themselves to the sale of alcoholic stimulants. They have encouraged and fostered a trade in other stimulating preparations among women.

Thus, I am informed that bromide of potassium is now largely sold to ladies for its stimulating properties. Bromide of potassium is a splendid medicine, — a nerve-soother and a peace-producer, properly taken. But, improperly used, it produces a species of intoxication which ultimately results in idiocy.

Codeine is another nerve-agent used and abused for its stimulating properties. Codeine seems to have no direct action on the brain, but confines itself to the nerves. Taken in six-grain doses, it will completely revolutionize the nervous system. But its exhilarating effects are followed by a very disagreeable tingling and itching, succeeded by an intense period of depression, or "horrors." Quinine, as is well known, has highly stimulating properties; and advantage is frequently taken of this fact. Of course, nothing is easier than to get quinine, under pretence of suffering under malarial disease, or without any pretence at all; and in a little while, at a very little expense, a species of exhilaration can be produced. A prominent resident of Staten Island, a widow-lady, is a victim to the habitual use of quinine as a stimulant. So is a wealthy widow-lady, one of the principal real-estate owners in New York.

Many of the minor remedies and medicines on the druggist's

calendar are likewise growing in demand as stimuli. Thus, the essence of ginger is much employed by clergymen. It is a mild stimulant, "so they say." How truthfully may be judged from the statement of a druggist to the writer, that essence of ginger is only another name for alcohol, being eighty-five per cent alcohol, — a "mild stimulant" indeed. Two tablespoonfuls of this "mild stimulant" will produce a state of semi-intoxication, which, though not followed by such re-action as in the case of alcohol pure and simple, is succeeded by stomachic trouble, and general derangement of system.

Spirits of lavender, or red lavender, is another "mild stimulant." Much in vogue among old maids, it seems to go with cats and parrots and corkscrew curls.

The aromatic spirits of ammonia, or *eau sedative*, is a very popular preparation with French women and actresses. It is a pretty powerful stimulant, though neither its exhilarating nor depressing effects last long; while among the poorer classes of women, — servant-girls and laundresses, — "essence of peppermint" is decidedly in demand as a stimulant.

None of these stimulants may, perhaps, be styled "dangerous" in themselves. Certainly, none of them are to be compared with alcohol. But they foster a pernicious tendency to stimulation, which insensibly but almost inevitably leads the way for more dangerous and deleterious preparations.

I have not alluded here to the growing use of opium and hashish (*cannabis indica*, or Indian hemp) among women, because "the opium habit" is an evil altogether apart from the evil I am considering (though quite as terrible).

But, taken as a class of establishments, it may be truthfully stated, that much of the evil upon which I have been dilating — intemperance among females — is due directly to the facilities afforded for intemperance by drug-stores.

What with private balls, public balls, suppers after theatres

at fashionable restaurants, drinking on rides and excursions, "family entrances" to rum-saloons, solitary drinking, and the drug-store of the period, the female sex is almost as likely to fall a victim to the demon of drink as the male.

And, oh! if woman could only realize what a horrible thing intemperance is in *her*, — how much more horrible than in a man, — she would never drink.

Intemperance, though morally as great a crime in one sex as in the other, is socially and physically, and from a physiological point of view, more fearful and more criminal in a woman than a man, for three reasons: —

First, Every true man cherishes a high ideal of the sex which furnished him a mother; and, when this ideal is rudely shattered (and nothing on earth is so calculated to utterly destroy this ideal as seeing a woman under the influence, not of sentiment, but spirits, not of love, but liquor), he receives a shock much greater than any man could cause him to endure.

Second, A woman's nerves being more delicate than a man's, the injurious effect of liquor upon her sensitive organization is increased. Men can work or walk off some of their foul spirits; but a woman merely suffers when she drinks, and can do nothing. If women were only wise, and knew themselves, no man living could ever successfully tempt them to drink; and they would ask for poison as soon as ask for liquor.

Third, A woman, in her capacity as a mother, is doubly guilty if she drinks; *for she drinks for two.* She poisons the blood, she shatters the nerves, of her child as well as herself.

This is a point which has vastly more importance than is generally attached to it. There is such a thing as *hereditary intemperance*, — *inherited tendency to drink.* Every physiologist is aware of this fact. I have practically discovered it, and have acted on my discovery, as I will narrate hereafter.

The milk of a nursing-mother, who is of intemperate habits,

becomes charged with the alcohol she imbibes, and is, in its turn, imbibed by the poor, helpless infant, who becomes, as it were, an infant-drunkard, cursed for life by its own mother.

Whether, therefore, looked at as a wife or a mother, whether regarded as a human being or a member of society, whether looked at from a man's point of view, a woman's or a child's, a woman who is intemperate is doubly terrible and criminal.

CHAPTER XXII.

A RUM-SELLER'S RESPONSIBILITY. — WHAT I DID, AND WHAT I HAVE EVER SINCE BEEN SORRY FOR HAVING DONE. — "A DRUNKARD'S BIBLE."

AND yet I did my devilish share, in the days of which I now write, to make women intemperate by selling them the cursed wherewithal. Not a few women came to my bar-room, — "The Merchants' Union Cigar-Store and Sample-Room;" and I took their money just as I took men's money, and gave them beer or wine or whiskey, brandy, rum, or gin, just as I would give to men. Some of the poor women who came to my gilded den, with their thin, pinched faces, showed signs of poverty, and even positive hunger; but I heeded not their faded looks: all I heeded then was what they carried in their faded pocket-books, if they had any. Some of the poor, degraded wretches of faithless mothers left their helpless children at their wretched rooms, or room, uncared for while they stole, or staggered, to my den for drink. But I sold them the drink; though I felt, though I knew, that the coin they held tremblingly out to me should have bought their children food or clothes. God forgive me! but I was a brute and a rascal then. God forgive me! for I can never fully forgive myself.

One poor woman crept into my gilded den one night, and asked for gin. I poured out the vile stuff she asked for into the bottle she brought with her; and then she handed slowly, and, as it were, painfully, a quarter of a dollar, and placed it in my opened palm. As I was about to put the money into the

drawer, I heard her sigh, and shake her head, and say, "The last, the very last."

Something about the woman stirred my better nature, — I still had such an article hidden somewhere about me, — and I got into a talk with her about herself. It was about the only subject on which she now could talk, misery is so egotistical.

I learned that she had a sick child at her room, and that the quarter of a dollar she had just given me for gin was all the money she had left in the world, — "the last, the very last." I did not take that quarter, — I returned it to her; but, alas! I let her take the gin away with her. And the next day she died in a drunken debauch.

Alas, alas! I have the destruction, I fear, of many a woman and man to answer for, — at least my share thereof. True, I did not think of this at the time; or, if I did, I lulled my conscience to sleep with Cain's old question, "Am I my brother's or my sister's keeper?" But, wittingly or unwittingly, I assumed my portion of responsibility; and I must bear it.

Oh! if every rum-seller would but for one hour regard this matter of responsibility in its true light, as I see it clearly now, there would not be a glass of liquor sold as a beverage throughout Christendom to-morrow, or ever after.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, some thirty years ago, published in that most admirable publication, "Harper's Magazine," — a magazine always devoted to temperance, religion, and morality, — a powerful sketch entitled "A Drunkard's Bible," which very forcibly illustrates this point of a rum-seller's responsibility.

This sketch opens with a conversation between an English village inn-keeper, Mathew Hownley, and his sister Martha.

"There is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawnbroking," said Martha Hownley to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable. You are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing

you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And, were you to leave 'The Grapes' to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish" —

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Mathew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits: if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious, alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Mathew; and your good education would not keep you — we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live, — but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity, — the small, low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but, in her heart of hearts, she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and, yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said, "Mathew, what *is* vampires?"

Mathew made no reply; so Martha — who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm, troubled as usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shrivelled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life — looked at Mathew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him? — but she would "manage him." It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own.

"Martha," he called at last in a loud voice, "I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft."

"I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent

workman; his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here," — such was Martha's answer.

"And more!" replied Mathew, "more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings — besides what he paid for."

"He's an honorable man, Mathew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six teaspoons and a sugar-tongs when I refused him brandy (he will have brandy). They must have belonged to his wife; for they had not P. C. on them, but E. — something: I forget what."

Mathew waxed wroth. "Have I not told you," he said, — "have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow, of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawnbroker to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it; but *that* is his fault, not mine."

"You said just now it *was yours*," said his sister sulkily.

"Is it a devil, or an angel, that prompts your words, Martha?" exclaimed Mathew impatiently; then, leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added, "But, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are."

Martha would talk: she looked upon a last word as a victory. "He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard if, with all my labor, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid as if I were a baby."

"I am sorely beset," murmured Mathew, closing the book with hasty violence, — "sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset," he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was "beset," — by *infirmity of purpose*, — that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of "good seed" will spring up and increase: if the soil be at all pro-

ductive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will forth, — *sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amidst the weight of earth, — a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping-scissors of a little heedless maid — creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upward* — becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight — strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing — at mid-day when man is toiling — at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty.

Yes: where good seed has been sown, there is always hope, that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing, — sooner or later it will fructify.

All homage to the good seed! — all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Mathew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business; perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped; perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around; perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement; perhaps a bold, true preacher of the Word, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee (for Mathew and Martha had endured the unsympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood), a little line, never to be forgotten, — a whisper, soft, low, enduring, — a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. Oh, what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the "Busy Bee:" but her bee had no wings; it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Mathew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was, struggling, but existing — biding its time to burst forth, to bud, and to blossom, and to bear fruit.

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Mathew so angry, that Martha wished she had never had any thing to do with them; but, instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Mathew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter: that was all.

Mathew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers, — nay, worse: he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he were mad. He replied, "No:" he was "regaining his senses." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone: he had been "worse" — that is, according to her reading of the word "worse" — before, — taken the "dumps" in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business "like a man."

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment "in kind:" even his wife's *last* shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty; and what possible use could Mrs. Peter have for it now, it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it, so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Mathew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did. Time passed on: Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. "Of course," she argued, "he will come to himself in due time."

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room, — it was, in fact, her watch-tower, — the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division: over this the sharp, observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say "Come in" at once: she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared, "Mathew made such a worry out of every little thing." The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain; and then she said, "Come in," in a penetrating, sharp voice, which was any thing but an invitation.

"I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to *lend* me a trifle on," said the ruined tradesman: "I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawnbroker; and, if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley: you know I can say that."

Peter Croft laid a Bible on the table, and, folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved "pictures;" she had taken to pieces a "Pilgrim's Progress," and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few colored caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference; while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon toward the screen. "Very well," she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do, — "very well: what did you say you wanted for it?" He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation on the table before him.

"Have you the heart, Miss Hownley," he said, while fingering, rather than counting, the money, — "have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?"

"If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price," she answered, with a light laugh; "and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE!"

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

"Oh, very well!" she said; "take it, — or leave it."

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money. "Another shilling, miss? *It will be in the till again before morning.*"

Martha gave him the other shilling, and, after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time the house was cleared; and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, among a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths, "waiting to be mended."

That night the master of "The Grapes" could not sleep. More than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally, entering the little bar-parlor, took his day-book from a shelf, and, placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves. But the top of the table would not shut; and, raising it to remove the obstruction, Mathew saw a large family Bible. Pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs: and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse; and he read, —

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure; and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th chapter of Galatians: "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"New and Old, New and Old," murmured Mathew to himself. "I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament." He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil. The fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family; the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders, wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol, — had stood in array before him as *social* crimes, as *social* dangers; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely; and, though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs, the 23d chapter: "For the *drunkard* and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." 1 Corinthians, 6th chapter, 10th verse: "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Again that awful threat!" murmured Mathew; "and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?"

1 Samuel, the 1st chapter: "And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Luke 21: "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares."

"Ay, THAT DAY," repeated the landlord, — "*that day*, — the day that *must* come."

Ephesians, 5th chapter: "And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Proverbs, 20th chapter: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is de-

ceived thereby is not wise." "*Woe to thee who selleth wine to thy neighbor, and mingleth strong drink to his destruction.*"

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room: no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the All-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself, "*Who* will counsel me in this matter? To whom shall I fly for sympathy? Who will tell me what I ought to do? How remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?" He had no friend to advise with, — none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake: but so it was that it occurred to him, "You have an immortal Friend; take counsel of Him, pray to Him, learn of him, trust Him; make His book your guide." And, opening the Bible, he read one other passage: "Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right;* for *that* shall bring a man peace at the last."

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name, Emma Hanby, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to Peter Croft!

"Emma Hanby," born in his native village, — the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school; by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows; for whom he had gathered flowers; whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile; whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since; whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call "Daddy," — was *she*, then, the wife — the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife — of the drunkard, Peter Croft? It seemed im-

possible, her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up, the refiner of his nature, the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city-air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this; this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that, if Peter Croft had not drunk at "The Grapes," he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse: and after an hour or more of earnest prayer with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Mathew, carrying with him the *drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards, — bleareyed, trembling, ghastly spectres, pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too, — drunkards, or drunkards' wives, in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, — hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Mathew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before, but he thought of and felt it then; and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor drunkard's Bible. Mathew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions, — the emotions of his early

and better nature; and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was, that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others, — to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration, of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated, "God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer, strengthened, and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed: —

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform: I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left: there it was, written in letters of light. I went down-stairs, I unlocked the street-door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front; and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters had been suddenly struck off. A sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to heaven. I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a 'respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral — perhaps

the eternal — deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had 'sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents, and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been! erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures; talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown, bouncing brandy could offer, all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled and rolled and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. 'Away they go!' I said: 'their power is past. They will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of delirium tremens through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away, away! Would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape, of the world!' As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved. The more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs, as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves

into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission. I would be a temperance missionary to the end of my days!"

And he kept his vow. He did all he could to repair the evil he had helped to encourage in poor Peter Croft's case, and lived and died reformed and a reformer.

The story is a noble one, and should be republished in full by the conductors of "Harper's Magazine." It will amply repay perusal.

I cannot be too thankful to Almighty God, that I have had the good fortune and the grace, in a humble way, to imitate the good example (if, alas! also the bad) of Mathew Hownley.

And I beg, I earnestly implore, the many really good-hearted but criminally careless men who are to-day in the ranks of the rum-sellers, to follow my example, just as I have followed Mathew Hownley's, and as we both have followed the teachings of true wisdom, practical morality, and the Holy Bible.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FURTHER DETAILS OF MY INIQUITIES AS A RUM-SELLER. — "FREE LUNCHES" DENOUNCED AND EXPOSED. — THE "CORDIAL" HUMBUG. — THE DECOY-BOTTLE. — THE STORY OF A DEBAUCH. — "THE NEW-YORK HOUSE." — RUM AND RUIN. — THE FATE OF RUM-SELLERS.

BUT, alas! I am not now writing of my reformation, but of my fall; not of the days in which I have been striving to do good, but of the days and nights in which I did evil, and that continually.

I was very wicked, and very cunning in my wickedness, in a low, small way. I did all I could to decoy my victims, and succeeded only too completely. I patronized all the latest devices to lead my customers into drinking. I had the latest novelties in the way of patent dice-boxes, "to throw for drinks." And I prided myself on the quality and quantity of the viands I displayed to tempt my customers at my "free lunch."

A few words here as to "free lunches." These are among the most dangerous devices of the arch-fiend of intemperance. They utilize one appetite to produce and assist the development of another. They give the glamour of a spurious liberality to the mercenary arts of the rum-seller. They delude the unthinking and the unwary. They are misnomers. They are styled "free," but there is nothing "free" about them. They are intended to be paid for — and dearly paid for — by the partakers thereof. They are either of a very common and cheap sort, — salted provisions, which incite to the thirst, which it is

designed to appease subsequently by liquor, — or, if they are of a higher grade, they are so served and hedged round with social etiquette and observances, as to cause the "free luncher" to feel under obligations to pay an exorbitant price for his drinks.

In some places, such as the far-famed Hoffman-house bar, the lunch consists of sugar-cured hams, potato or other salads, even chicken occasionally, etc. These are served on plates by a waiter, and are partaken of on finely polished tables. This lunch, thus served, is "free:" but at the luncher's side stands an attendant, who expects, and gives you to understand that he expects, your order for some drink, and this drink is charged to you at a tariff considerably in excess of the regular price of your drink. Whiskey which is sold to you at the bar, without the "free" lunch, for fifteen cents, is served to you with the "free" lunch, at twenty cents. The "freedom" of your lunch amounts, therefore, to just five cents, which in itself much more than covers the actual cost of your "free" lunch, in addition to absolutely forcing you to spend fifteen cents besides for the drink, on which the profit is again tremendous. Your "free" lunch, therefore, pays a double profit to the bar.

But, even in the cases where no direct advance is charged for the lunch, it leads directly to the purchasing of drinks which would not otherwise be purchased, and is thus very, though indirectly, profitable.

Some of the largest and most popular saloons in the large cities set quite an elaborate "free" lunch of soups and meats, and only charge ten cents for their drinks. And yet their proprietors make fortunes, showing conclusively how much "money" there is in the cursed "business."

I have calculated, that, on an average, ten "free lunches" will not consume over twenty-five cents' worth of provisions at

actual cost, an item which bears a very small proportion indeed to the money they expend in liquors and cigars.

I have also calculated, and I think I am correct in my calculations, that at least twice as many people are induced to drink by a "free" lunch as would otherwise be led to partake. So that, taken altogether, a free lunch is one of the most profitable, as it is popular, of rum-sellers' dodges.

Let a poor devil who really *needs* a lunch, try to get a *really* "free" lunch at one of these saloons, and see how he will fare. Let him eat and NOT drink, and see how he will be treated — or maltreated.

This whole "free-lunch" business is a delusion, a sham, and a snare; and, as "one who knows," I expose and protest against it.

And quite as pernicious a snare, and quite as thorough and paltry a shame, is the "cordial" dodge. "Bitters" so called, "tonics" and "cordials" so styled, are kept "in stock" in all the rum-shops; and men, who ought to know better, ease their consciences by partaking of these compounds, thinking, or pretending to think, that they are not, thereby, "drinking," — in the intoxicating or intemperate sense of that term.

And not a few men, and some women, partake freely of these cordials at their offices or homes, who claim to be "temperance" men and women. And yet all these "bitters," "cordials," tonics, and the like, contain a very large per cent of alcohol, and will as assuredly intoxicate as alcohol itself.

The imbiber of "bitters," etc., does but deceive himself, — if he does even that; he certainly does *not* deceive the world at large, which by this time has found out what these "bitters," etc., really are; he does but add the vice of hypocrisy or deceit to the vice of intemperance.

But, of course, I was not burdened with these reflections at the time of which I write: and I displayed a fine assortment

of "bitters," cordials, and the like, to my customers; though I seldom partook of them myself, preferring "to take my whiskey straight." All this time I drank heavily, of course; but, even in my drinking, I resorted to stratagem, — the usual rum-sellers' stratagem. I was asked, during an average day and night, to drink so often with my customers (invitations which, of course, I could not disregard in the way of "business"), that I would assuredly have been drunk all the time, and unable to attend to business, had I not resorted to the familiar "decoy-bottle" trick. I had a bottle of cider, or very diluted spirits, sometimes of colored lemonade, constantly on hand; which bottle was labelled whiskey or brandy, and passed as such. When invited to "drink," I would help myself from this bottle, helping my friend and patron from another bottle, and charging *both* drinks to him; thus combining pleasure, profit, and humbug.

I still retained, and, in fact, gained in, the personal "popularity" to which I have already alluded; and, even making allowances for the times when I resorted to my "decoy" bottle, I was one of the best, or worst, customers of my own bar. I paid my victims at least the poor compliment of often partaking with them the poison I offered to them. And occasionally I would neglect my saloon and its interests altogether for days at a time, trusting my business to my subordinates, and concentrating my energies on having a wild debauch with some boon companions.

Returning from one of these debauches, in the course of which I had visited the metropolis, and had not drawn a sober breath between New York and Boston, I found that several of my regular customers had, as it were, taken possession of my saloon; having, in friendly fashion, overpowered the bar-keeper I had left in charge, and literally "helped themselves."

I found bar-keeper and patrons alike in a state of intoxi-

cation; high carnival being in progress, — Satan's carnival. Some men were sleeping their liquor off on my sofas: others were stretched, rolling, upon the floor. At first I was inclined to be enraged with my bar-keeper, and cross with my customers, who had thus violated all the "customs" of saloon-life, "running the saloon themselves." But I was too "far gone" myself to find fault with others for being in a similar condition. So, after the first emotions of surprise and anger had passed, I entered into the spirit and spirits of the scene, and intensified the debauch and disorder instead of ending it.

I invited all hands to "make a night of it," a proposal which was hailed with yells of delight by all those who were still capable of comprehending it; and I must confess that I was myself somewhat surprised to find how many of those present *did* "comprehend" it thoroughly.

One man, whom I thought was buried in a drunken sleep upon the floor, heard my proposition, and awoke with amazing alacrity. I don't suppose that any other possible proposition would have awoke him then, but a proposition to drink more at somebody else's expense.

Another man, who had been tossing about on a lounge in a corner, and who, I thought, was in the last stage of debauch, immediately ceased tossing, and arose, and walked to the bar with alacrity, calling for a "free" drink, in practical indorsement of my proposition.

My suggestion was carried, as they say, *viva voce*, *nem. con.* So we *did* "have a night of it" indeed. Pouring out my best, and worst, for the delectation and destruction of my company, I led the way into the streets with a wild "hurrah," which was echoed by the crowd. We perpetrated all sorts of pranks, terrified decent people out of their wits, and had what is styled "a high old time" generally. One of our number conceived a deep, desperate attachment to a lamp-post, clung to it

closely and tenderly, and could not be torn from it. He kissed it with drunken fervor, called it "pet names," and, what I have never seen or heard done before or since, "*gave the lamp-post taffy*," — talked to the lamp-post just as a young man would to the girl he was courting on a Sunday night.

Longfellow says somewhere, "Affection never was wasted;" but then, Longfellow, poor fellow! had never seen a fellow making love to a lamp-post.

What became of us all that night I cannot, to this day, distinctly remember, but I do distinctly remember, to this hour, what a terrible headache I had next day, and how fearfully I paid for that debauch by shattered nerves and disordered system for days afterward.

From the date of this debauch I became demoralized; spree succeeded spree; I neglected my business, not only occasionally, but altogether, and soon was "ruined," not only as a man, but as a rum-seller.

I had no longer any saloon to keep, or rum to sell. On account of my excesses, I was compelled to give up business; or, rather, my business gave up *me*. And after a campaign of about six months against the pocket-books, health, and morals of my fellow-men, "Othello's occupation was gone," and I was a bankrupt, and once more without a business.

Had I now received my deserts, I would have been permitted, through my own wickedness and recklessness, to go from one excess into another, and to go down at last into a drunkard's grave; but, through the mercy of Providence, my evil career did not produce upon me a fatal result.

In this dark hour kind friends, far kinder than I deserved, gathered round me, taking pity upon one who had no pity for himself or others. My brothers still clung to me: a good home was even now placed at my disposal. Nay, my exceptional good luck went still farther: and although I had wasted,

as has been seen, one large sum of money placed at my command unexpectedly by one friend; yet I now came across still another party, who had faith in my business capacity, and who once more offered to start me in business. Other parties sustained my new, or, rather, my old, friend and well-wisher in his offer; and I found, that, with all my dissipations, I yet retained the confidence of a certain number of my fellow-men, who were willing to aid me by every means in their power. And, really, I could have been a good manager, and a successful business-man, had not that terrible blight of intemperance settled over me; but that destroyed all.

My kind friends determined to give me one more chance; and, more money being placed at my disposal, I opened a hotel. I leased the estate of the late Samuel Piper, Esq., the extensive coal-dealer of Boston, at 21 South Street in that city, and, fitting up the establishment as a hotel and restaurant, called it "The New-York House." The house was of only moderate size; but I made my calculations for profit upon my dining-room and restaurant, and my "meals" would have paid me had I properly attended to them and to business. But I opened a "sideboard" (another name for a "bar"), and soon became the most constant customer of that portion of the establishment.

At first my trade more than equalled the expectations of my friends: business was "rushing," and I employed a number of colored waiters. I made money from the very start, but, alas! my money did me more harm than good. I became careless, reckless, dissipated once more, and more than ever. Not only was my business "rushing," but I was "rushing" to perdition. I gave no attention to the affairs of the house, and frequently would stagger into the dining-room, at meal-times, in a maudlin condition. This misbehavior naturally offended my guests, and their number began to diminish,

while all discipline and comfort in the house were at an end.

Then I began to absent myself from the place, — took to "spreeing around," as it is termed, and made myself locally conspicuous by my excesses. Frequently I would start off from my house to do my daily marketing, leaving word with the steward or head-waiter that I would return in, say, an hour; as I then would really intend. But meeting, on the way to or from market, with some "boon" companion, whose society was the very reverse of a "boon" to me, we would begin to drink at the nearest bar-room, and would keep drinking, at bar-room after bar-room, all that day maybe, — all that day and night maybe, — and maybe for days and nights together.

Once, starting for market early one morning, I did not return to my place for nearly two weeks. I met some foolish friends, with time and money to waste; and we started on a debauch, which, beginning in Boston, was carried all the way to New York, where we remained the greater portion of the time.

What a fearful fortnight that was! With what regret and shame I look back upon it now! We were none of us sober all those long two weeks, and passed our time in sin of all descriptions. Within the two weeks we broke, either directly or indirectly, every one of the Ten Commandments. Beasts — self-made human beasts — that we were, we wallowed in the mire. And yet we were all full-grown men, — some even married men, with sons and daughters, — men whose wives spent the two weeks in sadly wondering and fearing what had become of their husbands.

At last we returned, but in what a condition! One of our party was suffering from an attack of delirium tremens. I myself was bordering on the same. It had been a debauch, and we had to pay the penalty. A debauch like this is one of the most expensive things on earth, for it costs more than any man

can afford to pay. From that debauch matters grew steadily, swiftly, worse and worse. I was going down hill now at railroad speed. My business decreased, and my dissipation increased. I was completely the slave of alcoholic liquor. My colored porter (Allen W. Sawyer, afterwards employed by Dr. Lighthill of Boston) was instructed to bring me brandy every morning before I arose from bed. I began the day, not with prayer, but brandy. What good could possibly come of a day thus horribly begun?

One morning my porter forgot to bring my liquor. I remained in bed for two hours, calling and cursing the delinquent. I was completely the slave of my depraved desire for strong drink. When at last the porter appeared, I met him with a volley of abuse. In fact, I abused everybody connected with me, as is generally the case with drinking-men. There is no such a creature as a "genial" hard-drinker.

Hard, constant drinking of alcoholic liquors so upsets the nervous system as to render the drinker, if not mad, morose; he becomes unduly, unnaturally irritable; he becomes, not only a pest to society, but a terror to his family and servants. Though, when in my normal condition, a really kind-hearted man, I became in my cups (and I was now always in my cups) almost a fiend in my ill-temper, as, I fear, my poor porter, Allen, who in his way was an honest, obliging fellow enough, could testify.

Meanwhile, as my health declined, and my temper grew worse, my pecuniary matters became more and more entangled. My creditors were numerous by this time, and waxed impatient. They put their claims into constables' hands to collect. The State police made my acquaintance as an impecunious debtor, — but a shade better than a defaulter. I could not meet my obligations. At last the end came, as could have been expected from such a beginning. The grand *finale* of my once prosper-

ous hotel was an auction-sale of the chattels contained therein. I was now literally houseless. I was turned out into the street. Nay, let me write the simple truth. I had turned myself out into the street. I had rendered myself homeless. Providence had given me opportunity after opportunity. Friend after friend had given me chance after chance, but in vain, — all in vain. Rum had proved stronger than Providence or friends.

Once more I began to realize that the way of the transgressor and rum-seller and rum-drinker is hard. I became a complete beggar. From comparative affluence I had sunk to extreme poverty, and in less than two years. All the money I had made by my cursed traffic in rum had done me no lasting good. It had gone, as it came, with a curse.

And here let me remark, that experience and observation have taught me that rum-sellers' money never comes to good. It curses too many to be blessed itself. I have yet to learn of a case in which a man who sold rum has reaped and kept a fortune under such circumstances as to benefit himself.

True, he often makes a fortune, but it is sooner or later wasted or lost. It never results in solid, lasting advantages to its possessor or his family. Even in the very, very few cases which serve as exceptions to prove this rule, it will be found that some terrible misfortune has accompanied the pecuniary benefits realized.

Of the five men, who are all the rum-sellers I have ever known or heard of who have kept the money they made, four have been cursed in ways unconnected with money, it is true, but in such ways as to render their money worthless. One of the five is a raving maniac in an asylum. Another is an imbecile. A third is afflicted with a terrible and incurable nervous disease, and the fourth has experienced every possible variety of domestic misfortune.

"There's a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

I was now another example of the truth I have just been stating and illustrating. Spite of all the money I had made by sin, I was now not only a sinner, but a pauper.

I had been poor before this, when, on my Western trip, I had scarcely managed to keep soul and body together; and it was rum had ruined me then. I had returned to the East once more, and had prospered, in a worldly point of view, for a season; but I was now again prostrated, and rum had ruined me again. Disgraced in Boston, I turned my rum-reddened eyes in the direction of New York. The railroad-pass business was now at an end with me. I had exhausted all my influence in that direction. But I managed to borrow ten dollars from a friend (the last of the friends I had left in Boston), and with that money purchased a ticket for New York.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BROKEN PROMISE AND A BROKEN-HEARTED BROTHER. — LIQUOR BRINGS ITS REVENGE. — THE HORRORS OF MANIA A POTU, OR DELIRIUM TREMENS. — SOME CURIOUS AND STARTLING FACTS. — HOW I FELT AND WHAT I SUFFERED. — MY ADVENTURES AND FOLLIES. — I BECAME "A TRAMP." — STATION-HOUSE LODGERS AND REVOLVERS.

New York once more. The wheel of fortune had turned around; and again I was a castaway in a great city, alone, — a wanderer over the face of the earth. But I did not repent me of my folly: my time for true repentance had not yet come. I only drank. I did not think. And will it be believed? I absolutely spent the greater part of the balance of the ten dollars loaned me to come to New York on, — the only money I had in the world just then, — *in rum.*

Then, with only two dollars between me and starvation, I went round, in a mechanical sort of a way, seeking employment. But by this time being well known to be a confirmed drunkard, and bearing the evidences of my bad habits with me in my general appearance, and my breath, I failed, and was reduced to literally my last dollar, soon to my last half-dollar; and a half-dollar does not go very far in New York.

Had I been punished as I richly deserved, I would have been, at this crisis of my fate, abandoned by the kind Providence that had hitherto watched over me, and allowed to drain the cup of misery and starvation to its dregs. But yet another chance was to be offered to me, and abused by me.

At this time, when every penny was valuable to me, nay,

vital, I received, in the most unexpected manner, from a party I most unexpectedly met, a hundred dollars. And then my dear, good brother William, at my urgent solicitation, knowing that I understood thoroughly the restaurant business, and having faith in the promises I now made to attend to it, loaned me some money himself, and borrowed some more money for my use from others; and thus once more I had a start in life. My brother had solemnly exacted from me a pledge, before he let me have the money, that under no circumstances would I hereafter touch liquor, or sell it. I gave the required pledge, and, to do myself but justice, gave it in good faith. At the time I really never intended — just then — ever to taste or deal in rum again.

My brother had faith in my word, and joyfully assisted me to start on a new career of industry and sobriety. What with some cash and some credit, I obtained quite a stock of goods and furniture, and opened a restaurant at 144 Bleecker Street. This restaurant I christened "The St. Lawrence," in honor of the noble river on whose banks I first saw the light of day. And for a time the establishment did well, and promised to do better. Alas! it probably would have fulfilled its promise better than I kept mine.

For in an evil, ill-omened hour, I deceived my noble, generous, confiding brother. I listened to the bad advice of a dissolute companion, and introduced liquor on my premises, first secretly, then openly, as an article of traffic. In short, my restaurant became, what too many restaurants already are, a drinking-saloon, a cursed rum-shop.

The fatal consequences of this foolish and vile course of procedure soon became apparent, chiefly in my own person. As usual, I became the most frequent and steady customer of my own bar; and the same evil results followed that had attended me before. I took to hard drinking. My place became

a resort for hard drinkers. I was seen, in business hours and in business places, drunk.

The news reached the ears, and was brought before the very eyes, of my creditors, — of the parties who, on my own and my brother's representations of my sobriety, had let me have goods or furniture. Finding themselves deceived, the parties who still owned the goods (as I had not paid for them), and the furniture-dealers, came, and took their property away. In less than three weeks after its opening, my restaurant, or saloon, was closed. Such was the end of my third, and, as it proved, my last, rum-shop. And I now thank Heaven that it ended so. It was fitting that all such undertakings should terminate in bringing upon themselves, what they bring upon others, — disaster.

But, alas! my kind, my trusting, my deceived, brother, he suffered through my folly and sin, he was blamed by those to whom he had made pledges for me; and, worst of all, he was grieved to the heart, alike at my intemperance and my deceit. Poor fellow! he had trusted me so, and had hoped in me so. And now —

Poor, dear, kind-hearted, truly Christian brother! he was brought to his bed by combined chagrin, anxiety, and disappointment. He had not been in robust health for some time, and his trouble intensified his physical complaints. He was taken with a severe attack of low typhoid fever, and for a while serious consequences were anticipated. A very serious consequence, indeed, did follow. Being, through grief and sickness, unable to attend to his business, another person was employed to do his necessary work; and thus my ever temperate brother, through his devotion to a drunkard, lost his place.

It is one of the special curses of intemperance, to bring sorrow upon the innocent as well as guilty. Those who do *not* drink must suffer with those who *do*. The drunkard's wife and

the drunkard's children are punished even more than the drunkard: they have the shame and poverty and care to bear, without experiencing the temporary exhilaration and excitement. My poor brother was paying the penalty of my sins.

But he was avenged. For the sight of his sickness, and the reflection that his misfortunes were caused by my worthlessness, and the dark thoughts which now crowded upon me, as I saw now what a rogue and fool alike I had been, under the damning influence of drink, drove me, alas, alas! to drink the more.

Strange, and terrible as strange, that drunkards should be unconsciously such confirmed *homœopaths*. It is the cardinal doctrine of homœopathy, that like cures like, that what causes a disease can cure it; and, with liquor, the drinking-man seems to act upon this principle. Rum leads him to sorrow, and sorrow leads him back to rum, in a species of endless chain of luckless destiny. In his case this homœopathy of rum is a horrible mistake. I found it so; for now the liquor, which had time and time again brought me to poverty and disgrace, brought me at last to that horror of horrors, called *mania a potu*, or delirium tremens.

This term is of unfortunately frequent occurrence. It is seen constantly in print nowadays. But few, save those who have suffered from it, ever even faintly realize all that it implies.

I would to Heaven that I had the genius of a Dickens or a Victor Hugo. For in that case I would pen-paint, as only a Dickens or a Hugo could, the terrors of delirium tremens; although I firmly believe, that even those great men, or men equally great, would fail to adequately describe its fearful agonies, unless they themselves had previously suffered them in their own persons.

In many things, in most things, in this life, exaggeration is possible, and in most cases does more harm than good. But believe me, dear reader, in the case of *mania a potu* exaggera-

tion is simply impossible, and entirely out of the question. I have read various descriptions of it in romances, temperance books, and medical journals; but I have never yet read any thing that conveys faithfully its horrors. I have even witnessed an attempt to depict its agonies on the stage, — an attempt made by a very clever actor; but it fell far short of the reality.

Oh! if this book of mine should fail of every other effect upon every other man, woman, or child, save the one effect of keeping one human being free of delirium tremens, I would gladly feel that it had not been written in vain.

It is recorded of a certain man, that he had been for years an infidel, and had been particularly merry at the expense of the orthodox idea of a place of torment. He had scoffed at the possibility of a hell, and had regarded his half-dozen or so arguments against its existence as unanswerable. But one time he suffered from an attack of delirium tremens; and, from the date of his recovery from this attack, he became a firm advocate of Calvinism, and was one of the stanchest believers in the possibility, nay, the actuality, of a hell. And he used to say, on the subject being alluded to, that he had the strongest possible reason for his change of belief; for he was wont to remark, alluding to his sufferings in delirium tremens, "I have been in hell already."

True, this tremens is "only a nervous" disorder: true, its horrors exist only in the "imagination" of the sufferer. But all this is merely a verbal description, a definition of a fact: it does not alter or affect the fact itself in the slightest. The mere explanation, that the tortures of *mania a potu* are self-caused, are created by the very creature's acts who suffers from them, does not change the quality or the quantity of these tortures.

As a rule, the delirium tremens is immediately preceded by an attack of what is familiarly and forcibly styled "the hor-

rors." There never was a more appropriate name, — horrors unutterable, the horror of horrors. There is no pain, no physical pain, accompanying these "horrors." They are only a depression of all the vital forces at once, — a depression of all the nervous, intellectual, and spiritual forces, an intense feebleness and hopelessness and helplessness, a shrinking at, a loathing of, every thing and everybody, especially one's own self. A most "horrible" state indeed, which often impels the sinning sufferer to suicide.

But these "horrors" are but the prelude to the terrors of delirium. Bad as they are, they are only a negative state; whereas, in delirium itself, the terrors are active, abnormally, awfully positive.

The stomach of the sufferer has become by this time coated with, or, rather, the coat of the stomach has been burned away by, alcohol; he cannot eat; he has lost all desire for food; he cannot retain food in his stomach; while his poor, heated brain becomes abnormally, awfully active.

The poor victim of alcoholic drink cannot find rest, even in sleep; he cannot sleep; he is as wide awake at midnight as at mid-day; he is restless, — abnormally, awfully restless; he cannot keep still; his muscles are twitching ceaselessly; his body is as wildly active in a diseased way as his mind; he talks incessantly.

And at last he goes alcohol-mad, liquor-insane. This alcohol-madness, this liquor-insanity, constitutes delirium tremens.

During this madness the appearance of the sufferer is frightful. His eyes glare wildly, his body quivers, his hands tremble, his legs writhe. He is in a constant state of agitation, or shaking: hence the vulgar but expressive term applied to the fearful phenomenon, "the shakes."

But his inward state is far more fearful than its outward manifestations. He literally suffers the agonies of the dammed.

That phrase sums up the situation. I could say no more if I used words for a week.

Some years ago an artist died in the city of Philadelphia from an attack of *mania a potu*. In the earlier stage of his attack, before he became utterly unmanageable, he seized his brush and canvas, and depicted some of the awful objects which filled his sphere of vision. That canvas is now in the possession of a physician in Philadelphia, and far surpasses in sublimity of agony and terror any illustration of Dante's "Inferno" or "Paradise Lost" by Gustave Doré.

A writer for the public press, a New-York journalist, was once self-driven to delirium tremens. After his recovery he wrote an article descriptive of the vagaries of his imagination during his delirium. In his article he says, "When I stretched myself on my bed, and closed my eyes, and willed, with all my power of will, to sleep, lo! I would feel myself dragged down — down — down — to infinite depths of utter darkness at infinite speed. Then, when I raised myself on my bed, and sat wide awake, lo! I would feel myself lifted upwards, carried up — up — up — into space, as it were, by the hands of fiends, with devilish rapidity; and, whether I was rising or falling, I would see, — I would be compelled to see, — ever rising or falling with me, and ever hissing in my ears, and ever darting before my eyes, a hideous snake, which never left me for three days and nights, which seemed three eternities of torture." After such an experience as this, is it any wonder that the journalist, when he came to his senses, abjured liquor, as a cursed thing, forever. And would to God that all who have sinned and suffered like him would, like him, abjure forever after the cursed cause of their sins and sufferings!

But — and perhaps this is the most terrible fact about delirium tremens — men have been known to recover from the effects of an attack of *mania a potu*, and yet deliberately set to work —

or to drink — to invite and bring on another attack. Is this sheer deviltry, or absolute insanity, or both?

Alas! I have been in my own person an example of this "sheer deviltry" and "absolute insanity" combined; for, as the reader will see, I have at different periods of my career been a self-devoted victim to the unutterable horrors of delirium tremens.

This, my first attack, was very severe. As I lay in my bed I saw horrid, scowling faces of lions, tigers, and bears on the walls of my room. I was surrounded day and night by a visionary menagerie more extensive and more varied and more fierce than Barnum's; for, in my case, the *wild beasts were loose, and had no keepers.*

And ever and anon, amid the howling, raging beasts, would appear the form of some blood-red devil, crying out, — I heard the words distinctly: I can hear them in my memory yet, — "Drink rum, and die, you scoundrel!" Then the blood-red demon would gaze at me with an infernal sneer, that would have made the fame and fortune of any Mephistopheles upon the stage. And then he would vanish, only to be succeeded by some other more infernal monster. And I, poor I! would shrink and shudder with an anguish that can never be told before their burning gaze. Yes, there was a hell. Hell was around me, and I was in it. The cold sweat would start from every pore, and I would vainly but fervently pray for death. And yet I lived, ay, lived to deliberately resuffer these horrors, and re-create them.

God have mercy on us! We are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made.

At last I recovered from my delirium, though with broken health and shattered nervous system, and once more faced the material necessities of life and poverty.

And once more the ever-bountiful Providence, which had

so generously given me opportunity after opportunity which I had wasted, allowed me one opportunity the more.

A kind friend, who had aided me pecuniarily in Boston, now came to my help here in New York, and loaned me money wherewith to sublet a furnished house at 27 West Fourth Street, next door to the private office of the famous Commodore Vanderbilt, whom I occasionally saw entering or leaving his office. I envied the sturdy old commodore his wealth, but even more I envied him his health; forgetting that the health, as well as the wealth, was but the natural result of the veteran's constant and undeviating attention, alike to the laws of business and the body. Whatever else he was or was not, it will not be denied that Commodore Vanderbilt was always "good to himself." All the Vanderbilts are famous for being "good to themselves." But a drunkard never can be "good to himself" or to anybody else.

For a period, while the awful experience of my delirium was still fresh upon me, I refrained from drink, and really tried to attend to business. But the scheme of subletting the furnished house in Fourth Street did not prove remunerative. So I changed my locality, and with the aid of the kind friend, who still adhered to me, hired another furnished house at 130 Adams Street, Brooklyn.

Would you believe it? Alas! who would believe it, excepting those who know what intemperance is, and human nature? By this time I had forced myself to forget temporarily the horrors of *mania a potu*, and had taken to drinking heavily again.

The inevitable result followed. The house in Brooklyn had to be given up in less than a month; and I was literally "in the street" again, having lost all my chances and all my friends. A man cannot go on having chances and spoiling them, having friends and abusing their friendship, forever. This was my

last speculation. I had no further chances or friends or cash or credit to speculate with now. To use the common expression, "I had come to the end of my rope." Perhaps the horrors of the extreme poverty I now experienced saved me from the even worse horrors of another attack of *mania a potu*, a second case of which I would probably have experienced if I had had money or credit enough now to get at the liquor. But, although perforce saved from the terrors of delirium, I came very near to undergoing the terrors of absolute starvation. I passed many a day without tasting food, save a stray bite now and then, such as a wandering dog might procure prowling around the streets. Indeed, just at this time I was more like a dog than a human being. I had acted like a beast, and it was but just that I should be treated as a beast.

Oh the agonies and oh the shame of this terrible period of my life! This homeless, friendless, moneyless, hopeless, period of my career! All day long I tramped, tramped, tramped, without a purpose in tramping; and all night long I tramped, tramped, tramped, because I had nowhere to go except the station-houses; and even my tramp's soul revolted at sleeping in them with the wretches that used them as a night's resort.

I had applied once to a station-house for shelter: but, after undergoing a terribly humiliating questioning by the police-official, I found myself herded with such a set of foul and filthy wretches, — as foul in mind as filthy in body, — that I got up from the floor on which I had thrown myself for a short sleep, necessitated by the fatigues I had experienced (it was my first sleep for forty-eight hours), and walked away, out into the wet night; preferring the inclement weather to the human race, or such a portion of it as slept in the station-houses.

Night-life in a station-house or police-station is a prominent, or at least striking, feature of city existence, especially of New-

York city-life. As a journalist remarked in an elaborate article on this subject, "This variety of existence illustrates some of the most tragic and some of the most comic features imaginable;" and he is correct. I have subsequently examined curiously the records of some of the station-houses, and have found the particulars, among others, of the following cases. They will fully illustrate the subject, and will point the moral, — the ever old, the ever new, moral, — that the love of liquor, even more than the love of money, is the root of all evil.

An old woman by the name of Carson, seventy-two years of age, with gray hair, but comparatively hale and hearty, has been frequently arrested at the request of her own son, and brought to the station. She was constantly roaming the streets as a vagrant, obtaining money, getting drunk with it, and then coming home, and beating her husband, who was partially insane. The old woman resisted the officers of the law with all her might, and was obliged to be carried to her cell by the main force and joint efforts of three policemen; her son standing by and looking on all the while. This unfortunate was the mother of ten children, and was, when sober, a respectable personage; but then, she was seldom sober.

Another sad case was that of Susan Anthony (no connection whatever of, or relation to, the distinguished Susan B. Anthony), a young and rather pretty female, who is in the habit of indulging in periodical spells of vagrancy. During these "attacks" she invariably becomes grossly intoxicated, and then goes home to her mother, a quiet, timid old lady, abuses her dreadfully, and even threatening her life. She has been taken to the station-house repeatedly, and at last was sent to the Island.

Among the "funny" cases recorded is that of a notorious female beggar and vagrant, who was arrested for drunkenness, and taken to the station-house. She remained there for several days and nights; and though she was thoroughly searched, and no bottle with liquor of any description found in her possession, and although no spirits were allowed to reach her from any outside source whatever, still the

woman remained as drunk as when she was first arrested: or, if there was any change in her condition, it was that she was drunker than ever. Who could explain the mystery? Certainly, the police could not. Was this a new and inexplicable spiritual phenomenon? Who could tell? A dozen hypothesis were started; but there was only one thing certain, and that was the fact of the woman's seemingly endless drunkenness. At last a light dawned: a brilliant idea flashed across the brain of the sergeant of the ward. He called a woman to his aid, and suggested his idea. The female friend assumed the task proposed. She proceeded, not only to search thoroughly the clothes of the drunken creature (which had been previously attempted), but to strip her entirely, and examine her person; and then, and not till then, was the mystery explained. A gin-bottle, now nearly empty, was found suspended from her waist by a string, which had been, during the search by the officers, concealed between her limbs, and had thus escaped detection. The bottle being removed, its owner soon recovered.

Another case to which we can but briefly allude is, that one of the most eminent physicians of this city, who, though enjoying a lucrative practice, indulges in liquor to excess, and has often been found lying in the street-gutters late at night, and been arrested as a vagrant. One morning, after passing a night in the station-house, the doctor, who was then unknown to the officers, having been taken in his torn and muddy clothes to the magistrate, fined and reprimanded, was discharged. Going from the court-room, he saw a carriage with a coachman in livery, and two fashionably dressed ladies within it. Without more ado, the doctor walked to the carriage, and endeavored to get into it. The policeman, astonished, endeavored to prevent him, when lo and behold! to the policeman's unutterable surprise, the ladies sweetly smiled upon the supposed vagrant; and the liveried coachman informed the officer "that it was all right." This was the doctor's carriage, and that was the doctor.

A great number of the beggars are vagrants, and lodge regularly in the station-houses. When asked for their names, they generally give fictitious ones; and, when requested to state where they live,

they do not say, what is the truth, that they have no home (for in this case they would be liable to arrest as vagrants, and would be sent to the Island), but answer that they live in Brooklyn, or Hoboken, or some kindred locality, which is too distant to reach that night, and so forth. They are searched before being taken to the sleeping apartments, but they often contrive to secrete spirits or tobacco; and, as they are almost without exception dirty and diseased, they are a very disagreeable addition to any house whatever, even though it be but a station-house. Committing them as vagrants does no good whatever; for the Island and the Almshouse are so full that they cannot be there accommodated, and so they return after a few days' commitment to their old round of the stations. But there is one matter I would respectfully suggest to the proper city authorities; and this is, the erection of suitable buildings for the accommodation of vagrants outside of the limits of the station-houses; so that the regular members of the police-force — a respectable class of men — shall not be compelled to live in such unpleasant proximity to the very vilest of the refuse of New York.

There are depths even in absolute degradation and wretchedness; and I feel grateful, that, even amid all the shames and sorrows of the time of which I write, I never sunk so low as to become a regular station-house lodger, a "revolver" as it is called, — a human "revolver," — a so-called human being "revolving" at nights from one station-house to another.

But Heaven knows I was low enough; my only hope being, to watch for a chance to do some "chores" for a bite of cold meat or bread, or, alas! to sweep out some cheap groggery for a glass of rum.

This sort of thing could not have lasted much longer with me. Fatigue, famine, and exposure would, in a few days and nights more, have finished me, when I stumbled across some men who had known me in my prosperity; and the contrast between my appearance now and my appearance then struck

them so forcibly, that, taking care of me temporarily, and consulting with my relatives, it was finally determined to send me to the Inebriate Asylum on Ward's Island, a plan to which I heartily assented. I did not expect to be really cured of my desire for liquor. I did not even, so degraded had I become, desire to be cured of my desire. But at least I would have food and shelter. I would not be a vagrant and a tramp any longer. So I gladly accepted the kind offer of my former friends and associates, and pretended the necessary contrition for the past, and the expected determination to reform in the future. And having been applied for under a fictitious name, — the only time I ever accepted a fictitious name, save when I visited pawn-shops, — and a month's pay having been handed over for my board in advance, I found myself an inmate of the Inebriate Asylum "on the Island."

CHAPTER XXV.

"ON THE ISLAND." — THE PENITENTIARY. — THE ALMSHOUSE AND THE HOUSE OF REFUGE. — "RUM DOES IT." — LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM. — "ISLAND" NOTORIETIES. — A VAIN ATTEMPT TO CURE THE DRINKING-HABIT. — NEW YORK AND RUM ONCE MORE.

"THE Islands," used in the New-York-municipality's meaning of the words, embrace some of the finest portions of that vast collection and aggregation of land, buildings, and humanity known as New York. Had the original owners of "the Islands," Ward, Randall, etc., after whom they are named, been gifted with what the Germans style "far sight," they never would have parted with their lands at the comparatively small prices which they did. And, had the city of New York been truly wise, it would never have surrendered its fairest possessions to the exclusive use of paupers, criminals, inebriates, and lunatics. Think what those islands would have been worth, cash down, to the Wards and Randalls to-day. Think what a magnificent series of public parks these islands would have formed. And yet perhaps it is a fortunate dispensation of Providence, that the "poor devils" of the New-York community are permitted, under the existing order of things, to enjoy the unrivalled location of these islands; for it is about the only thing left them to enjoy.

The three islands, Blackwell's, Ward's and Randall's, in the East River, are among the most justly noticeable features of the metropolis, and offer many attractions to the visitor, as well as present much material for the thoughtful observer.

One of the buildings on Blackwell's Island is the most beneficently terrible place in America. I allude to the small-pox hospital. While the charity hospital is one of the largest and best-conducted institutions in the world, one of the many charities which constitute the true boast of New York. And back of this magnificent charity hospital stands that gloomy and massive structure, the New-York Penitentiary, where, alas! although there are many sinners and sufferers, I fear there are but few "penitents."

The prisoners in the penitentiary are divided into classes, according to their offences, and, though amenable to the same laws and discipline, work in separate gangs, and mess separately. They are under the control of heavily armed keepers, whose will is indeed law. At six o'clock the prisoners are paraded to roll-call. At half-past six they have their "breakfast" of dry bread and a bowl of coffee; and then they are portioned off to a day's hard toil, — some to the blacksmith's, carpenter's, tailor's, and weaver's shops; some to labor in the gardens and fields, and the rest to the quarries; the female prisoners being occupied in the sewing-room, in the brush-manufactory, in washing clothes, or in scrubbing and chamber-work. The majority of the prisoners are committed for assault and battery or for larceny, for terms varying from one month to four years. The drunkards, vagrants, and disorderly characters, are sent to the workhouse; while those committed for graver offences are destined for Sing-Sing prison. About one-third of the prisoners at the penitentiary are of Irish extraction; not over one-tenth are German, and all, almost without exception, are drinking, heavily drinking men. There are vastly more male than female prisoners, and most of the male prisoners are young. There is one fact, in this connection, highly suggestive to the housekeepers of New York, — three-fourths of the female prisoners are, or were, domestics, house-servants.

At twelve o'clock the prisoners "dine" on a can of soup, a plate of meat, and ten ounces of bread. At five they have what serves for supper; and at six — or five-thirty — they are locked in their narrow cells for the night. These cells are comparatively clean, but positively small, — too small for any human being, even if a prisoner, to pass half his time in them.

On Sundays the men and women are confined in their cells all day, save when led to chapel. Their Sundays are the only idle and the most lonely and dismal days of the week, and they consequently hate the very name of Sunday. Is there not something wrong in a system like this?

The convicts have absolutely no privileges whatever. Their lives have but three elements, — hard work; harder loneliness; and, hardest of all, monotony.

One text is practically carried out in this institution: "The way of the transgressor is hard." But is there not a better motto than this, which should be likewise practically illustrated? — "*It is never too late to mend.*"

Beyond the penitentiary stretch the almshouses. They are highly spoken of, officially at least. No such horrors have ever been perpetrated in them as Gov. Gen. Butler has unearthed at Tewksbury.

Attached to the almshouses are the hospitals for incurables, fine institutions of their peculiar kind.

Connected with the almshouse management is the bureau for the relief of the outdoor poor, which conducts its truly benevolent and well-organized operations through the entire city of New York.

In the rear of the almshouse is the workhouse, about as nearly perfect of its sort as can well be attained to in this world. But the statistics connected with it are simply frightful. Think of it. About twenty thousand persons are committed to this workhouse every year, ten days being the aver-

age term of commitment. Comparatively few committed are of American birth. The majority are Irish and German, and *drunkenness is by far the chief cause* of their commitment.

Yes, rum does it. Rum sends over eighteen thousand of the twenty thousand to the workhouse. And it is rum that chiefly serves to keep the penitentiary full. As in New York, so in London, so in Paris, so in Boston, so in Philadelphia, so everywhere else. It is rum, rum, rum, that fills the almshouses, asylums, jails. It is rum, rum, rum, that makes men fools and knaves. It is rum, rum, rum, that renders them idle, dissolute, worthless, vicious, criminal, wretched. It is rum that has always done it, it is rum that is doing it. And it is rum that will continue to do it till there are no more rum-drinkers and rum-sellers.

On Randall's Island stands the House of Refuge, — a very handsome series of edifices, in the Italian style of architecture.

The commissioners of public charities and correction, in one of their recent reports, made the startling announcement, that there are no less than sixty thousand children in the city of New York growing up in ignorance and idleness. These children, influenced from their cradles by the most terrible surroundings, have no alternative but to become beggars and thieves almost as soon as they can run alone. Thousands of them are orphans, or perhaps worse; for they are often the children of parents, who, ignoring the laws of nature, use them for the purpose of furthering their own vicious ends. They live principally in a neighborhood which abounds in lodging-houses for sailors, the lowest class of liquor-stores, dancing and concert rooms, and various other low places of amusement, — a neighborhood swarming with brothels, whose wretched inmates are permitted to flaunt their sin and finery, and ply their hateful trade openly, by day and night; where at midnight the quarrels, fights, and disturbances are so noisy and so frequent that none can hope for a night's rest until they are inured by habit; where, night after night, they witness

the most desperate encounters between drunken men and women, kicking, biting, and tearing one another's hair out, as they roll together in the gutter, or, as is too often the case, using deadly weapons; and where the crowd, instead of interfering to stop these awful scenes, stand by in a brutal enjoyment of them, abetting and encouraging the principal actors therein. And their homes, what are they? Their fathers, often out of work, are unable to support their families; their clothes, their bedding, their furniture, all gone to the pawn-shop; father, mother, and children are often compelled to sleep on the bare boards, huddling close together for warmth in one ill-built, ill-ventilated room. Amid their misery, this neglect of the common decencies of life, this unblushing effrontery of reckless vice and crime, what chance have these poor, unhappy little children of becoming decent members of society? They are sickly from the want of proper nourishment, vicious from example, ignorant because they do not care to learn, and their parents take no trouble to compel them to do so, and must inevitably grow up, only to swell the already fearful sum-total of our criminal population. At ten the boys are said to be thieves: at fifteen the girls are said to be all prostitutes.

A system of State reformatories and State apprenticeships on an extensive scale is the only way of grappling with this terrible state of things. Such institutions as the House of Refuge on Randall's Island have done and are doing much, but a dozen such institutions might be established with advantage in the State of New York alone. On Randall's Island the young criminal has the opportunity of acquiring regular habits, and learning a useful trade. They are subject to a humane, though strict discipline; and a very large percentage, especially of the boys, do undoubtedly become reformed. This reformatory, a wise combination of school and prison, can accommodate one thousand inmates. There are at present about eight hundred boys and one hundred and fifty girls on the register. The boys' building is divided into two compartments: the first division, in the one, is thus entirely separated from the second division, in the other compartment. The second division is composed of those whose

characters are decidedly bad, or whose offence was great. A boy may, by good conduct, however, get promoted from the second into the first division. As a rule, the second division are much older than the first. Each division is divided into four grades. Every boy on entering the Reformatory is placed in the third grade; if he behaves well, he is placed in the second in a week, and a month after in the first grade; if he continues in a satisfactory course for three months, he is placed in the grade of honor, and wears a badge on his breast. Every boy in the first division must remain six months, in the second division twelve months in the first grade, before he can be indentured to any trade. These two divisions are under the charge of twenty-five teachers and twenty-five guards. At half-past six o'clock the cells are all unlocked; every one reports himself to the overseer, and then goes to the lavatories; at seven, after parading, they are marched to the schoolrooms, to join in religious exercises for half an hour; at half-past seven they have breakfast, and at eight are told off to the work-shops, where they remain till twelve, when they again parade, previous to going to dinner. For dinner they have a large plate of excellent soup, a small portion of meat, a small loaf of bread, and a mug of water. At one o'clock they return to their work. When they have completed their allotted task they are allowed to play till four, when they have supper. At half-past four they go to school, where they remain till eight o'clock, the time for going to bed. Each boy has a separate cell, which is locked and barred at night. The cells are in long, lofty, well-ventilated corridors; each corridor containing one hundred cells. The doors of the cells are all grated, in order that the boys may have light and air, and also be under the direct supervision of the officers, who, though very strict, apparently know well how to temper strictness with kindness. Before going to bed, half an hour is again devoted to religious exercises, singing hymns, reading the Bible, etc. There is a large chapel, where the services are conducted on Sunday; the girls having the gallery to themselves. There is, however, no Catholic service. This, surely, is not right. At the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island they have service once a month for the Catholics. Of the six hundred and

eighty-two children committed from the courts during the year 1867, no less than four hundred and fourteen were Irish; and, in all probability, a large proportion of these were Roman Catholics. Institutions of this character should certainly be made as unsectarian as possible.

One of the most interesting, and, at the same time, one of the most important, features of the Refuge, is the workshop. On entering the shop, the visitor is amused by finding a lot of little urchins occupied in making ladies' hoop-skirts of the latest fashionable design. Nearly a hundred are engaged in the crinoline department. In the same long room, about fifty are weaving wire for sifting cotton, making wire sieves, rat-traps, gridirons, flower-baskets, cattle-noses, etc. The principal work, however, is carried on in the boot and shoe department. The labor of the boys is let out to contractors, who supply their own foremen to teach the boys and superintend the work: but the society have their own men to keep order, and correct the boys when necessary; the contractors' men not being allowed to interfere with them in any way whatever. There are five hundred and ninety boys in this department. They manage, on an average, to turn out about twenty-five hundred pairs of boots and shoes daily, which are mostly shipped to the Southern States. Each one has a certain amount of work allotted to him in the morning, which he is bound to complete before four o'clock in the afternoon. Some are quicker and more industrious than others, and will get their work done by two o'clock; this gives two hours' play to those in the first division: the second division have to go to school, when they have finished, till three o'clock; they being allowed one hour only for recreation. The authorities are very anxious to make arrangements to have a government vessel stationed off the island, to be used as a training-ship for the most adventurous spirits. If this design is carried out, it will be a very valuable adjunct to the working of the institution, and will enable the directors to take in many more boys, without incurring the expense of extending the present buildings. The girls are also employed in making hoop-skirts, in making clothes for themselves and the boys, in all sorts of repairing, in washing linen, and in general housework. The girls are generally less tracta-

ble than the boys: perhaps this is accounted for by their being older, some of them being as much as five or six and twenty. The boys average about thirteen or fourteen, the girls seventeen or eighteen, years of age. Nearly two-thirds of the boys have been boot-blacks, the remainder mostly what are technically known as "wharf-rats." Some of them are now in the house for the third time. One, a lad only fifteen years of age, has passed one year in a juvenile asylum, four years in a reformatory, and is now at Randall's Island. Another has been three times convicted of horse-stealing. He would, late at night, ask permission to sleep in a stable. He is a complete cripple, and by attracting sympathy his request was often granted. When every one had left the place he would quietly open the door, and lead out the horses. On each occasion that he was convicted he managed to get off with three horses. Another little fellow, only six years old, with a chum, broke into a pipe-store, and stole a hundred and fifty meerschaum pipes: he was, however, detected while trying to dispose of them. There is a colored lad, about eighteen, who is very amusing. He is a great orator, and addresses the others on all subjects, both general and political. On one occasion, when the principal ventured to ask him whom he had adopted as his model for speaking, he grandly replied, "I will have you to know, sir, that I am no servile imitator." Some of the boys cannot overcome their thieving propensities, but will, even in the Refuge, purloin things that can be of no earthly use to them, if they get the chance. They are very quick and expert. Only a few days ago one of the boys fell down in a fit in the schoolroom. Some of the others assisted the teacher to carry him into the open air. The poor fellow had a collection of knick-knacks in one pocket, and about twenty penny-pieces in the other; but, during the moment that passed in carrying him out, both pockets were emptied. The directors of the House of Refuge, while having a due regard for the well-being of its inmates, very properly take care that they are not so comfortable or so well fed as to lead them to remain longer in the reformatory than necessary. As soon as the boys appear to be really reformed, they are indentured out to farmers and different trades. In the year 1867 no less than

six hundred and thirty-three boys and a hundred and forty-six girls were started in life in this way. Any person wishing to have a child indentured to him, has to make a formal application to the committee to that effect, at the same time giving references as to character, etc. Inquiries are made; and, if satisfactorily answered, the child is handed over to his custody; the applicant engaging to feed, clothe, and educate his young apprentice. The boy's new master has to forward a written report to the officer, as to his health and general behavior from time to time. If the boy does not do well, he is sent back to the Refuge, and remains there till he is twenty-one years of age. Most of the children, however, get on; and many of them have made for themselves respectable positions in society. The annals of the society in this respect are very gratifying and interesting. Many young men never lose sight of a refuge which rescued them in time from a criminal life, and to which they owe almost their very existence. Instead of alternating between the purlieus of Water Street and Sing Sing, they are, many of them, in a fair way to make a fortune. One young man who was brought up there, and is now thriving, lately called at the office to make arrangements for placing his two younger brothers in the house; they having got into bad company since their father's death. A very remarkable occurrence took place at the institution not long ago. A gentleman and his wife, apparently occupying a good position in society, called at the Refuge, and asked to be allowed to go over it. Having inspected the various departments, just before leaving, the gentleman said to his wife, "Now I will tell you a great secret. I was brought up in this place." The lady seemed much surprised, and astounded all by quietly observing, "And so was I." So strange are the coincidences of human life!

Among the other public institutions on Randall's Island are the "Nurseries," the "Infant Hospital," and the "Idiot Asylum," admirably conducted institutions all, reflecting credit upon New York, and illustrating practical Christianity. And then there is the insane asylum, located on Blackwell's Island,

back of the workhouse, and occupying the extreme upper portion of the island, connected with the new lunatic asylum on Ward's Island.

There have been some curious creatures confined in this city lunatic asylum. One of the most curious was a woman who always fancied herself the wife of the present President of these United States, and the widow of all the preceding Presidents. She has passed away now, — gone to join her many illustrious husbands. In most points this old lady was as sane as most old ladies; but, on the subject of the presidency, she was as mad as a March hare (though why a hare should be regarded as particularly "mad" in March, I never have been able for the life of me to discover; nor have I ever met anybody else who had). Another well-known inmate of the lunatic asylum in his day took it into his crazy head that he was called upon to defend the island from invasion; and so he passed his not otherwise valuable time in erecting the most amazing fortifications, — defences which mocked at all the laws of military engineering, and yet which answered the purposes for which they were designed completely, — a remark which applies to very few military fortifications, except, perhaps, Gibraltar.

A third lunatic imagined that he had a plan to cure all the ills that humanity is heir to. But, in this respect, he was only like a hundred — or shall I not say a hundred thousand? — other self-constituted "reformers" who go around, making life really not worth the living with their wild schemes of reformation. His plan had at least the merit of simplicity and cheapness. His panacea for every human ill was ginger-tea. This, *taken in sufficient quantities*, — mark that not at all insane proviso, — would infallibly heal, *in due time*, — mark, likewise, that not at all crazy qualification, — every person ill in mind, body, or spirit. All possible misfortunes yielded to ginger-tea. All possible crimes would be prevented by ginger-tea taken in sufficiently

large doses in time. Delightful idea! And, unlike many reformers I have met, the ginger-tea philanthropist and reformer practised what he preached, and was so fond of ginger-tea that the rules of the insane asylum were strained a little in his behalf; and he was supplied night and morning with copious draughts of his own panacea.

And in his own case, at least, his prescription worked well. Outside of a general flightiness, — harmless to everybody but himself, — and his craze for ginger-tea, he was one of the best creatures imaginable, a moral and religious man, who really loved his fellows, and tried — though in his own peculiar way — to benefit them. I really wonder if, after all, there is not something good in — ginger-tea?

In some points the lunatic asylums on the islands are well spoken of by common report, and every now and then the papers contain an account of some entertainment being given to amuse the lunatics, and to add to the scanty pleasures of their lives. Some prominent musical and theatrical artists have on different occasions appeared and performed at these entertainments.

But, on the other hand, the papers have occasionally (of late quite frequently) published accounts of official outrages on private citizens, perpetrated within the walls of the city insane asylum. It has been alleged, that not only have sane men — men known to be sane — been, through the instrumentality of their relatives and the connivance of officials, confined here under the mistake of lunacy, but that perfectly sane men have been compelled to labor — and labor more severely than if they had been held to be "sane" — "for nothing" (without having committed any offence, and without receiving any compensation), for the private pecuniary benefit of the officials of the lunatic asylum. Cases of this sort are not unfamiliar to the reading public; and one young lawyer of New-York City,

Mr. Aaron Kahn, has acquired some local reputation by making a specialty of ferretting out such cases, and legally protecting their victims.

As a rule, of course the very great proportion of men and women who are confined or housed in any of the public institutions on the islands, are of a low — generally of the lowest — social grade; that is, if they can be said to have any social grade at all. But ever and anon, though very, very rarely, some distinguished or educated man sinks so low as to become an involuntary inmate of institutions on the islands. William M. Tweed was a case in point. Perhaps no fall in history was deeper than that of the great Tammany boss, and modern lord of misrule. Belisarius, as a beggar, was at least not criminally disgraced: the shame was on the side of an ungrateful people, not of the neglected hero. Joan of Arc at the stake was a heroine and a martyr, in the very midst of the pusillanimous *canaille* she had for a while commanded, and had striven to render free. But William M. Tweed lived to "do time" as a "convict" in a striped suit, a duly tried and legally sentenced felon, in the very institution of which he had been for many years one of the official magnates, and in the very midst of a city which he had once absolutely ruled with almost despotic power. Tweed in his cell presented one of the most dramatic, striking, and instructive pictures that could possibly be exhibited to the world.

Another man, of a very different class and stamp from Tweed, yet socially his equal, and in point of education his superior, has been enrolled among the prisoners on the island. I allude to the Rev. Dr. Cowley of the "Shepherd's Fold," who was imprisoned here for cruelty to children. And it is somewhat strange to remember, that, although William M. Tweed was always, in his autocratic way, a liberal-handed, genial-minded man, he never found as many sincere sympathizers among the

politicians, as did the reverend doctor, who was never suspected of liberality or geniality, among the clergymen. Perhaps it is a rule, that the greater the height from which a man falls, the more complete and utter is his fall. The clergyman being but an ordinary man, his fall was soon forgotten; but the politician being the head of his tribe, his downfall was immortal.

And among the few socially notable people who have ultimately found their way to the island was a woman who at one time was a belle of old New York, the wife of a prosperous merchant, and a leader of the *ton* at Saratoga, — a woman who could converse fluently in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, as well as English; a woman who had at one time numbered among her admirers a mayor of New York; a woman who in her younger days had attracted the notice of Charles Dickens when he visited this country; a woman who had stirred a tender sentiment in the breast of that great adventurer, Louis Napoleon, during the short period of his stay in New York, and yet a woman who ere she died, a few years ago, had served seventeen terms on the island for vagrancy and drunkenness; a woman who at the date of her death was simply the head chambermaid of one of the institutions on the island. I allude to the woman known to all regular *habitués* of "the Island" as "old Sal Coon."

I dare say other illustrations could be cited, did I but know the real inside history and romance of "the islands" and their inhabitants. But enough has been stated to show that it is not only the "lower class" who sooner or later drift into disgrace and imprisonment upon "the islands."

It was on Ward's Island that I found, in this my period of self-inflicted disgrace and self-deserved despair, a temporary refuge. The Inebriate Asylum on Ward's Island, of which I now became an inmate, lies near the emigrant hospital and the new lunatic asylum, and is a fine, large building, with ample

accommodation for four hundred and fifty patients. Many of the patients were, like myself, placed here by their friends, who defray the expenses of their confinement, and ultimate restoration to health and society.

As a whole, the institution is ably and intelligently conducted; and every material and moral appliance is employed by those in charge to redeem the poor victims of intemperance who are intrusted to their care.

In many cases the treatment is successful; and hundreds of men who would otherwise have descended into a drunkard's grave have been rescued from their awful fate.

At first I was pleased with my new quarters in the Inebriate Asylum. It was a welcome change for me to sleep upon a comfortable cot, instead of vainly striving to repose in a ten-cent lodging-house when I had ten cents to spare, or tramping the streets all night when I had not. It was a welcome improvement, too, on my daily routine, to get three fair meals a day, instead of picking up, say, one poor meal or so in two or three days.

But, alas! poor human nature will be poor human nature; and I soon wearied of confinement, and of my monotonous life at the asylum. True, I was not a prisoner, only a patient, but I was not at all "patient," and I was obliged to submit to an unyielding discipline: true, I knew that this severe discipline would all result in my permanent good if I would only heartily and in good faith submit to it. But there is an old saw in verse, with much more truth to the line than in most verses of a much higher character: —

> "No rogue e'er saw the halter draw,
> With good opinion of the law."

And it requires a good deal of philosophy for a man who is afflicted with a vice, to wholly and heartily submit himself to

the severe measures necessary to conquer the vicious habit, unless he is compelled to submit by force. In short, before I had been many days and nights at the asylum, at which my true friends had so kindly placed me, I began to think upon the chances of escape from it. Although some degraded wretches absolutely learn, by time and trouble, to look upon "the islands" as their "winter home," and consider a commitment thereto a piece of good luck; yet the great majority of the involuntary inmates of the island institutions regard themselves in their true light of prisoners, and, like prisoners, often attempt to escape.

Men have been killed ere now in endeavoring to reach "the lights o' New York" which gleamed temptingly before them, across the East River. Only a little distance from their island prison, men have been shot down like dogs by the prison-guards, as they were trying to regain their freedom; men have been drowned in their efforts to escape; while not a few *have* ultimately *escaped*, having by pluck or by stratagem evaded or defied the prison-guards, crossed the little strip of water which separated them from life, and regained their fellow-men and freedom. The longer I remained at the asylum, the more I thought about the best means to leave it; and finally I hit upon a practical plan. I became so desperate in my new quarters, from sheer monotony and *ennui*, and the restraints of a necessary discipline, that, although fairly fed and well housed and well treated, I would rather have taken to a swim, and my chances at a shot, than be confined, though for my own good, longer. But it was not necessary to resort to such extreme measures. I effected my escape in a very simple yet satisfactory way, by a simple little stratagem.

Newspaper-men are furnished with passes to the islands by the authorities, to facilitate their professional duties; and on this fact I based my plan. I watched my opportunity and my

man, made the acquaintance of a journalist who seemed likely to serve my turn, and obtained from him one of those passes without which no man can enter or leave the islands, but armed with which he is free to come or go.

Carefully arranging all the details of my plans, so as not to attract suspicion, and not to disturb the official routine of the asylum, I slipped out from the asylum-walls, within which, of course, I was known, and stepped out into the little world outside, where I was unknown. Presenting my pass, I stepped from the island into the boat, and soon, in the regular way, reached New York undisturbed.

How my heart beat as I approached New York! How I exulted as I set my free foot once more within the metropolis!

And yet I was not free, nor was I regaining freedom. On the contrary, I was really coming deliberately back into the very worst captivity, — that which renders a man the slave of his appetites. My true freedom and wisdom would have been, to have remained in the asylum till I had been completely cured: then, when I left the place healed, and in my right mind, I would indeed have been "a free man," — free from a slavery the most terrible of all. But I reasoned differently just then; or, rather, I did not reason at all: I merely escaped from confinement, and exulted in my escape. Reaching the New-York dock, I landed cautiously, and then went rapidly on, on, on, till beyond the reach of possible pursuit.

And then what do you think I did? Thank Heaven for the success that had crowned my efforts at escape? Oh, no! I never thought of Heaven in the matter at all. Determine to live more wisely in the new life now opening to me than I had lived in the past? Oh, no! I made no resolutions at all, — certainly, no good or wise ones.

All I did was simple enough, — about the most "simple"

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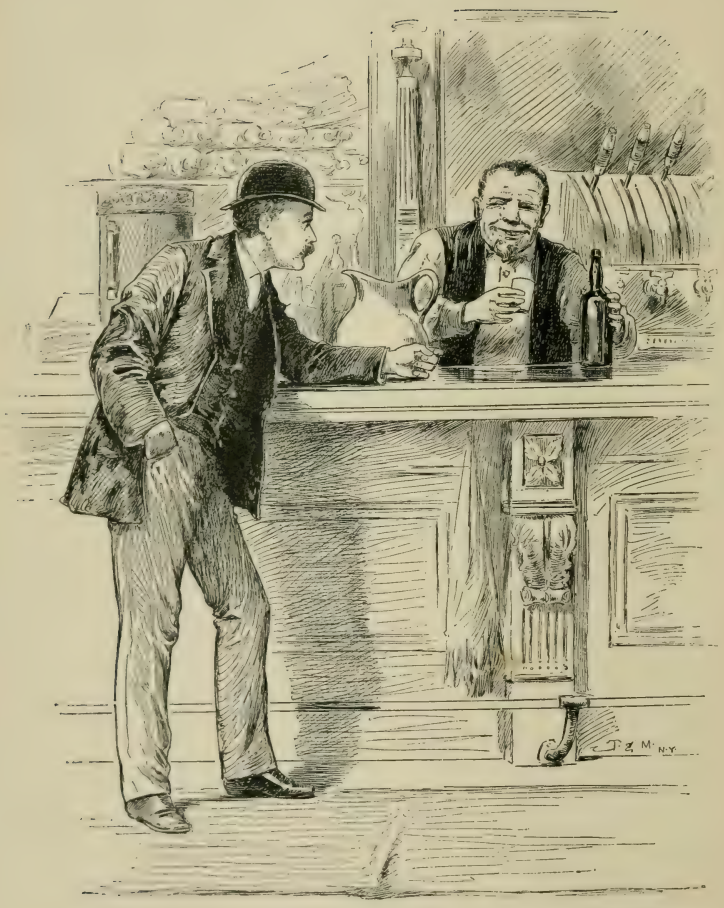

"The saloon-keeper of whom I implored a drink eyed me curiously, listened to my story, and then, with a laugh and an oath, handed me a rum-bottle" [p. 331].

and silly, as well as sad, thing I could have done. I went into the first rum-shop I could find, and begged for a drink.

That was all there was about it, and that was about all the good that my experience in the Inebriate Asylum had brought me. Poor victim of rum that I was! All that my "freedom" meant to me was liquor. I eyed hungrily, or rather thirstily, all the saloons I passed; and at last my thirst overcame me. I knew I had no money, and that it would be some hours, perhaps a day, before I could meet any of the few acquaintances from whom I could by any chance obtain a dollar. I felt hungry too. It was late in the afternoon, and I had not tasted food since early in the morning. But I kept my hunger down a while. I could master that, but not my thirst: *that mastered me.* It was for drink, and not for food, I begged.

The saloon-keeper of whom I implored a drink eyed me curiously, listened to my story, and then, with a laugh and an oath, handed me a rum-bottle. I poured out a glassful, and then eagerly drained the contents of the glass. The fiery liquor gurgled as it went down my throat. I rejoiced in the now for some time unaccustomed sensation, and I heartily thanked the man who had enabled me to partake once more of my old curse. Probably in the whole course of my life I never evinced a more degraded, besotted, hopeless condition, than at this particular period of my career, having thus deliberately and desperately removed myself from the restraining influences of that asylum which would have been my salvation, and having thus eagerly surrendered myself to the fatal influences of that appetite which had been my destruction.

And now I was once more roaming the streets of New York *a "free" "drunkard."*

CHAPTER XXVI.

DRUNKARDS AND DRINKING IN NEW YORK. — THE CITY OF SALOONS, — THE GLORY AND THE SHAME OF THE METROPOLIS. — PALATIAL RUM-PARLORS, COSEY BAR-ROOMS, AND CORNER GROCERIES.

THERE are a vast number of "free" drunkards in New York. Drunkenness is altogether too free in every sense, excepting in a pecuniary sense. New York is a hard-drinking, as well as hard-working, metropolis, — a liquor-cursed city.

New York might be briefly described as a city of drinking-saloons, — some of them of the very highest and most artistic grade, some of them palaces of luxury, others vile and low and mean and dirty beyond the power of a reputable pen to paint; some far better than others, some far worse than others; but all of them alike in their one main object, — the selling of liquor with or without a license. "The New-York Herald" states, —

There are over 10,000 rum-shops in the city of New York, — one to every 125 inhabitants, one to every 25 families. There are only 1,100 bakers, 2,000 butchers, 4,000 grocers; more rum-sellers than there are butchers, bakers, and grocers together. Of these 10,000 rum-shops, 9,000 are licensed; and a moderate estimate gives the illicit shops and places where rum — which is the comprehensive term for drinks of all kinds — is sold at 1,000. The statistics show that there are 4,319 hotels of all grades; that there are 3,722 places where ale and beer only are sold; that there are 534 shops, drug-stores, and others where liquor can be had, — which, with the estimated illicit 1,000, gives a total of 10,075. Various shops and stores where bread,

meat, and groceries can be procured foot up 7,326. In other words, there are more rum-shops than food-shops in this great city of New York by 2,749.

The Act under which the excise commissioners work provides that no license shall be granted unless the applicant is of good moral character, and has sufficient ability to keep an inn. A glance at the statistics of crime, brought down to October, 1881, reveals rather an extraordinary comment upon the moral influence, at all events, exerted in, from, and about the liquor-shops. The total number of arrests for crime in one year was 67,135. Of these, 20,228 were for intoxication *per se;* and 22,384 were for disorderly conduct, the normal outcome of drinking, giving a total of 42,612 rum-arrests, or sixty-three per cent of the entire number.

The facts show that that part of the population which least needs temptation is most multitudinously supplied with it in its worst and lowest form. Thus, that section of the city bounded by Broome, Division, Norfolk, and the Bowery, contains a hundred and seventy-five lager-beer saloons and seventy-six rum-shops. On one block, between East Houston and Stanton Streets, there are seventeen houses (May, 1883), of which eleven are gin-mills. On the block between Bayard and Division Streets, there are fourteen houses, in eight of which liquor is sold. On Cherry Street, between James and Oliver, there are ten houses, in nine of which are saloons. On the block between Catherine and Oliver there are eight houses, six of which are devoted to the sale of whiskey. On James Street, between Batavia and North Chambers, of the eight houses four are rum-shops; and on Chatham Street, between Roosevelt and James, there are eight houses, in four of which liquor is sold. These facts certainly are extremely suggestive. And this state of things, which has been gradually growing worse and worse during the past twenty years, has finally reached a plane where sober-minded people think it is well to call a halt.

One of the ablest and most influential of New-York clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Crosby, has openly declared that "the lowest

grog-shop influence rules the town." In a lecture lately delivered at Steinway Hall for the Association of Master Plumbers, on "The Glory and Shame of New York," the reverend doctor stated that there was much in New York to make its residents proud. No city in the world had made such rapid progress in every thing that pertained to beauty and utility. The Central Park, the Croton Aqueduct, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the elevated railroads, were monuments of utility which did honor to the city. Its public schools were superior to those in any city in the world. Its men were energetic and persevering, and possessed of strong common sense. It was a harmonious community, although made up of people of many races. That intermingling of races had broadened the views of all the people, and rubbed out the provincialism which was the distinguishing characteristic of New York's sister cities.

But, unless the good citizens awake to a sense of their duty, there was danger that the glory of New York might be overshadowed by her shame. "The chief sources of this shame," the lecturer said, "are rum and the power of the rumseller. The city has been burdened with a debt of more than $100,000,000, solely by the plunderings of politicians. Tweed was not the only plunderer. There were as great scoundrels in politics before Tweed, and we have had plenty of them since his time. These rascals avoid punishment by ingenious contrivances, and by a knowledge of each other's misdeeds. Men are elected aldermen, county clerk, and sheriff, because they have kept liquor-saloons. Bruisers and gamblers are made protectors of the city's morals. The people often elect a good man for mayor. But, no matter how good are his intentions, when he goes into office he is compelled, either to yield to the city-hall rowdyism, or to make a futile effort against it. If these mayors would tell their experience, and speak truly, they would all confess that the lowest form of grog-shop influence

rules the government, — men who enjoy prize-fights, and frequent disreputable places; dirty, vulgar men, whom respectable persons would shun as they do small-pox. The primaries were run largely by the rum-shop influence. The district and central committees dare not go back on the primaries; and the citizens are called upon to vote the regular ticket, which is the result of these primaries.

"There are in this city," Dr. Crosby continued, "about twelve thousand drinking-saloons, one to every thirty-three persons, if the women and children are left out of the calculation; and one to every eighteen, if the number of men who do not frequent the saloons is taken as fifteen in every thirty-three. These saloons are chiefly sustained by the citizens of Irish and German extraction. Eight thousand saloons are kept by foreign-born citizens. The cure is in the foreign-born citizens' hands. If they wish their adopted city to retain its glory, they should unite with other good citizens, and check the power of rum and the groggeries."

Dr. Crosby then spoke of the social shame caused by rum, and added that men were to blame for its influence, because they voted for partisans regardless of their fitness; newspapers were to blame, because they did not boldly proclaim against it; and the city's law-officers were to blame, because they treated the liquor-seller too lightly.

Some of the bar-rooms of New York are simply palatial. The Hoffman-house bar, owned by Edward S. Stokes of Fisk-Mansfield notoriety, is confessedly the finest bar-room in the world. At night it presents to the eye of the moralist a terrible spectacle. All that money and taste can do to make rum-drinking attractive has here been done. Pictures of nude nymphs are suspended from the walls, or arranged with lights as if in an art-gallery. Statues of naked women are placed on pedestals at all the entrances or exits. Articles of *virtu*, *bric-*

à-brac, etc., lavishly abound. Mirrors meet the eye on every side. The carpets are luxurious as those of a parlor. The tables are of the most elegant material and workmanship. The chairs are of the most luxurious pattern. The attendants are polite, active, well dressed, and well drilled. Every comfort and convenience known to modern civilization, from the telephone to the spittoon, is accessible. And all for one object only, — the destruction of the human race directly and indirectly by the sale of liquor.

One such saloon as this does incalculable harm from its very charm. Just as a beautiful bad woman is more dangerous than a bad woman who is not beautiful, so a liquor-saloon which is elegant will entice more victims than a liquor-saloon which cannot boast of its elegance.

And, within the wide compass of the metropolis, there are a hundred saloons of the class of the one just described, — a hundred sirens which daily and nightly lure men to perdition.

There are a score of these siren-saloons within a stone's-throw of the Fifth-avenue Hotel.

Some of the middle-class saloons are likewise very cosey and comfortable places of resort, regarded only from a material point of view. There is a drinking-saloon "down town," for example, in the Bennett Building, which is a species of museum of curiosities, cartoons, and reminiscences. Rare old play-bills, local relics, pictures, caricatures of well-known men of the past and present, all sorts of oddities, are here to be found; and here are also to be found many of the leading journalists of the metropolis, and its sporting-men, rendering the place a species of "exchange."

And yet it is only "a rum-shop" after all, — a place where drinking, and drinking only, goes on "from morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve," — a rum-shop which is indirectly re-

sponsible for the "decline and fall" of many of its patrons, and for the suicides of several of its best customers.

And just as the Hoffman-house bar is a sample of one class of saloons; so is this latter a specimen of another class, even more numerous, and, in proportion to its expenses, even more profitably dangerous. And as "one star differs from another star in glory;" so one rum-shop differs from another in grade till we come down to the very lowest social and "spirit"-ual strata, to the "corner grocery," or the "boozing ken."

But it must ever be carefully borne in mind, that, though the details and the surroundings of the "business" vary vastly, the "business" itself, in all the grades of saloons, is precisely the same. Vice is always nothing but vice, and liquor is always nothing but liquor.

The drinking palace or parlor is only the ordinary bar-room, *with a little veneer on it;* and the ordinary bar-room is but the "corner grocery," *with a little more "style;"* and the "corner grocery" soon sinks into the policy-den or the thieves' resort. But in the eyes of the moralist, the temperance man, and Heaven, *there is no difference at all* between them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HAUNTS OF THE RUM-DEMON. — THE CONCERT-SALOONS OF NEW YORK. — THE DANCE-HOUSES. — HOW A NEW-YORK JOURNALIST SAVED A GERMAN GIRL. — THE EFFORTS WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE BY TEMPERANCE AND RELIGION TO COMBAT INTEMPERANCE AND VICE. — THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK AND KIT BURNS. — "AWFUL" GARDNER AND JERRY M'AULEY.

NEW YORK has always been a rum-cursed city, and its lowest dens and dives have been rendered even more hideous by the quantity and quality of the rum retailed there.

The concert-saloons of New York are among the favorite haunts of the liquor-demon, — that familiar fiend of the vast American metropolis.

We find the following faithful description of one of these saloons in one of the popular prints of the day: —

On Broadway, near —— Street, we notice, just above the entrance to a cellar, a flaming transparency, with the inscription, "Madame X.. —— Arcade." Going down a few steps, we find our view of the interior obstructed by a large screen painted white, with the almost nude figure of a dancing Venus coarsely painted thereon. The screen is placed across the entrance, a few feet from the door, obliging us to flank it, *à la Sherman*, and enter the hall by going around it. We find the floor handsomely covered with matting and oil-cloth. On the right-hand side, nearest the door, is the bar, over which presides a genius of the male sex, whose chief attractions consist of a decided red head, and an immense paste breast-pin stuck into the bosom of a ruffled shirt. The bar is well furnished; and any drink called for,

from beer to champagne, can be instantly obtained. A significant feature is a formidable Colt's revolver, a foot in length, suspended immediately over the sideboard. This weapon, it may be observed, is not placed there as an ornament: it is in itself a *monitor*, warning those inclined to be disorderly of the danger of carrying their boisterousness or ruffianism too far. On the walls are black engravings of the French school, fit ornaments of the place. But, while we are taking this casual survey, one of the attendant nymphs with great scantiness of clothing, affording display for bare shoulders and not unhandsome ankles, appears, and, with a voice of affected sweetness wholly at variance with her brazen countenance and impertinent air, requests us to be seated, and asks what we will have. We modestly ask for "two ales," which are soon placed before us, and paid for. While quietly sipping the beverage, we will glance at our surroundings. Back of the hall (we are sitting at a table near the centre of the apartment), on a raised platform, is an asthmatic piano-forte, upon which an individual with threadbare coat, colorless vest, and faded nankeen pantaloons, is thrumming away for dear life. Out of tune himself, he tortures the poor instrument in a way that threatens its instant dissolution, rending its heart-strings, and causing it to shriek with agony, wailing out the tune that the old cow died of. This is the only music the performer is acquainted with, judging from the persistent manner in which he clings to it. What he lacks in musical knowledge, however, he makes up with intention, and *thumps* away quite manfully, only stopping, now and then, to call for a drink with which to recruit his exhausted energies. But we have come to behold the chief attraction of the establishment, — "the pretty waiter-girls."

Looking around, we see, perhaps, twenty females in various styles of dress, — some in Turkish costume (supposed to be *houris*, no doubt), others attired as Spanish peasants, and others in plain evening attire. The latter are, for the most part, far from possessing charms, and, from their looks, have long since outlived their beauty; but what they lack in this respect they make up in others. The girl that waited upon us on our entrance again approaches,

and, seeing our glasses empty, takes them away to be replenished. She soon re-appears, and, in response to our invitation, takes a seat beside us while we enter into conversation with her. She is a fair sample (excuse the mercantile term) of her class, and her history is a history of a majority of her associates.

Not unprepossessing in appearance, by any means, Ellen —— (that she tells us is her name) is twenty-two years of age; was born in the village of Tarrytown; resided with her parents until she was eighteen, when her father died. Leaving her mother, with her youngest brother she came to New York to seek employment. On arriving in the city, she obtained a situation in a millinery store; remained there but a short time; was out of work, had no friends, no money; would not go back to her mother, who was poor; saw an advertisement of Madame —— for "Pretty Waiter-Girls;" answered it: was engaged in the saloon; seduced (partly by promises and partly by threats) by one of the frequenters of the establishment; and has since led the life of a prostitute. Ellen told her story without the least emotion, and, when asked about her mother, carelessly replied, she supposed the old woman was dead by this time.

Such are the effects of vice, and a life of infamy, upon the noble feelings and natural impulses of the female heart. With an exclamation of "Oh, there's my man!" our attendant suddenly left us, and joined an individual who had just entered the apartment; and we did not see her again.

At a table nearly opposite to our own sat a couple, one of whom at least, to even a casual observer, is a stranger to the place and its surroundings: there is no doubt of it. Wholly enrapt in the beauty and grace of his female companion, he is totally oblivious to all passing around. She is exerting all her arts to entice "*greeney*" into her net, and before long will be counting the amount of his cash; while he, her dupe, will be, too late, reflecting upon the depravity of "pretty waiter-girls." By this time the saloon is crowded with men and women of all ages, and degrees of social standing. Here is the man-about-town, the hanger-round of the hotels, in clothes of unexceptionable cut and make, talking earnestly with a female, whose

drawn veil conceals her face, — perhaps some unfortunate victim of his lust, or probably his mistress come to plead for justice, or for her week's allowance of money. Yonder is a youth of, as Sylvanus Cobb, jun., would say, some eighteen summers, young in years, but old in sin, who supports on his knee a "*nymph-du-pave*," with whom he has entered from the street, and upon whom he is spending his last quarter's salary, or the proceeds of an investigation into the till of his employer. In that corner is the returned soldier, who has just been paid off, and who is now expending the hard-earned pittance of the government upon some bepainted and bedizened courtesan, while his wife and family are suffering for want of the common necessaries of life. A cry of pain, followed by a burst of brutal laughter, causes us to turn our eyes to a corner, just in time to witness a woman fall to the ground, by a blow from the clinched fist of the brute with whom she had been quarrelling. A moment there is silence in the hall, but only for a moment. The girl is picked up by one of her companions, a few rough jokes at her expense, and all goes on as before. Observe that couple descending the steps, — a handsome, almost noble-looking man, but upon whose countenance is stamped the mark of a dissolute life — upon his arm a female hidden from view by a black veil. They advance to the bar. The gentleman whispers a word in the ear of one of the girls. A meaning smile flickers over her face as she hands him a key, with which he opens a door in the end of the room, and disappears with the female. Reader, you have seen half a dozen similar couples arrive and vanish through the same door. Do you know the why and wherefore of this proceeding? This saloon is one of the most "*notorious assignation houses*" in New York. We might go on, and notice more fully the various scenes constantly varying in this house; but we have not at present time or space; and, besides, the task is not an agreeable one.

The dance-houses of New York form still another temple of the metropolitan liquor-demon, — the real Devil of New York. These "dance-houses" differ from the "concert-saloons," just described, in two points only, — they are a degree lower and

viler; and their guests, or victims (the terms are identical and interchangeable), assemble for the purposes of dancing as well as drinking.

These dance-houses are generally located in the very worst quarters of the city, in the streets near the East and North Rivers, in order to be easy of access to sailors. The buildings are generally out of repair, and have a rickety appearance. The main entrance leads to a long, narrow hall, the floor of which is well sanded: the walls are ornamented with flashy prints, and the ceiling with colored tissue papers cut in "fancy" shapes. There is always a bar, which is well stocked with all sorts of vile spirits. The place is desolate and horrible in itself; but the women connected with it, the poor "girls" of the dance-house, are beyond description pitiable. God help them! They constitute the most hideous incarnation of vice and rum.

They are miserably clad; they are always more or less wild with liquor; they are despised by all decent men and women, and know it; they are cursed at, kicked, and cuffed by the brutal owner of the place; they are often terribly beaten in the drunken quarrels which arise in these abodes of iniquity; they are the playthings of the most besotted of mankind; they despise themselves. God help them indeed, for rum and the Devil have brought them to perdition, even in this world!

And they can not, they dare not, even try to escape; for they are the slaves, yes, the slaves of their master, — the vile keeper of this dance-house hell. They have no money of their own, not a dollar. Their master claims a part of their infamous earnings as his "trade percentage," his business "commission," and then demands the rest for their board and clothes.

Even in the few cases where the poor "girl" (generally a prematurely aged "girl") has the nerve to fly from one of

these dance-houses, she is brought back, either by force or by the law (?), or both. Yes, in this Christian (?) city the law in these cases is on the side of Satan and the dance-house keeper. The latter, inspired by the former, claims the clothes on the backs of the runaways as his property, and charges them with theft.

That able and high-toned writer on low city-life, Oliver Dyer, in that once popular and always able magazine, "Packard's Monthly," thus alludes to this fearful blot on humanity and justice: —

There is, probably, not a police reporter in the city of much experience who has not seen one of these girls arraigned at the Tombs, or at some other police-court, on a charge of theft; because, in fleeing from the intolerable servitude of some den of vice, she had to wear clothes belonging to the keeper, not having any of her own wherewith to hide her nakedness. We will give a scene of this kind: Place, the Tombs; time, six o'clock in the morning; present, police-justice, officers of the court, about thirty prisoners, policemen attending as witnesses, and parties preferring charges against prisoners. The name of the girl against whom complaint has been made having been called, the following examination took place: —

JUSTICE. What is the charge against this girl?

POLICEMAN. Felony. Stealing wearing-apparel.

JUSTICE. Who is the complainant?

POLICEMAN. This woman here (pointing out the keeper of the den from which the girl fled, — a most villanous old hag).

JUSTICE (to the keeper). What did the girl steal?

POLICEMAN. Every rag she has on, bad luck to her!

JUSTICE. Mary (to the girl), who owns the shawl you have on?

MARY. She does, sir (pointing to the woman).

JUSTICE. Who owns that hat and dress you have on?

MARY. She does.

JUSTICE. Haven't you any thing of your own to wear?

MARY. Nothing, sir.

JUSTICE. This woman owns them all, — all the clothes you have on?

MARY. Yes, sir.

JUSTICE. If they are hers, you should not have taken them.

MARY. Please, sir, I couldn't stay in her house any longer; and I couldn't go naked into the street.

JUSTICE. It is a hard case, Mary; but stealing is stealing, and I shall have to send you up for twenty days. And so Mary is sent to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island for twenty days (and sometimes for a longer period), wearing the "stolen" clothes; and the wretch of a keeper goes back to her den, and tells the other girls of Mary's fate, satisfied to give the shabby garment, in which the victim was attired, in exchange for the "moral effect" of the girl's conviction and imprisonment on those who are still in her clutches. Justice Dowling, we believe, never convicts a girl of theft under such circumstances, but gives her accuser such a scoring down in open court as sends her back to her den in rage and shame.

Justice Dowling is dead; but I would that he had left more of his like, in this respect at least, behind him.

Those of my readers desirous of perusing more elaborate pen-pictures of the dens and dives of the great metropolis than I have power or space to give, and learning their horrors, are respectfully referred to such works as "The Secrets of the Great City," by Edward Winslow Martin, — a book replete with curious and instructive information on all phases of metropolitan life. It is not unfrequently the case, though not so frequently now as in the past, that respectable girls, especially emigrants, are decoyed into these dens and dance-houses. Once within these hells, the poor girls seldom come out pure; once ingulfed, they are lost: but there is one case, at least, in which one of these poor, decoyed girls escaped, and escaped through the kindness of heart and the Christian courage of a well-known New-Yorker, now connected in an important capacity with "The New-York Sun."

In the month of February, 1852, Isaac W. England, Esq., formerly the city editor of "The New-York Tribune," subsequently the managing editor of "The Chicago Republican," and now the business manager of "The New-York Sun," was returning to this city from Liverpool, in the emigrant packet-ship "New York," in which he had taken a second-cabin passage, for the purpose of learning practically how emigrants fared in such vessels. Mr. England did this with a view to exposing the atrocities then practised upon emigrants, and which he afterwards did expose, in the columns of "The Tribune," and with such effect as to be largely instrumental in the fundamental regeneration of the whole emigrant business, and the creation of the Castle-Garden commission. Among the passengers in the second cabin of the packet-ship was a handsome English girl, some nineteen years of age, from near Mr. England's native town. The fact that the girl came from near his native town led Mr. England to feel an interest in her; and he learned that she was coming to America to join her brother, then living near Pottsville in Pennsylvania. On landing in New York, the girl went to a boarding-house in Greenwich Street, there to await his arrival; it having been arranged that he should come to New York for her. Mary (for that was her name) had not been at the boarding-house many days, when a German woman called there in search of a bar-maid; and, seeing Mary, she at once sought to induce her to accept the situation. It is not uncommon for English girls, of the class to which Mary belonged, to act as bar-maids in England; that being there considered a respectable employment. Deceived by the complaisant manners, and lured by the liberal promises, of the German woman, the girl accepted her offer, and went with her to her saloon, a basement in William Street, near Pearl. After one-day's service as bar-maid, Mary was bluntly told by her employer that she had been brought thither to serve in a capacity which we

will not name, and was at once ordered to make ready for entering upon a life of shame. The horror-stricken girl, frantic with terror, set about immediately leaving the premises. But she was too valuable a prize to be allowed to escape. The hag into whose clutches she had fallen locked her up in a back-basement room, extending under a grate in the yard, and open to the inclemency of the weather, and there kept her for two days and two nights, the girl not daring to eat or drink all that time, for fear of being drugged into insensibility and ruin. The only sustenance the poor girl had, in eight and forty hours, was the snow that she scraped from the area-grating; nor did she dare to close her eyes in sleep for an instant: and, while thus imprisoned, constant efforts were made to intimidate her, and force her to submit. With some poor women, threats would have been sufficient to accomplish the fatal purpose; but Mary was prepared to fight for her honor, which was dearer than life. But lack of food and sleep began to tell upon her. Her strength failed, her mind weakened, and it seemed as though her doom was sealed. On the third day of Mary's imprisonment, Mr. England, who was about to start for Rhode Island, bethought himself of his young country-woman, and determined to call at the boarding-house in Greenwich Street. He did so, and was told she had engaged as bar-maid in the William-street saloon. Having knowledge of such places, Mr. England was troubled, and, though pressed for time, determined to call at the saloon. He went there, and his first glance discovered its character. On inquiring of the landlady for Mary, he was told she had gone to Pennsylvania with her brother two days ago. Something in the woman's manner excited Mr. England's suspicions; and he told her that he thought she was deceiving him, and that Mary was still in the house. At this the woman flew into a passion, and swore volumes in several different languages at Mr. England. While he was thus contesting with the landlady, one of

"As soon as the door was opened, Mary came rushing out, and, seeing Mr. England, flew to him, sobbing hysterically, and clinging to his arm, and cried, 'Take me from this place! Take me from this place!'" [p. 347].

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the girls in waiting passed near him, and muttered something which he understood to be a statement that Mary was in the house. Upon this Mr. England took decided ground, and told the woman, that, unless she immediately produced the girl, he would go for an officer, and have her arrested. This brought her to terms. She gave one of the girls a key, and an order in German, in pursuance of which the girl went to the room where Mary was confined. As soon as the door was opened, Mary came rushing out, and, seeing Mr. England, flew to him, sobbing hysterically, and clinging to his arm, and cried, "Take me from this place, take me from this place!" After demanding Mary's trunk, which was delivered to him with all her things, Mr. England immediately took the rescued girl to a place of safety. Mary's brother had died while she was on her voyage to meet him. But a young New-Yorker, a lawyer, saw her, loved her, wooed her, and married her; and they now live happy and prosperous. But suppose that there had been no Mr. England in the case. Why, then she would have met her doom in the wretched William-street den, and been one of that class about whom this article is written.

But what have the good people of New York been about all these years (one naturally asks) with all these iniquities all about them? What have the Christians and the temperance people been doing to check these devilish evils, to stop this work of rum, in these its most degraded aspects?

They have not been idle; though they have not always, I fear, been wise: and time after time earnest efforts have been made to stem the downward current of depravity.

Sometimes public attention has been largely drawn to these efforts at reformation and salvation; and much good, even if, in many cases, only a temporary good, has been accomplished.

Years ago there lived and sinned in New York a dance-house keeper, upon whom Oliver Dyer, already mentioned, bestowed,

in an article in "Packard's Monthly," the title, richly deserved, of "The Wickedest Man in New York."

He and his, and his surroundings, and the attempt made to reform him, were thus described graphically in the magazine: —

The wickedest man in New York goes by the name of John Allen. He lives at No. 304 Water Street. He keeps a dance-house there. He is about forty-five years old. He is *reputed* to be worth a hundred thousand dollars, more or less; and he is *known* to be worth seventy thousand dollars. He has three brothers who are clergymen, two of them being Presbyterians, and one a Baptist, and is reported to have once been a minister of the gospel himself; was a good man originally, and is yet a "good fellow" in many respects. Were it not for his good qualities, he never could have attained unto the eminence of being the *wickedest man in New York*.

The best bad are always the worst.

Take him for all in all, our wickedest man is a phenomenon. He reads the Bible to his dance-house girls, and his favorite papers are "The New York Observer" and "The Independent." He takes them regularly, and *reads* them. We have repeatedly seen them lying on the counters of his bar-room, along with "The Herald" and "Sun." We have also seen a dozen copies of "The Little Wanderer's Friend" scattered about his place; for he takes an interest in mission-work, and "goes in" generally for progress for other people. This wickedest man is the only entity appertaining to the shady side of New-York life which we have not been able to fathom or account for. Why a human being of his education should continue to live in a Water-street dance-house, and bring up his children there, is more than we can comprehend.

For the wickedest man loves his children. His little five-year-old boy is the apple of his eye. He never misses an opportunity to sound the child's praises, and to show off his accomplishments. All things considered, the little fellow is truly a wonder. He is crammed full of information on all manner of topics, and is ever ready to respond to his doting father's attempts to make his smartness visible to

the naked eye. We have never visited the wickedest man's dance-house without having our attention called to his little son's abilities, except once, when he took us around to the school the child attends, to let us see that he ranks with the best, and is a favorite with his teacher. That was on the twenty-eighth day of May, at a quarter to twelve in the daytime, when we went to 304 Water Street to tell Mr. Allen that the fated time had come for serving him up in a magazine article.

We think we know why this wickedest man persists in living in his Water-street den, — we have, in fact, penetrated his secret; but, as we are not absolutely certain as to the matter, we will not set our suspicions down in print, lest we should do him injustice. We have said our wickedest man is a phenomenon: we meant this in its application to the deepest springs of his character, but it is also applicable to the external manifestations of those deepest springs.

Has the reader any notion of a Water-street dance-house? Concretely stated, it is a breathing-hole of hell, — a trap-door of the bottomless pit. You step into a bar-room wherein lousy loafers lurk on a level with the sidewalk, and in rooms far below it. But usually there is a "saloon" in the rear of the bar-room. Passing out of the bar-room by a door opening in a partition across the rear, you enter the dancing-saloon, which varies in size from a room fifteen feet square to a room twenty-five to fifty feet in extent. Along the wall of this room extends a bench, usually on three sides. In the farther end of the room is an orchestra, proportioned in numbers and skill to the prosperity of the establishment. In one of the rear corners of the saloon, there is a small bar, where the girls can drink with their victims without exposing their fascinations to the unthriftful gaze of a non-paying public. Sitting upon the benches, or grouped upon the floor, are girls varying in number from four to twenty, but averaging about ten. These girls are not comely to the fastidious eye, but to a sailor from a long cruise they are not without attractions. So, too, do certain landsmen of a degraded type pay homage. But a decent man can only regard them with pity and sorrow. The only girl we ever saw in a dance-house, in whom we could detect any

comeliness or refinement, was a daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of a New-England State; and she had been there but a few hours.

The first time we entered John Allen's dance-house, we found it in full blast: it was eleven o'clock at night. There were thirteen girls in the room, three musicians, and seven customers submitting to the blandishments of an equal number of the sirens who pervaded the room. Our party consisted of the policeman who accompanied us, three clergymen on the lookout for the "elephant," Mr. Albert C. Arnold of the Howard Mission, and the writer. The wickedest man was in his glory. Things were moving briskly; ordered the orchestra to do their best, and ordered the girls to "break our hearts." A vigorous dance followed, after which the proprietor called out, —

"Hartford, go up and get my baby." Hartford turned out to be one of the girls, and soon returned, bearing in her arms an undressed, sleepy child. This was the juvenile prodigy. The father took him in his arms with a glow of pride and affection.

"Now, gentlemen, you are writers, philosophers, and preachers; but I'll show you that my baby knows as much as any of you. He's hell on reading, writing, praying, and fighting." And, without more ado, he stood the little fellow upon the floor, and began to catechize him in ancient and profane and modern history, geography, with a result that astonished all. Suddenly he exclaimed, "'Chester,' — that's the child's name, — give me a song!" and "Chester" gave us a song.

"Now, 'Chester,' give us a 'break-down,' the orchestra a 'break-down;'" and "Chester" danced it with precision and vigor, and his mother looked on with delight.

"Now, 'Chester,' give us a 'prayer:'" and the child recited first the Lord's Prayer, and then others, mixed with so much ribaldry and profanity on the father's part as cut us to the heart.

And here we got a glimpse of the pre-eminent wickedness of the man, — wickedness which is leading him to train up that idolized boy in a way and in an atmosphere which will yet make him an

object of disgust and loathing, even to his own heart. For that dance-house child, there seems to be no spiritual hope. The sacred and profane are so mingled up, that he will never be able to tell which is sacred and which is profane. He will grow up in the highest possible type of wickedness — if he grows up at all. Of all the cases we have ever seen, Chester Allen gives us the keenest pang.

After the infant phenomenon had been sent back to bed, his father asked our party if we wouldn't "mix in" and have a dance with the girls. "It will do you good," said he, "to trip it a little on the light fantastic. Besides, I like to do the fair thing by distinguished men. I am fond of literary people, and especially of clergymen. I have three brothers who adorn the sacred calling, and grit and grace run through our family like the Tigris and the Jordan through the Holy Land. Go in, gentlemen: the girls shall not hurt you. I will watch over you like a hen over her chickens, and you shall leave my premises as virtuous *as you came in*. Ha, ha! come, what shall it be?" On being assured that we would not "trip it on the light fantastic," he asked us if *we* (that is, our party) would not favor the girls with a song: whereupon Mr. Arnold suggested that we should all sing together, and asked the girls what they would like best. Several of them immediately responded in favor of "There is rest for the weary." — "Do you know that?" one of the clergymen asked. "Yes!" answered at least half a dozen of the girls. "Where did you learn it?" asked another of the clergymen. "At sabbath school," was the reply. We all looked at one another. Here was a revelation. These girls had been brought up to attend sabbath school. Perhaps they were daughters of Christian parents! But we had not time to pursue this painful speculation, for the girls began to sing, —

"In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
And my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
Chorus. — There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you."

And oh, with what fervor and pathos they sang! especially the chorus, which, at the end of each verse, they sang three times over. Some of them sat weeping as they sang.

Since that occasion we have repeatedly visited the abode of the wickedest man in New York, but all our efforts to get any vital hold on him have been in vain. He is always cordial, always ready to let the girls "have a spiritual sing:" he will even permit a little exhortation in his dancing-saloon, and is free with his "Independent" and his "Christian Observer."

But he keeps on his way with unyielding pertinacity. On one occasion a party suggested that he should let us have a prayer-meeting in his saloon. After a little reflection, he replied, "Well, no, gentlemen: I can't go *that*. You know that every man must have regard to his profession, and the opinions of his neighbors. What with my 'Observer' and 'Independent,' and you fellows coming here and singing camp-meeting songs, I am already looked upon in the neighborhood as being rather loose and unsound; and if, upon *top of all that, I should let you hold a prayer-meeting here, I should lose the little character that I've left.*" But our friend Arnold of the Howard Mission was determined to achieve the prayer-meeting; and during the fourth week in May last, when there were many of his clerical friends in the city, Mr. Arnold thought he would bring a heavy spiritual cannonade to bear on Allen, and see what would come of it. So, on Monday night, May 25, after a carefully conducted preliminary season of prayer, an assaulting party was formed, including six clergymen from different parts of the country, to march upon the citadel of the enemy. When we arrived, it was half-past twelve. The window-shutters were closed, and we feared we were too late. But a light shone through the window over the door; and, on application, we were admitted, and received a hearty welcome. Allen just then was undergoing a shampooing process, for the purpose, as he

frankly said, of enabling him to go to bed sober. He added, "You see, gentlemen, it won't do for a business man, or a literary man either, to go to bed drunk. So, now, just take my advice, and, whenever you find yourself drunk about bed-time, you just take a good shampoo, and you will find the investment will pay a big dividend in the morning. But walk into the saloon, gentlemen, walk in. The girls are in there, taking a rest and a smoke after the arduous duties of the evening. Walk in." We walked in, and found the girls smoking pipes, and sitting and lounging about the room.

In a few minutes Allen came in, and proposed to have the girls dance for us; but we declined. "Well, then, Arnold, let's have a song!" he exclaimed. Mr. Arnold, as usual, asked the girls what they would like to have; and they at once asked for their favorite, "There is rest for the weary." — "Here, mother, give me my fiddle," said Allen to his wife, "and bring out the 'books;'" meaning "The Little Wanderer's Friend," of which he keeps a supply.

The books were got out by one of the girls, the fiddle was handed him by his wife, and Allen led off on the treble, all hands joining in. There were eleven girls in the room; and they sang the chorus with unusual fervor, even for them. As soon as this song was finished, a couple of the girls simultaneously asked for "There's a light in the window for thee, brother," which was sung with emphasis and feeling. Mr. Arnold, believing that the hour had come, tapping Allen on the shoulder, said, "Well, John, old boy, give us your hand. I feel just like praying here with you." Allen took the extended hand, and gruffly said, "What! *pray?* Do you mean pray? No, never!"

"Well, John," said Mr. Arnold, "I am going to pray here, anyhow. If I do not pray loud, I'll pray soft. You sha'n't lose the prayer, anyhow." — "Well, Arnold, mind now, if you pray, I'll not hear you; mind that. I don't know any thing about it. I won't hear you;" and backing slowly out of the room, and repeating "I won't hear you" over and over again, Allen went through the door leading to the bar, and closed it after him. Mr. Arnold then invited the girls to join in prayer with him, which they did, — some of them

kneeling on the floor, others bowing their heads upon their hands, — while Allen peered through the window of the partition-door upon the singular scene. Many of the girls arose sobbing; and several of them crowded around Mr. Arnold, and begged him, in the name of God, to take them from that place.

They would work their hands off if honest work could be got for them: they would submit to any hardship if they could only be restored to opportunities for virtue and a Christian life. Take them from this place — where could he take them? In all this Christian land, there is not a Christian home that would open their doors to a repentant female sinner, except to turn her out of the house.

On calling on Mr. Arnold the next day, we found him in the room of the mission, with his head bowed upon the table as though in prayer. "Sir," he exclaimed, "what is to be done about this?" — "About what?" we asked. "These poor girls," he replied. "I have been thinking and praying all night, but I can see no light. Sir" (pressing my hand), "I shall go mad. There are about forty dance-houses in Mr. Allen's neighborhood. Each one requires a re-enforcement of eighty girls, amounting to a trifle of over six a day for each one of them, — about six fresh girls a day, Sunday included."

Naturally, the publication of Mr. Dyer's article centred upon John Allen for a while public attention; and certain clergymen called upon him, and endeavored to convert him.

In a few weeks John Allen's dance-house was closed for the first time in seventeen years. And the next day it was announced that Allen had abandoned forever his infamous vocation. Alas! this announcement did not prove true. The wickedest man went back to his wickedness once more; but still, much benefit had indirectly been done. A great many sinners, unlike Allen, remained true to their pledges; and, on the whole, the effect of the "movement" was for good. And one thing is certain: had the good work been carried on *stead-*

ily, and as earnestly as it had been commenced; had the parties concerned on the Lord's side "not been weary in well-doing;" had they *persisted* in their efforts "in season and out of season," as did "the great apostle of the Gentiles," — Paul, — the result of their labors of love would have been vastly greater. But discouraged by the backsliding of the principal sinner, and sensitive to the remarks of the daily press, and obtaining an unpleasant notoriety, the Christian and temperance leaders, to use the expressive language of the prize-ring, "threw up the sponge," and left Rum and the Devil in possession of the field.

Spasmodic efforts avail little in temperance, religion, or any thing else. It is the steady, persistent fighters, like Wellington and Grant, who never know or care when they are defeated, but who fight right on, who win the fight at last. Another attempt at what may be called "sensational conversion" was made years ago at the rat-pit of the dog-fighter Kit Burns, who was in his time one of the "characters" of New York.

Kit Burns's place was known as "Sportsman's Hall." It was a plain brick building on Water Street, with the lower portion painted green, and a small gas-lamp in front of the door.

The "bar" at Kit Burns's was like all other "bars" in Water Street, only more copiously stocked with liquor; but the great "attraction" of the place was the room fitted up as an amphitheatre, or "pit." The seats were rough, very rough benches, and the pit, or ring, was enclosed by a wooden fence, forming a circle several feet in height. There the rat-fights and dog-fights were held and largely attended, ay, and by men sometimes of money, and social or political position.

These dog and rat fights were terrible spectacles of degraded and drunken humanity witnessing pluck and suffering. But the dogs and rats were less beastly than the men. During the Water-street revival at John Allen's, the parties conducting the movement made an effort to bring Kit Burns under the

influence of temperance and religion. But he resisted their efforts. Then the revivalist hired Kit's rat-pit, and used it for daily religious services.

There, as in the case of John Allen, less "*sensational*" good was accomplished than the conductors of the movement expected and desired. And so they became discouraged. But, in reality, a great deal of good was attained, though in a quiet way, among the more obscure sinners. The real mistake made was, not in beginning these revivals, but *in ever abandoning* them. Temperance raids, religious raids, like police raids, accomplish far less good than steady, moderate, but ceaseless effort. And it must not be forgotten, that although the notorious sinners, John Allen and Kit Burns, persisted in their iniquities, spite the revivals at their places, two other sinners (almost as notorious) have been reformed, and have remained reformed to-day, and are prominent examples of what temperance and true religion can do, even for the vilest. I allude to "Awful Gardner" and "Jerry McAuley."

Awful, or Orville, Gardner was for years a notorious drunkard, pugilist, and gambler, a champion of evil. But he became converted, and at once proved that his conversion was sincere. He forsook the prize-ring and the card-tables with their villanous associations, and lived like an honest man, by honest means, and among honest men and women. He had been for years a "chum" of John Allen, a constant feature of his dance-house. And Allen, and the rest of his set, "took no stock," as it is called, in his conversion. When his reformation was announced, it was pronounced "a dodge;" and bets were offered that he would be "worse than ever" in a month. But the month passed; and Gardner still was honest, sober, and religious. Three months passed, and still he manifested those three virtues. A year passed: still he held on to his honesty, to his temperance, and to his God. He was a man of his word: he

had taken a solemn pledge "to serve God as faithfully in the future as he had served the Devil in the past," and he kept his vow. From that day on he has indorsed his oath by a life of an irreproachable character.

And Jerry McAuley, who was once a "rough" and a "tough," is to-day himself a temperance reformer, and conducts a successful "mission-house" here in the heart of one of the vilest sections of the metropolis, directly adjoining one of the most disgustingly popular of the drinking-haunts of New York, — "the infamous Cremorne." There is abundant encouragement to be derived, after all, from the records of the endeavors of the past. Even the failures made by the good men and women before us are full of instruction and profit if only read aright.

All that the good people of New York, or of any other and all other cities, have got to do to reform the bad, is, to be as earnest and as persistent in good as the bad are in evil. The rum-seller does not sell rum by "spasms," or for "sensation:" he sells it all the time for profit. So the Christian reformer and the temperance advocate should not seek to do good by spasmodic "revivals" only, nor to obtain notoriety. No: they should do their good as the sinner and the rum-seller do their evil, — regularly, steadily, with a due knowledge of human nature, with a single desire to gain their end, and all the time.

Then they will be sure to succeed, and then only.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RUM-DENS OF NEW YORK TO-DAY. — HARRY HILL AND "HARRY HILL'S." — THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAN AND HIS PLACE. — THE "MABILLE" AND McGLORY'S DEN. — "THE HAYMARKET" AND "THE DIVES." — THE REAL TROUBLE WITH THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

In a preceding chapter I have endeavored to show how vile the liquor strongholds of the metropolis have been in the past. But New York is just as liquor-cursed, just as rum-vile, to-day, as in the days or nights of Kit Burns and John Allen.

There is "Harry Hill's," for example. This place has been so frequently described, that its proprietor has learned to look upon these descriptions as "advertisements." Consequently, I do NOT propose to give Mr. Harry Hill an "ad." Suffice it to say, that none of the printed descriptions of this notorious den have been truthful. They have either exaggerated its attractions, or failed to do justice to the singular, the absolutely unique, character of its proprietor.

"Harry Hill's" is not really an attractive place at all to those who are accustomed, in any degree, to appreciate attractions. As a "theatre," the place is absolutely unworthy of notice; the stage being small, the company being cheap, and hardly worth their money at that, and the programme being poor. In fact, the "theatre" serves but as an excuse for the "beer-hall," the "wine-room," and "the dance-house."

The distinctive feature of this, and the other similar dance-houses, is, that women from the streets are admitted "free," — free from the necessity of a male escort or an admission-fee.

A man must pay, to enter Harry Hill's, his twenty-five cents: a woman can enter Harry Hill's, as often as she pleases, for nothing.

True, she must "behave herself" while in the dance-house: she must preserve outward decorum. But the fact remains, that she attends the "performances" at Harry Hill's only for one of two reasons, or for both, — either to swill beer or "drink wine," if invited to do so, or to solicit indirectly, or to be solicited directly by, men.

Whatever credit (?), if any, can be attached to keeping the best possible kind of a very bad house, is due to Harry Hill. He sees that his women do not outrage decency, as they do elsewhere; and he takes care that the thieves who resort to his place do not steal while in his house, or from his customers. There are no "complaints" ever made formally to the police against "Harry Hill's:" and speaking technically, merely in a legal police-point of view, it does not deserve to have any made against it; for the mere outward form and letter of the law is never violated by the shrewd proprietor, who finds it to his interest to be comparatively decent. But still the fact remains, that the place is, and has been for years, the most notorious dance-house in the city of New York; that it is the nightly rendezvous of gamblers, thieves, and prostitutes; and that it is, and long has been, one of the favorite haunts of the accursed liquor-demon.

As for the proprietor himself, he is *sui generis*, — the only man of his kind in New York, or, perhaps, anywhere else. He bears deservedly a high reputation as a business-man, is kindly hearted, respected for his probity by those who have dealings with him, and beloved by those who are employed by him. He has a very large and miscellaneous acquaintance, and numbers among his friends some of the most prominent men of the day.

But, on his dance-house side, Harry Hill is simply a trafficker in bad rum and bad women, — a man who, by his very popularity, does harm to the unwary. There is no use in mincing matters; and for once let the truth be written, just as it is, about Harry Hill.

The writer knows him well, and likes *one* Harry Hill — Harry Hill the man — very well indeed; but for Harry Hill the dance-house keeper and rum-seller, he has, and every true man can't well help having, an unqualified contempt.

How there can be *two* men, two Harry Hills, so different, combined in the one man, the one Harry Hill, is a problem I cannot solve. But, luckily, I am not called upon to solve it, but only to describe it, as I have endeavored to do, without malice, and in the fear of the Lord.

All good men *will* shun, and all men who wish to remain good *should* shun, Harry Hill's just as they would a small-pox hospital; for a place where no virtuous woman ever enters should never be entered by a decent man.

And New York is full of places which are even worse than Harry Hill's, if worse be possible, — places which are even lower, less outwardly decorous, more inwardly vile, such as "The Allen's Mabille," as it is called, and McGlory's den.

At the former place, in the immediate vicinity of Harry Hill's, thieves and courtesans daily and nightly congregate, and, of course, liquor, and very bad liquor, is persistently and profitably sold. And ever and anon public "balls," "masked" balls sometimes, are held at the Mabille, and very largely attended, not only by the "flash" class, but by those who should know and do better, — the so-called "swells" of the upper classes of society, "men-about-town," etc., who thus then and there patronize pandemonium.

As for McGlory's den, it is a vile hole, indescribably disgusting. There is really nothing attractive about it, except its

very repulsiveness. It makes not the slightest pretence to beauty or to art. There is not the slightest indication of refinement. There is really no comfort: the liquor is vile, the people who drink it are viler, and the man who "runs" the beastly rum-hole is the vilest of all.

Here murderous assaults have been committed with impunity; here people have been robbed unblushingly; here rivalry, blasphemy, and obscenity can be heard constantly; here the worst of men mingle with the vilest of women, both classes of wretches on the lookout for victims brought here by curiosity, under the insane idea that they are "seeing life," when really they are "seeing" the only part of "life" not worth the seeing; here a "rough," who was head bar-keeper of this "hell," recently attempted to kill a policeman, and was himself killed; and here every crime that can disgrace humanity is represented.

This den of McGlory's has recently been brought into prominence by the colossal "cheek" of McGlory himself, who, taking advantage, by a trick, of the representatives of the proprietors of the Brunswick Hotel, one of the most fashionable establishments on Fifth Avenue, absolutely engaged a parlor at the Brunswick, and gave a post-midnight supper to his gang of "girls" and "roughs," who made night hideous with their orgies, and stirred Fifth Avenue down to its very foundations.

It is now claimed, that the idea of this colossal combined "sell" and "spree" did not originate with McGlory himself, but was done at the instigation, and with the financial "backing," of certain prominent parties in society, who were unfriendly to the management of the Brunswick. But, at any rate, the affair was successfully and skilfully engendered by McGlory, who spent a large sum of money on it, and received from it an enormous advertisement, worth ten times the money spent.

Now, it is not my intention to do what the proprietors of the

Brunswick unwittingly did, and "advertise" McGlory by "abusing" him. He and his den, and all such men as he, and all such places as his, are really not worth the elaborate pen-and-ink descriptions that have been wasted upon them.

Suffice it to say, that all these haunts of vice and rum are disgustingly similar, and will NOT repay the trouble, expense, or risk of a personal visit. I am writing of them as they are; and I do not intend that any glamour of romance or poetry shall be thrown around them, for there is not a particle of romance or charm about them.

Take the Haymarket, for example: what can really be less poetical or attractive than this notorious place? A floor almost as dirty as a stable, with vestiges here and there of tawdry finery, with a bar at one side, and staircases on either side, leading to a second floor, or gallery, with wine-room, or platform, to the rear, and a sort of supper-room to one side, and tables and chairs of the rudest description everywhere, with a small stage, accommodating a noisy orchestra at one end; and a space on the middle of the floor reserved for dancing, where women, foul from the streets, whirl round in the arms of men, smoking cigars; while on all sides, around and above, men and women, thieves and prostitutes, look on, laugh, sneer, curse, or applaud, as the case may be, amid clouds of tobacco-smoke and the fumes of villanous whiskey. Such is the appearance of the Haymarket any and every night from ten o'clock till two; and, certainly, there is nothing very captivating about all this.

"The Cremorne" is even lower and less attractive than the Haymarket, being only a free-and-easy of the lowest grade; and the "Lava Beds," so called, on Sixth Avenue, around Thirtieth Street, are merely localities devoted to drinking-saloons, like the notorious "Empire," where the appetites of degraded women are catered to by men even more degraded,

and where boys, girls, men, and women drink and often quarrel, undisturbed by the police, — the wonderful and wonderfully inconsistent New-York police, which, while it puts a stop to what at least claims to be a devout representation of religious mysteries, does NOT put a stop to "The French Madame's," or a score of dens which claim to be and are unblushing and altogether undevout representatives of irreligion and depravity.

Ah! sometimes when I think of the fact, that the police arrest poor candy-women and little boys for trying to make a few cents on the first day of the week, and yet permit Irving, and the rest of his class, to keep the Sixth-avenue "dives" open day and night all the week through, unmolested, I cannot help recalling the words of Him who denounced bitterly the hypocrites who "strained at a gnat, and swallowed a camel."

For the police, *if they chose*, could, within forty-eight hours, close all the places I have just described. Just as Owney Geoghan's vile den has been brought to at least temporary grief of late; just as the Buckingham has been stopped, — so all the dens in New York could be wiped out if the police were only as earnest in doing their work as they are in getting their pay, — if, like the Divine Master, they were "no respecter of persons."

Ah! the real difficulty is, not to get the necessary machinery with which to repress the infamous liquor traffic, but to keep that machinery up to doing its work. The real trouble with the temperance movements has always been, that the temperance and reform influences, the ministers, the authorities, the police, have been ever lukewarm in their duties; while the rum-sellers have been heart and soul, body and mind, dollars and cents, earnest and energetic in their profitable sin. Success in any thing in this world is more a matter of mingled prudence and pluck than of any thing else, or of all things else combined; and, alas, alas! the preponderance of worldly tact and

persistent energy has thus far been on the side of the rum-sellers. Hence their success to date.

But this fact carries with it its own lesson; for it follows, that, when the energy and the prudence of the temperance advocates shall equal or exceed for good the zeal and shrewdness displayed by the rum-sellers for evil, then the case will be reversed, and alcohol will be dethroned. And it may here be remarked, that the energy and worldly wisdom shown by some of the converts to temperance, by the reformed drunkards, such as "Awful" Gardner and Jerry McAuley, previously alluded to, and Ben Hogan the reformed pugilist, who has been of late doing so noble a work in Chicago and the West, puts to shame the supineness of the regular recognized agents of reform and good morals, the "orthodox" clergymen, the professed temperance people, and the uniformed, disciplined, but inefficient and half-hearted, police.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STILL ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY WON AND LOST. — THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. — ITS HISTORY AND GOOD WORK. — I AM SEIZED WITH AN IDEA. — AND I PREPARE TO CARRY IT OUT.

I WILL now resume the thread of my personal narrative. Having "loafed" around New York in destitution and disgrace, idling, and suffering for lack of the decencies and even the necessaries of life, a slave to my old foe, rum, I finally, with the good luck that so constantly attended me, and which I as constantly abused, came across an old friend, who, taking pity on my distresses, and having confidence in my business talent, first exacted from me a pledge that I would cease drinking, and then advanced me a sum of money to invest in the restaurant business.

I accordingly went on at once to Boston, and opened a place at No. 21 South Street. Once more an all-merciful Providence had put me on my feet, and given me a chance, — my tenth or fifteenth chance. But, alas, alas, alas! although I had given my pledge not to drink, I violated it in a few weeks. I promised in good faith; but rum had ruined my free will, as it always does. And I did not keep my vow. My new speculation ended — as my old speculations had all ended — in failure, brought on by rum, — rum simply, and rum solely, and rum altogether.

I was then compelled to seek assistance for the very necessaries of life. And, among other places, I applied in my distress to the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms. There I met

Mr. D. Banks McKenzie, who took a true Christian's kindly interest in my case. He had been, I understood, a sufferer once himself from my own dread moral, spiritual, and physical disease, intemperance, but had reformed and recovered, and had devoted himself to rescuing unfortunates like me. He substantially befriended me, even to such a great degree that I have not yet been able to repay him. I hope, God giving me health and strength, to show this man, who is doing so much for humanity at large, that at least I feel grateful for his kindness.

And here let me say a few words relative to Young Men's Christian Associations, which are justly ranked among the memorable achievements and powerful influences of the times.

These associations are now numbered by the hundreds, and embrace many thousands of members. And as a writer on this subject in that truly Christian and altogether admirable periodical, "Harper's Magazine," remarks, —

To bind together such a congeries of societies, and to inform them with a common life, has required tact, patience, and uncommon good judgment. The associations are examples of business shrewdness applied to Christian aims. For once worldly wisdom, in the best sense, has entered into league with Christian simplicity. One cannot read the instructions for the formation of associations without tracing the marks of this wisdom. Some of them run in this wise: "Begin quietly, without mass-meetings." "Avoid debt." "Do not run a race with a lyceum, or any like institution" "Strike out into new paths." "Build a house that beats a public-house." "Keep out the talking, office-seeking men, who are ready to seize upon a new movement so long as it adds to their popularity, or gratifies their vanity. At conventions 'show-men' are not needed, nor persons simply who can make a good speech." "Do not depend upon large and ambitious meetings to sustain your work." "Put your association-room not higher than the second floor, and furnish it as a parlor, and not in a

formal manner as a public hall." "Do not engage as an association in measures of political reform." Such instructions reveal a patient study of the difficulties which are met in the path of every movement, and the methods by which they are overcome. There is a touch of satire in the advice to keep clear of windy, talking men. What village in our land does not know them? Carlyle, in his "Stump Orator," advises that a bit of his tongue be cut off every time that he talks without doing. The associations have learned, that all "deep talent is a talent to do, and is intrinsically of silent nature." They have a short word for the fussy orator: "Much-talking man, you may go down. Your gift is not wanted here." Let it not be supposed, however, that worldly prudence is the chief quality in the management of these associations. It plays a subordinate part only: underneath it is a fervid zeal for the spiritual welfare of young men.

The date of the beginning of a Young Men's Christian Association was 1844; and Mr. George Williams, the founder, lives a hale and vigorous man, old as years are counted, but still youthful in his Christian zeal. The original association in London has owed much of its growth to the energy of its long-time secretary, Mr. Shipton, who, now retired from duty, can look back with pleasure upon the fruit of his manifold toils. The example of England was quickly copied on this side of the ocean; and, in 1857, there was one formed in Montreal. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, rapidly followed. In tracing this history, we find that brain, the ardor of Christian zeal, and business experience, have worked together. For instance, in the city of New York, merchants, bankers, and professional men, such as Cephas Brainard, James Stokes, jun., Elliot Monroe, William E. Dodge, jun., have been closely linked with others whose entire lives have been surrendered to this service. But to no one can more be ascribed in the developing of the associations in the United States than to Robert R. McBurney, the New-York secretary. He wields an unknown power by suggestion, which reaches to the farthest limits of association interests. He may be classed as one of the best examples of quiet, persistent energy.

Many will remember the modest quarters of the association in the Bible House of former years. Through the confidence which Mr. McBurney's executive abilities have inspired, the funds have been collected for the erection of the Association Building, which is in every way worthy of the conspicuous position it occupies in the city. Here, too, the International Committee have their headquarters; and from this point, as a centre, radiates the work among railway-men, the college students, among the Germans, in the South and West, and among the freedmen. All these branches from the parent-stock have grown without human provision. Some one has appeared fitted for a special service: the service has called for the man, and the managers have had the sagacity to heed the call. The life of F. von Schluemenbach, who has charge of the association among the German young men in the United States, has the same romantic interest as that of William Nast, the founder of the German Methodist-Episcopal Churches. Nast was a fellow-student with Strauss, was infected with Straussian scepticism, came to the United States, led for a time an aimless, unsettled life, was led by the simple-hearted Christians to doubt his doubt, and to a hearty acceptance of Christian faith. Von Schluemenbach had adopted an Epicurean, atheistic philosophy, had become a leader among like-minded young men of German nationality, but through the earnest expostulation of the late Gen. Albright of Pennsylvania, and the awakening of the recollections of early years in the fatherland, was brought to a better mind. Gen. Albright, who was in war a fearless soldier, and all the time a fearless Christian, introduced the German atheist to his Sunday school in these terms: "Here is my dear friend, Capt. von Schluemenbach, an infidel, by the way, who says there is no God; and he is going to speak to you, and tell you there is no God, and to prove it to you." This was a trying position for the German. The songs of the children had awakened tender feelings; and his speech became a confession, that he could not believe there was a God. But, if the children knew that better than he, they might as well pray for him as for others. Led gently, step after step, by the general and his wife into the truth, he began a new life.

It is the characteristic of the association, that they develop lay activity. Gen. Albright was a lawyer, a bank-president, and a man of affairs. New York has given an example of a physician and professor in a medical school who is also one of the most successful of Bible-teachers. Dr. W. H. Thompson for eleven years has had before him, every Sunday afternoon in Association Hall, an audience varying from five hundred to seven hundred persons, who have listened to his explanations of the meaning of Scripture. His qualifications for the work of an expositor are unusually good. He is the son of Rev. Dr. William M. Thomson, the author of "The Land and the Book." His early life was spent in Syria; and, as the East has for centuries been unchangeable, he can furnish out of the stores of his memory abundant illustrations of Scripture history. Seated beside a table, on which his arm carelessly leans; using colloquial tones, which derive no advantage from any power of voice; not at all fluent, but, on the contrary, hesitating in utterance, — Dr. Thomson has, nevertheless, learned the secret of holding his audiences: one of the causes of this success is, that the lecturer has something to say; another, that he does not "orate." Dr. Thomson believes that Bible history may be made as interesting as any other. "Take," he says, "the history of the founding of the Christian Church, as it is given us in the Acts, and illustrated in the Epistles, and, if that subject cannot be made more interesting than the history of Greece or the American Revolution, it will be owing solely to the mental vacuity of the teacher himself, who has been deadened by a liturgical reading of the Bible till his ears are dull of hearing." Preachers who speak to nearly empty pews Sunday after Sunday may learn something to their advantage by attending the lectures of the Rev. Dr. Thomson.

As I was once a railroad-man myself, I may here remark, that a great interest has been taken by the Young Men's Christian Association in railroad-men. Cleveland is the centre from which work has sprung; although tentative efforts have been made in St. Albans, Vt., as early as 1854, and in Canada in 1855, its success dates from 1872. Mr. Lang Sheaff became conspicuous in it at Cleveland. In 1877 Mr.

E. D. Ingersoll was appointed secretary of the Railway Branch of the Young Men's Christian Associations. So rapidly has this Christian enterprise grown, that in 1879 a convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations was held in Altoona, Penn. There are now reading-rooms for railroad-men at thirty-three railroad centres, of each of which a secretary has charge. An aggregate of thirty thousand dollars is annually appropriated by the companies for this truly Christian labor. "Mr. Ingersoll," says a leading railway manager, "is, indeed, a busy man. Night and day he travels. To-day a railroad president wants him here: to-morrow a manager summons him there. He is going, like a shuttle, back and forth through the country, weaving the web of the Railway Associations. In Indianapolis twelve railroad companies aid in the support of this work of benevolence. In Chicago the president of one of the leading railroads, the general manager of another, the general superintendent of another, and other officials, have served and are serving, and are serving actively, on the Railway Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations." The stuff these men are made of may be seen from some of the reports to the Altoona convention. One spoke thus: "About twelve years ago we organized in Stonington, Conn., a midnight prayer-meeting of railroad-men. It was the hour before the starting of the steamboat night-train. The first night one man was soundly converted, and continues to-day a living witness of the truth. After a while the meetings were suspended; and I heard nothing more about the railroad-meetings, until Mr. Ingersoll, the railroad secretary of the International Committee, came down that way. "I run a midnight train from Providence," said a conductor, "and speak almost every Sunday; and many of our railroad-men attend. I am forty-six years of age, and have been twenty-seven years on the road, and four years at sea. My engineer is a Christian man, and I feel safe behind him." Are the passengers of the midnight train the worse off because the engineer and conductor are such men as these? A railroad secretary, who represented Indianapolis, said, "A member of our association was killed last week, and I was called upon to bury him: it was a sad, a very sad, duty. He was a Chris-

tian boy, and there are men here who have heard him pray. Going home from the funeral, one of the boys, not a Christian, said, 'The Railroad Christian Association is doing more for our railroad-men than any thing else in the world.'"

Some may suppose that the books provided in the railroad reading-rooms are wholly of the goody-goody species. Not so. The Bible is there, and is made the text-book in the Bible-classes; and devotional books do their precious office. But these men have active brains, and are Americans. A secretary says of them, "One of the first things they call for is railroad-works. I am surprised how many inquire for mechanical works; and for that reason I am particular to have the railroad papers — 'The Scientific American,' etc. — on our tables. These are read more than the dailies. If the men know that they are going to get something that will help in working up to a higher position, they will come to our rooms." Among the books called for, as desirable for the libraries, are Bourne's "Hand-book of the Steam-Engine," Balfour Stewart's "Conservation of Energy," Pope's "Modern Practice of the Telegraph," and along with such strong meat as Henry's "Commentaries," Conybeare and Howson's "St. Paul," etc.

It is now time to consider the methods by which these results have been attained. Enthusiasm alone will not account for them. A brief outburst of Christian zeal may form an association of young men, but the cohesive force of the bond is very slight. In point of fact, moral societies outside of churches fall to pieces very easily: the wonder is, that many of them live from year to year. That the Christian associations have lived for a generation, and have grown so steadily, is due to two facts: they meet a permanent want, and they have been brought into unity with unusual skill. According to their own account, their history is divisible into three periods. The first is called the period of confederation, and extends from 1854 to 1861. The former date marks the first annual convention of the associations of the United States and the British Provinces, held at Buffalo. This was the time of infancy. The associations were experiments, and were learning what could and what could not be done. The second period is that

of the civil war, 1861 to 1864. The war changed at once the labors of the associations. The army, which absorbed the young men of the period, became the objective point. Army committees were formed, first for Christian labors among the recruits encamped about New York, and then for service in the field. A convention of delegates from the Young Men's Christian Associations formed the United-States Christian Commission, which, as has been well said, was one of the most beneficent agencies ever devised to alleviate the miseries and horrors of war. "It served as the medium by which the Christian homes, churches, and communities of the country sent spiritual and material comfort to the soldiers in the field and hospital." In the four years of war it expended, for the benefit of the soldiers, two and a half millions in cash, and nearly three millions in stores. To have originated this agency is one of the crowning glories of the Young Men's Christian Associations. They modestly disclaim any credit for its wonderfully wise administration. That belongs to Mr. George H. Stuart and his associates. But the history confirms what Lord Bacon says of young men: "that their invention is more lively than that of old men; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely." The third period, from 1865 to the present time, is the period of development. In 1869 the test of membership was adopted, which led to a sifting, as well as a closer unity. But the most capital device which dates from this period was the formation of an International Executive Committee, as the organ of the international convention. This committee has its headquarters in New York, and has the supervision of association work throughout America. Its circulars describe the field to be covered in this fashion: —

"Fifty thousand college students, one hundred thousand commercial travellers, five hundred thousand German-speaking young men, five hundred thousand colored young men, eight hundred thousand railroad-men, the young men in States west of the Ohio, the young men of the South, the young men in Canada, the Young Men's Christian Associations in North America, — a broad field, certainly; and, for all its breadth, it is occupied. The young men have entered it

bravely, and intend to hold it, as they commonly say, 'for their Lord and Master.' Since 1866 the committee has brought up to each successive international convention a careful report of what has been accomplished under its superintendence, and has submitted a plan, with estimates of cost, for the coming year. After deciding on the general features of the work to be undertaken, the convention refers it to the executive committee, with instructions to perfect the plan in detail, and to carry out its provisions as far as the necessary funds are furnished by the associations and the friends of the cause." Thus far the committee have had but one chief secretary, — Mr. Richard C. Morse. Mr. Morse is a graduate of Yale, and has the quick, nervous energy of the American young man. He believes it to be possible to girdle the globe with Young Men's Christian Associations, and, most likely, expects to live long enough to see it done. But the International Executive Committee reaches still farther. In each State of our Union, and in each of the Provinces of Canada, it has a corresponding member, through whom it reaches State and Provincial associations. Under its inspirations State and Provincial associations are held. Each State is urged to employ a secretary, and each local association a general secretary, both to devote all their time to association labors. Of course, only the strongest associations can afford to support paid agencies: still, there are already one hundred and twenty-one general secretaries and assistants, twelve State secretaries, and eight international secretaries, making one hundred and forty-one in all. Sixty associations in America have buildings, and thirty-seven have building-funds and real estate. When Mr. Morse entered upon his duties in 1870, there was but one agent employed by the International Committee; it had no more than $4,700 in hand for all expenditures; it now employs eight special secretaries and three office assistants, and expended in 1880 the sum of $24,444. This, for young men who are supposed to be remarkably impulsive, is an admirable exhibition of executive power. But New York is not the sole centre from which association enterprises radiate. Chicago shares this honor. In that city Mr. D. L. Moody began, in the service of the Christian Association, the marvellous evangelism which

spread over Europe and America. In all his diversified labors, Mr. John V. Farwell of Chicago, the president of the association, has been his counsellor and friend. The great merchant and the evangelist have been honorably coupled together in the recent religious history of the North-West. Geneva, too, the historic city of the Protestant reformers, is a great centre still. Here is the seat of the World's Central Committee, which aims to link together the system of Christian Associations throughout the world. The secretary of the committee is Mr. Charles Fermand, who, in order to execute the duties of the office, has surrendered his brilliant business prospects, has travelled over the field in Europe and America, and made his first report to the world's convention of all associations, held in London in August, 1881. Mr. Fermand spent three years in examining the associations of French and German Switzerland, America, England, and Scotland, and Ireland, France, Belgium, etc. Mr. Fermand had to obey the summons to perform military service for two months, in accordance with the requirements of Swiss law. These are some of the outgrowth of the little union of young men, effected by Mr. George Williams in 1844. We can best show the fruit by coming back to one association building, — that of New York. Every secular day more than eight hundred persons enter its open doors; to the reading-room and gymnasium one-third as many; over two thousand meetings are held yearly; that is, six each day. In all this activity, there is but one governing impulse, — that the best service to be rendered to them is, to lead them to revere and love Jesus Christ. This is the simple creed of the Young Men's Christian Associations. In this vast complexity of agencies, not one of them is employed with a malevolent purpose. To every young man they do, in point of fact, present the appeal, —

> "And thy striving, be it with loving,
> And thy living, deed on deed."

And now to return to myself.

Having, through the agency of the Y. M. C. A. (initials far more truly honorable than the famous S. P. Q. R. of the ancient

Romans), through the kindness of Mr. D. Banks McKenzie, and the blessing of Heaven, contrived to remain sober for some weeks, I got quite elated with my novel sobriety; and one day the idea occurred to me, why not give a temperance lecture? The idea was rather a "cheeky" one, I confess, for a drunkard who was not yet morally certain of his own reform; yet, after all, it was not so wild and utopian as it seemed. Who more fitted truthfully and vividly to describe the horrors of intemperance than the man who has personally experienced them? Besides, I had some qualifications for a popular lecturer. I had self-possession, a gift of language, and a certain power of telling a story, which would serve me on the platform in good stead. And then, the novelty of the thing would give it a certain amount of *éclat;* while the mere fact of coming before the public as a temperance lecturer would, I thought, compel me ever afterwards to feel under a more than ordinary obligation to keep sober. So, for all these reasons, the idea of giving a temperance lecture seemed just the thing.

I communicated the idea to my friends, and found that they warmly approved of it. So, as the phrase is, "I put myself in the hands of my friends," who made the arrangements about the lecture for me. Tremont Temple was engaged for Monday evening, May 19, 1873, for the first appearance upon the lecture-platform of Thomas N. Doutney; and I set to work to prepare a lecture, partly based upon my own personal experience, and partly devoted to a consideration of the causes and cure of intemperance. I threw my whole stock of energy into this lecture. I meant, at heart, to reform. I had been low enough. This lecture was to be the first step towards my elevation. In the composition of my lecture, I experienced some of the usual troubles that await a man on his first essay at literary work; but, as to the delivery of the lecture itself, I had no fear: I felt that I could deliver it, and that I would;

and an assurance like this, accompanied by the necessary work and energy, usually is fulfilled. It fulfils itself.

To a certain extent (to what degree those who have heard me must judge for themselves, but certainly to a degree), I have the gift of acting; that is, of delineating emotion. I have never, in any way, been connected with the theatrical profession, either directly or indirectly; but I have seen now and then some very artistic acting, and have not been slow in gathering hints from what I saw and heard. In this respect my occasional visits to the theatre have not been, as they are to most, an unmitigated evil.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STAGE IN ITS RELATION TO THE BOTTLE. — THE "STARS" AND DRUNKARDS OF THE PAST. — ESTIMABLE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN MASTERED BY BAD HABITS. — AND ESTIMABLE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE RESISTED THESE BAD HABITS. — THE THREE BOOTHS. — NEW LIGHT ON THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. — THE DRAMA AND THE DRAM.

And here let me pause a moment in my direct narrative to write a few words of reminiscence, warning, and advice to actors and actresses, and to "show" people in general.

Each profession has its strong points and its weak ones, — its characteristic virtues and vices. The clerical profession is elevating and self-denying, but it is peculiarly liable to the besetting sin of "spiritual pride." The law is liberal, but has a tendency to trickery. Medicine is both liberal and elevating, but has a tendency to materialism and to infidelity. While the theatrical profession, though the most "charitable" branch of occupation known to man, always kindly hearted and open-handed, has its own peculiar vice, intemperance. One of the greatest actors the English-speaking stage has seen, Edmund Kean, was an inveterate drunkard, the abject slave of wine, — a man who clouded his genius and shortened his life by his terrible excesses. And the man to whom he, when in this country, erected a monument, the actor Cooke, was another genius and another drunkard. One of the greatest actors known to the American stage, the elder Booth, was the slave of drink; and many are the serio-comic and almost tragic stories recorded of the drinking bouts of this extraordinary

genius. J. R. Scott, in his days the rival of Edwin Forrest, fell a victim to "the flowing bowl;" as did the bright gentleman Perry, the leading man, and that incomparable light comedian Mortimer, — ay, the very man who for years made fame and fortune by acting the *rôle* of the drunkard in Barnum's Museum drama of that name, the actor Goodall, whose personation of George Middleton, the drunkard, was a splendid piece of art, and itself a sermon, died of *mania a potu*. Burton, though not a drunkard, was a hard drinker, and shortened his days by his drinking-habits. Brougham — genial John Brougham — lived for years a comparative wreck, previous to his final departure. He had never even been what is called "a hard drinker;" but he had undermined his constitution by his steady, "moderate drinking," which, just as "constant dripping will wear a stone," will, sooner or later, undermine the most vigorous constitution. Lucille Western, the greatest actress America has yet produced, with the sole exception of Charlotte Cushman, ruined her health by resorting to the use of stimulants to sustain her strength, and died in her prime. And the long list of gifted men and women on the stage who have injured themselves, or absolutely killed themselves, by drink, could be indefinitely followed.

All the people I have mentioned were gifted; and most of them were good, — good at heart, — and much better in their lives, perhaps, than the average men and women of the world: but, unfortunately for themselves, though not all drunkards or even hard drinkers, they had contracted the habit of resorting to intoxicating stimulants; and they paid the penalty of that folly.

Far be it from us to judge them; but, certainly, we must pity them; and we ought all of us to take warning from them.

And yet there are hundreds of actors to-day, and scores of

actresses, who are not taking warning, but are imitating the folly of their dead and gone companions in art — and alcohol.

It is not saying too much to say, that the finest leading man the present decade has produced, Charles Thorne, jun., would have been alive to-day had he been a total-abstinence man. But, as he was a "free liver," he was an early die-er.

And there are hosts of "stars" and "leading-men," and actors of all grades, who are hard drinkers, and who are doing themselves, and their families if they have any, and the general public, gross injustice by yielding more or less, generally more, to their special temptation of intemperance.

And social drinking is far too much of a custom among the ladies of the profession. Thus two of the members of one stock-company in New-York City, and three of another, are steady consumers of beer and wine in any thing but moderate quantities; and their "little weakness" only serves to excite the good-natured mirth, the *badinage*, of their associates, which is, perhaps, the worst sign about the whole matter.

The fondness of the members of the *corps-de-ballet* for beer has become proverbial, equalled only by the predilection of circus-people for whiskey.

It is a thousand pities it is so; but we leave it to theatrical people and circus-people themselves, if we do not state the simple truth.

I have no ill will towards theatrical and show folk: on the contrary, I have a kindly feeling; for they have entertained me occasionally, and treated me cordially always, when I met them; but it is for this very kindly feeling's sake that I would, in the name of their best interests, protest against their worst enemy. Nor is there the slightest real necessity for this sad state of things. There is no more need for an actor or actress to drink, than there is for a lawyer, or a doctor, or a clergyman for that matter.

While many of the great theatrical stars have been drunkards, many, fully equal to them in all artistic respects, have been positively or comparatively sober men and women.

Charlotte Cushman was a model alike of energy, talent, and temperance. Macready was a temperate man. Forrest was always careful in his habits as regards the use of intoxicating stimulants. John Gilbert, honored John Gilbert, the model "old man" of New York, is a strictly temperate man. Murdock, the classic Murdock, has been all his life a pattern in this, as in all other respects. Edwin Booth, to-day the foremost American actor of the world, affords, in his own career, a memorable example of the fact, that personal intemperance is not an essential of theatrical greatness. And the history of this illustrious artist also proves that drinking-habits can be overcome by will-power, and that even the terrific curse of inherited intemperance, a hereditary tendency to liquor derived from one's own parents, can be neutralized and conquered by earnest effort.

Edwin Booth was the son of a hard-drinking father, who, training his child in his own profession, seemed also to, unfortunately, initiate him into his own irregular habits. Cases are still remembered in which it is said father and son have been seen under the influence of liquor together. Statements are made, that, at one time of his eventful life, Edwin Booth was far advanced on the road that leads to a drunkard's grave. It is also said his trip to Australia with Laura Keene was clouded by excesses; and the old adage, "Like father, like son," seemed to be in a fair way to be realized once more.

But Edwin Booth had a host of warm wishers, and among them some true friends, who sincerely regretted the rumors concerning his drinking-habits, and strove to correct them. It was his good fortune also to marry a woman who did all in a true wife's power to counteract the curse that was threatening to destroy the man she worshipped. Above all, Edwin

Booth himself was, with all his uncommon genius, a man of common sense; and he saw clearly that to drink was simply an advance step on the road to ruin, and he paused ere it was too late.

He is to-day a temperate man.

His career is very instructive, — full of warning alike and encouragement.

But thanks to his friends, to his own force of character, to the prayers of a true wife, and to the blessing of Heaven, he crossed the Rubicon, and conquered all obstacles, and is to-day a temperate as well as a famous man.

Compare his career with that of his ill-starred brother, Wilkes Booth. Wilkes possessed more native ability than any of his brothers; he was more like his illustrious father in gifts than any other of his sons; but, alas! he also was exactly like his illustrious sire in eccentricity and intemperance.

And it was his intemperance which, among other things, led him to the crime which has forever cast a shadow on the name of Booth, the actor-assassin.

It is not asserting too much to say, that, had John Wilkes Booth not been a drinking-man, the assassination of Abraham Lincoln would not now be a fact of history. Wilkes had been drinking hard for some weeks previous to the terrible affair; and all his associates in the foul enterprise, if the term "enterprise" can be applied to such a cowardly folly, were drinking men and women.

This is a point which has not been yet dwelt upon with the force that it deserves. All the assassins, and Mrs. Surratt herself, were wine-bibbers, hard drinkers; and alcohol influenced them as well as treason.

Had the conspirators been all sober, they would probably *not* have been conspirators. Had they been practised in the restraints of sobriety, it is safe to assume that the frenzy of

assassination would never have seized them. Men who control their appetites generally control their passions; and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln may be, in part at least, laid to the charge of alcohol. It is one of the encouraging signs of the times, that of late years some well-known theatrical people have become directly or indirectly the advocates of temperance. Miss Minnie Cummings (the real founder of the Madison-square Theatre), though not identified directly with temperance work, not long ago delivered one of the best of temperance orations, because brief and to the point, in the city of New York. And the same lady, a short time previous to her impromptu speech, had come across, accidentally, a poor drunkard, who, but for her interference, would have been taken to the station-house, but who, restored to his right mind and a sober life by her kindly influences, is now doing well at this moment, in the metropolis, as a writer in a metropolitan journal.

Other actresses, notably a Mrs. Susie Denver, have joined the ranks of the reformers, and are proving, alike by precept and example, that there is no essential connection between the stage and the bottle, the drama and the dram.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MY FIRST LECTURE. — "GREAT EXPECTATIONS." — A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT. — WHAT I SAW AND WHAT I DID NOT SEE ON TREMONT STREET. — TWO INTELLIGENT AND WELL-DRESSED STRANGERS, AND WHAT THEY WANTED WITH ME. — A LECTURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. — A TEMPERANCE LECTURER FALLEN.

Well, the (to me) ever memorable Monday, May 19, 1873, arrived in due time; and I was in a constant state of exaltation and excitement. A good deal of preparation had really been made for my lecture that night. Printer's ink was thrown around everywhere; and flowing handbills announced that "The reformed drunkard, Thomas N. Doutney, would lecture at Tremont Temple. Admission twenty-five cents, reserved seats fifty cents."

Some of my friends had even gone to the trouble and expense (more trouble than expense, by the by) to secure the services, in my behalf, of a band, — a German street-band, — all uniformed for the occasion, and presenting a strong and noisy advertisement of my forthcoming lecture. My friends were determined that I should "make a noise in the world," if only by proxy. Every thing seemed propitious. Special complimentary tickets had been issued "for the press," and to each of these tickets my likeness was attached. In short, in this my first lecture, as in every thing else I have subsequently undertaken, I did whatever my hand found to do; and I did it with all my might.

And meanwhile I cherished high hopes of making a brilliant

success. I had ever in my mind's eye the pleasing vision of a crowded house, an audience of well-dressed and intelligent men and women listening to my words; and this prospect of a grand house, with a good return at the box-office, cheered me infinitely. I felt more like a boy than I had felt for years, — a boy in animal spirits and vivacity, — though more of a man than ever also, — a full-grown man in ardor and ambition. Nor was I wholly selfish in my feelings and aspirations. For I hoped and believed, that among my audience that evening would be found some poor victims of rum, like myself (or, rather, my former self), who, I trusted and resolved, should receive from my words alike warning and encouragement. I was in high spirits; and acquaintances gathered round me, and increased my confidence and excitement. Hosts of professed temperance people, who called themselves my friends, all promised "to be there" at the Tremont Temple that Monday night. And as they clasped my hand, and bade me God-speed in my good work, I felt that a new life and light were beginning to dawn upon me through this my first lecture. I could reasonably hope to pay my debts, and begin existence anew on a better, sounder basis than ever before.

Ah! I shall never forget that Monday. It was a day of anticipation. And, alas! I shall never forget, either, that Monday night. It was a night of awakening, — and such an awakening! — an awakening to reality.

As the shades of night gathered around the great city, I began to feel slightly nervous. The re-action to my state of excitement had commenced already. I bolted my supper down, and then rushed to the Tremont Temple, towards which I expected to see (with my bodily eyes) hurrying a crowd of those "well-dressed and intelligent men and women" whom I had seen (in my mind's eye) during the whole day. But I was disappointed. As I approached the Tremont Temple, I

could see no crowd at all: if any thing, the number of people now in that vicinity seemed to be less than usual.

With a strange, depressing sensation of wondering uneasiness, I took my position on Tremont Street, opposite the Temple, and waited for that crowd that was to come. I waited, but the crowd came not. I saw my own name conspicuously displayed on the outside of the building, but I saw very little else. There was very little else to see. Certainly, I saw no eager multitude pressing into the hall. I only beheld now and then a man or small boy, — generally a small boy, — stopping, and looking carelessly at my "announcements," and then passing on. In ten minutes or more that I stood there on the street, not over twenty people entered the hall itself; and yet it was within a quarter of an hour of the advertised time for my lecture to commence. Perhaps, in all my life, I was never more wretched and crest-fallen than as I stood there on Tremont Street, Boston. I felt strongly humiliated, sunken in my own self-esteem. I felt outraged, humiliated, disgraced. I began to understand what is meant by the pangs of disappointed ambition.

But I recovered myself, "braced myself up," metaphorically speaking, and crossed the street to the Temple, not as a chief advancing to victory, not as a genius advancing to fame, not as a toiler going to meet his reward, but rather as a victim to martyrdom, or a child to punishment, or as any thing or anybody you choose, except as an about-to-be successful lecturer.

Ah! there was no crowd at the door. The box-office was nearly deserted, — nearly, but not quite. There were two men — two rather "well-dressed and intelligent men" — in the entrance, but they were not buying tickets of admission: they were not at all anxious to hear me, they were only anxious to *see* me.

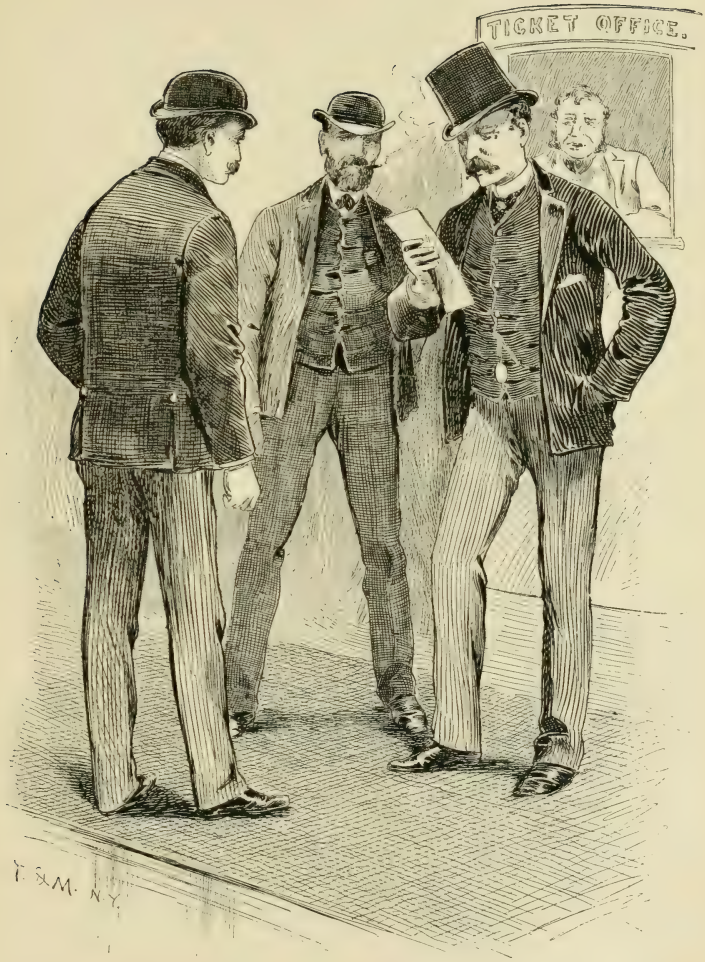
One of these two men was so very anxious to see me, that

he barred my passage-way to the staircase, and, placing his hand upon my arm, stopped me, and asked me, almost in a tone of affectionate inquiry, "If my name was Thomas N. Doutney?"

I wondered who on earth the man was, and what he wanted; but I told him that was my name. And then instantly the cause of his almost affectionate anxiety was explained; for he produced out of his ample pocket a legal document, — a warrant for my arrest for debt. My well-dressed and intelligent men were two sheriff's officers. And I, the aspiring lecturer, at the very commencement of my lecture-tour, before I had begun my "lecture season," in fact, was "in quod." As the comic-puzzle people phrase it, "I was ended ere I had begun." A good many lecture enterprises *terminate* with an arrest for debt: mine had commenced with it.

I can make light of the situation now; but, ah! it was dark, very dark, with me just then. There was not a more unhappy, a more deeply humiliated man in all wide Boston then than the "Thomas N. Doutney," as "per advertisements."

One can hardly imagine — I can hardly describe — my feelings or my position at this moment. Here I was, just out of the dark valley of intemperance, about to tell my experience, about to make strenuous efforts at reforming myself and others; and now I was seized by the law for a debt, — a paltry debt, — one of the very debts I had hoped to wipe out by my lecture. It seemed as though the fates, in the persons of sheriff's officers, had conspired against me. I was crushed, but not for long. I am, fortunately, one of the men who do not stay long "crushed." I resemble Grant in one little particular, and in my humbler way, — I don't know when I am beaten. I raised my head, and suddenly resolved to make a test-case now and here against fate and the sheriff. I resolved to move heaven and earth rather than to



"For he produced out of his ample pockets a legal document, — a warrant for my arrest for debt" [p. 386].

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be moved from my lecture. I had been through many trying scenes before, under different circumstances, as the preceding pages make plain. And now, on my first step toward reformation, to be headed off was not only hard, it should be impossible.

I said to the officers, "Gentlemen, I admit the debt. It is an honest one. I owe it; and this very lecture I am announced this hour to give is intended, among other things, to raise the money to pay it with. Bear with me: wait, and defer executing your warrant till I have delivered my lecture. I do not wish to disappoint my audience."

I said these last words with an attempt at a grand air, as if I had been a professional lecturer of long standing, and had been used to entrancing audiences all my life. But the sheriff's officers winked at each other, — actually winked, — as if to imply that they didn't think my audience would be so very much "disappointed" at my not giving my lecture after all. The impudence of sheriff's officers is something colossal.

As for the other arguments and points in my little speech, they had no effect upon the officers at all. They were proof by this time against all arguments and points save one, — money, or good security therefor. They were eminently "practical" men; hadn't an ounce of poetry, romance, or faith in their whole composition; would not have trusted the apostle Paul if they held a warrant against him, let alone a temperance lecturer.

"You must pay the full amount specified in my warrant," said officer No. 1; "or go with us," said officer No. 2.

I pleaded with the officers. "Even sheriff's officers," I said to myself, in my ignorance, "must be human. For Heaven's sake," I cried, "give me a chance. This is my first lecture." I thought it best, at this stage of affairs, to dismiss all airs and pretence, and stick to the naked truth. "This is my very first appearance as a public speaker. My whole future may depend

upon it. If I fail, the papers will call it a fizzle; and I will be laughed at." That didn't move them a bit. "Besides, in this case, you will never be able to get your money." This seemed to impress them a good deal. I saw my advantage, and pursued it. I dilated upon the great difference between having *some* money in their hands, which they would be sure to have if I was allowed to deliver my lecture, and having *no* money at all in their hands, which would be sure to be their case in case my lecture was not delivered, and the money already paid for tickets was refunded.

The sheriff's officers stopped winking, and looked at each other meaningly. Then they conversed a moment apart in a low tone; and finally, approaching me, it was arranged that I should instruct, in their presence, the ticket-agent or treasurer in the Temple to pay over to them all money received for tickets, over and above the money due as rent of the hall, and that I should then proceed, and deliver my lecture, with the officers sitting on the first row of seats from the platform. After the lecture, if the receipts from the box-office were not found sufficient to cancel the debt, I was to furnish bail before a bail-commissioner, whom they would have ready to act in my case.

I agreed to the terms. What else could I do but agree? And while one of the two officers started off on some other business, — to make some other poor wretch more wretched, — I walked up to the platform, followed by the other officer, who was mistaken by the small audience present, I suppose, for some prominent temperance man, or, perhaps, another reformed drunkard; as it must be confessed his red nose gave him a much closer resemblance to the latter character than to the former.

I felt mean enough. Still, I had scored my first point. I was to deliver my lecture. About two hundred were present where I had expected two thousand. Still, somebody was there, and *I* was there.

When the time came, I advanced on the stage; and a theological student advanced with me. He offered up a prayer. While he was praying, I stood wondering where were all the friends who were so enthusiastic in my behalf that very morning. I could not see them now; though I had ample time, during the elaborate prayer, to scan every face in the one-tenth filled auditorium.

At last the prayer ended; and I was introduced to the audience, and received with a faint ripple of welcome. Where were the thunders of applause which I had been hearing all day in my dreams? The contrast between my great expectations and their paltry realizations abashed me. And then I felt an attack coming on of what I knew to be "stage-fright." I had heard it spoken of by others, but had always laughed at it myself.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

But now it seized me, and for a moment my tongue refused its office. The sweat stood upon my brow. But I *must* speak, and there is a strange might about a "must." I *did* speak, and, after the first moment, spoke as freely and fluently as I have ever spoken since. I threw every thing else from my mind, — the officers, the debt, the past, the present, or the future, — and proceeded with my lecture. Really, although I state it myself of myself, it was not a bad lecture for a brand-new lecturer, and was well received. I at least entertained, and I trust instructed, my audience. I had something to say, and I said it. I knew what I was talking about, and that is more than can be said of every lecturer. While delivering my address, the excitement acted as a delightful stimulus upon me; but, when the lecture ceased, my troubles again began. The sheriff's officer, who had not heard the lecture, now joined the more (or less) lucky officer who had heard it; and the two (the surplus funds in the box-office not being suffi-

cient) escorted me to a bail-commissioner. Here a kind friend, to whom I shall refer later, became my bondsman; and I was temporarily discharged.

I was now free, — free to go where I wanted; and, as I was tired and worn out with the excitements of the day and the disappointments of the night, I went to my lodgings, and fell asleep, but only for a brief while. I awoke a little after midnight, a prey to that foe of sleep, — reflection; and with my thoughts were mingled bitter humiliation, and still more bitter recrimination. I mentally denounced the friends who had promised me their countenance and aid that night, and had afforded me neither. And then I took myself to task for having made the mistake of charging too high an admission-fee, — I, an utterly unknown temperance lecturer. "I ought to have known better," I said to myself convincingly, now that it was too late for the conviction to do me any good. Is it a wonder, then, that, with all this passing through my mind, I did not sleep? All the rest of that livelong night (and it seemed a livelong night truly) I tossed about my bed, seeking rest, but not finding it. A hundred times that night I asked myself the question, "Is this the reward of my struggling to be better?" A hundred times that weary night I took Providence to task; forgetting, that as I had repeatedly, time and time again, deliberately cast away the chances Heaven had already given me, it was hardly to be expected that the very first chance that I chose to accept should turn out just as I desired. There is a poetic justice in Providence, although this justice seldom seems poetic to the party most concerned.

I arose the first day after my first lecture feeling indescribably depressed. The glow of hope, the excitement of action, had faded. I had now only a disagreeable memory, and a dreadful headache, and a very little money.

And, alas! I had no trust, just then, in a higher power than

my poor, weak self. I had leaned upon my own strength, and it had proved indeed a broken reed. I had nowhere to go for consolation. I believed in a God, of course; but my belief was only theoretical, not vital. I had not a living faith. And so — and so —

I fell, — fell again, — fell a victim to the very enemy I had denounced, and warned others against. Weary, desperate, and disgusted with myself, humanity, and fate, I sought a temporary oblivion in the arms of my old arch-enemy, King Alcohol. Within twenty-four hours after the delivery of my first temperance lecture, I was seen reeling through the streets of Boston, *drunk*. Yes, the new-fledged champion of temperance had fallen; and the hearts of the rum-sellers grew merry, and the hosts of hell exulted. *Another temperance lecturer fallen!*

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE DARKEST HOUR IS JUST BEFORE THE DAWN." — MY LOWEST POINT. — MANIA A POTU IN ITS MOST FEARFUL FORM. — MY EXPERIENCE AS A CAVALRY RECRUIT. — ARMY LIFE. — MY FIRST PRAYER. — MY REFORMATION.

THE last chapter left me fallen from grace, after having lectured at Tremont Temple the evening previous. My future life seemed now darker than ever. I made up my mind that I was lost forevermore. I gave myself up to abject despair. What could the future have in store for me but ruin? Had I not fallen again — and again — and yet again? Had not helping hands been outstretched to bring me back to virtue, and outstretched, alas! in vain? Had not love and affection kept guard over me, and had I not proved utterly unworthy? Had I not promised to reform, and broken my promise? Ay, had I not struggled to reform, and ignominiously failed? And now, after a public effort in one of the largest halls in Boston, was I not reeling in the streets a common drunkard? Yes; and I only wonder that all that was good and holy did not shun me altogether as totally depraved and vile. I hated myself. I was ashamed of my own companionship, and one day I made up my mind to banish myself. I resolved upon a change of scene. I determined to go where neither friend nor foe would ever see me. I forgot, that, go where a man will, he never can escape from himself. In a fit of despair and desperation I made up my mind to enlist in the United-States army, and on the 27th of June I carried out my resolution.

I presented myself to the recruiting-officer, and was favorably received. Uncle Sam is not too particular, except as to physical qualifications; and, spite of all my excesses, I was sound in body yet.

So I passed the usual medical examination satisfactorily, and was duly sworn in, and donned the uniform of a cavalry recruit. Acting on the motto that —

> "It is well to be merry and wise,
> It is well to be honest and true,
> It is well to be off with the old love
> Before you are on with the new,"—

I got rid of my old clothes before I put on my new suit. I sold my civilian's suit to an old Jew. There is always an old Jew ready to buy old clothes. It is an admirable illustration of supply and demand. It is a mysterious dispensation of Providence. The particular "old Jew" in this case was a Semitic septuagenarian, who "hung around" the "raw recruits" for the express purpose of buying their old clothes. He paid a dollar and a half for mine. He tried to get them for a dollar first: then, finding me firm as to the fifty cents, he submitted, and "forked over." Before night every cent of those one hundred and fifty cents was expended in rum. It would have probably been the same if it had been one hundred and fifty dollars. That same evening, in a state of intoxication, I was sent, with two fellow-Irish raw recruits, to the cavalry recruiting headquarters, 174 Hudson Street. As soon as I arrived there, on a Sunday morning, my first act was, to beg the sergeant in charge to let me out so that I might get a drink; but I need not say that this vile request was not complied with. And it was well for me that the sergeant did his duty in this respect; for, had I then taken a drop more, no earthly power could have answered for the consequences. As it was, ere that Sunday terminated, I

fell into one of the most terrible cases of delirium tremens that ever a poor mortal passed through and survived. My state of mind — my despair — my desperation — my disgust — my loathing of the world and of Thomas N. Doutney, — along with the dissipations I had passed through, combined to bring me to this fearful state. *Mania a potu* was once more upon me. It was a fearful attack. I suffered indescribably, — more, much more than in my first attack; although I was infinitely less demonstrative now than previously. Mine was the outwardly silent delirium, — the very worst of all possible varieties.

Shakspeare says, —

> "The grief that will not speak
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

And so with delirium tremens. The delirium that raves and rushes and curses is terrible: but the delirium that does not rave, nor give any outward token of its inward agony, is far more awful — to the sufferer; for, in this latter species, even the poor relief of muscular activity and excitement is denied; and the poor victim of drink is compelled, as it were, to remain only a spectator of his own indescribable agonies.

The officers in charge of me at this time did not know that any thing was the matter with me, and probably would not have cared if they had. They took me to the doctor in charge, to stand my second and final examination; and while waiting, in line with the rest, to be tested and questioned by the physician, I suffered the torments of the damned.

Methought, as I stood waiting my turn with the rest, that I could hear demons and goblins all around me, shouting, and making hideous noises, and rushing upon me with yells of "Shoot him! shoot him!" Then other goblins and demons would howl, "Cut him to pieces!" "Burn him!" and the like. Others, again, would exclaim, "Hang him!" or "Drown him!"

and then they would rush towards me to execute their threats, looking unutterably awful.

I heard these cries as clearly as ever in my sober moments I heard the sound of my own voice; I saw these sights as plainly as ever I saw my own image in the glass, — and yet I uttered no cry; I made no movement whatever; I was apparently quiet, and stood straight in the ranks.

Oh, what a horror of horrors I was passing through! No wonder I occasionally thought of suicide. That very day, as I stood there in the ranks, waiting for the second medical examination, I would gladly have cut my throat, had I had any thing to cut it with.

But the day rolled on: the night came, and my night was worse than even my day. I could not sleep. I never closed my eyes from evening till morning, but dreamed the woful, waking dreams of wild delirium.

Methought the whole United-States army stood beside my bed in battle array, ready with cannon, musketry, and all the implements of war, to sweep me from the face of the earth. Then horrid monsters of every description appeared, flying and crawling; and the scene was fearful beyond description. No mortal could pen-paint the scene. The Devil could be its only accurate artist. The horrors of hell would themselves be insignificant in comparison. I look back upon this time now, and only wonder that I could have looked upon all this, and live. It seems a miracle I did not die of fright and horror.

For, at the time I suffered all this, it was all to me a reality, — as real as myself. The monsters glaring and hissing and writhing and fighting and rushing all around me were real monsters. I could hear them, see them, feel them, as they crawled or sprung against me. I heard, saw, felt them, as plainly as ever I heard, saw, or felt any thing or anybody in my sober moments. Truly, the awful power of alcohol is

amazing when one thinks of the abominable terrors it creates, as well as the fearful evils it causes. I was not of a peculiarly susceptible or poetical temperament; and yet Dickens, Dante, Gustave Doré, Bulwer, Victor Hugo, could not have evolved from their gifted imaginations such stupendous terrors as I was surrounded with that night. Every intonation of voice and roar was audible among these hideous monsters that pressed around me. Every species of distorted shape was visible among them, and the element of time was itself exaggerated in my delirium: every hour seemed a century; that night seemed everlasting. And yet I did not die. It seemed as if I was undergoing an immortality of agony.

But I shudder to narrate more. Even now, after all these years, I tremble as I dilate upon the horrors of that unutterably awful attack of delirium tremens. Oh! would to God that I could imbue, by my words, the minds of men with such a dread of the tortures of *mania a potu*, that they would shun, as they would the possibilities of the small-pox, the bare possibility of delirium tremens; for, really, the small-pox, loathsome as it is, does not begin to compare in awful agony with *mania a potu*.

I would to-day rather have any disease, or all the diseases to which humanity can be subject, than suffer another attack of delirium tremens. I have not exaggerated the terrors of this latter complaint. Believe me, dear reader, I have not done so; and, for one very sufficient reason, *I could not do so if I would.*

And I assure you, dear, dear reader, that there is but one infallible way of avoiding the unutterable affliction of delirium from drink; and that is, *not to drink at all.* For, if you swallow your first glass of intoxicating liquor, the chances are, you will soon swallow your second, then, in due time, your hundred and second, and so on, till finally, some day or some night, the

delirium will seize you as it seized me; and then God have mercy on your soul and body!

Touch not, taste not, handle not, the accursed thing.

Many men, and not a few women, alas! have met with death in the midst of delirium; but I was mercifully spared. I recovered from this attack, and when sober enough, and steady in nerves enough to write, sent letters to several friends, and prominent people I had met (among others, Gen., now Gov., Benjamin F. Butler, Rev. J. D. Fulton, who was formerly of Boston, Rev. W. F. Mallalieu of South Boston, and others), entreating them to exert their influence with Gen. Belknap, the then secretary of war, to procure my discharge from the army. I also sent in a formal application for my discharge to the war-department.

I had sickened of army-life, or of what I had seen of it, — its irksome restraints, its mingled confinement and exposure, and its low associations among the rank and file. And I had changed my mind now altogether about wishing to hide myself from the world, to bury myself in some far-off fort, or to become a mere well-drilled and poorly fed and worse-paid military machine.

No: I longed to be a free man once more; and erelong I regained my freedom, — thanks to my friends, and the prominent people who still kindly remembered me, and my brothers, who did all in their power to assist me, — and was discharged; my discharge being handed me July 28, 1873, dated three days previously, a special order having been created for my discharge.

And here let me pause a moment to glance at army-life in a general way. I, of course, had not time, in my brief "military career" (to use a high-sounding expression), to see much of the "inside workings" of our "army system," as it is called; but I saw enough to learn that intemperance is one of the cry-

ing evils, not only among the soldiers, but among the officers, of the United-States army.

"Privates" drink, and "officers" drink; and, from what I saw, I should be led to infer that officers drank more than privates, with far less excuse. The poor soldiers have few pleasures in life, and are driven to drink under the mistaken idea that it furnishes a resource against the misery and monotony of their lives. But the officers have much to enjoy in life, and do not need the extra stimulus of fiery liquor; yet the great majority of army officers, as well as soldiers, are drinking-men.

The notion has gone abroad, that the efficiency of troops in a campaign is increased by the use of stimulants, and that only a half-drunken soldier is wholly courageous. This is altogether a mistake: what is called "Dutch courage," the temporary "bravery" that comes from whiskey or rum or gin, is only a flash in the pan; it does not make a steady fighter.

The leading general of the Southern Confederacy remarked once in reference to this point, that "he dreaded liquor for his men a good deal more than he did any other enemy;" and Stonewall Jackson spoke the simple truth.

And I know of one Confederate soldier, at least, who frankly confesses, that, if the officers on the Southern side had been more temperate, "the Lost Cause" might have been saved. At least, so he thinks.

British commanders, alike in the Crimea and in Africa, under a torrid sun, and under the influences of perpetual cold, have tried the experiment of strengthening their soldiers by supplying them with alcoholic stimulants, and have found that the experiment was a failure.

No, no. It is in military life as it is in civic. There is but one humanity, and but one law for it, — the law of temperance. Alcohol has never made a man *stronger*, and never will; for there is no real strength in it: it is simply what it is called, —

a "stimulant," — and nothing else. It is not a tonic, but only an excitant; and, the less the army and the navy have to do with it, the better for the *morale* and the *physique* of those departments. But to return to myself. My discharge from the army proved to me that I had still some friends left, which, under the circumstances, was more than I deserved. It also showed me the real affection of my brother William, who had not only worked hard for my discharge, but had taken the trouble to seek me out, and inform me of my good fortune several days before my formal discharge was handed to me in person. When at last I took my departure from cavalry headquarters forever, I experienced a feeling of gladness and relief, — a sense of freedom which was inexpressibly refreshing. This feeling amounted to positive exaltation; and under its influence (how shall I write it? who shall believe it?) I began to *drink again*, — to drink the very day that I was set free, to make a slave of myself to rum on the very day that I had obtained my freedom. Yes: I write but the simple, shameful truth. Within thirty minutes from the time I was discharged from the United-States cavalry, I began to drink; and I was drunk for thirty days. Such is the fearful power of intemperance when once it has taken firm hold of its victim. I felt all the time I was acting like a fool, a beast, and a scoundrel, in fact, disgracing and ruining myself, and causing my kind friends, who deserved far different conduct at my hands, the utmost chagrin and anxiety. I do believe that the very demon of evil had at this time seized me. In the language of Holy Writ, I was possessed of an evil spirit.

During these thirty days of orgy, this month of shame, I wandered from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, all over New-York State. I had one companion, a poor victim of drink like myself. We two drunkards, with just enough money in our pockets to pay for drinks, with a little food and lodging

thrown in, made the days foul, and the nights hideous, with our dissipations; till at last my companion was, fortunately for me, called away by urgent business, — which even he, sot as he was, could not afford to neglect, — to New York; our parting taking place in the city of Providence, R.I.

This place was appropriately named; for it was here and now, under the providence of God, that I came to my senses, and that my true and lasting reformation commenced.

Awakening from my debauch, lonely now and sick, having passed through almost every phase of experience possible to humanity, I felt, not only as disgusted with myself as ever, but I felt now what I had never felt before, a true feeling of genuine remorse for my transgression, a sorrow for my sin.

There is a wide difference between remorse and repentance. I had often experienced the one, but till now I had never manifested the other. Remorse is a sentiment of regret wholly selfish, — a selfish sorrow for our sins, and for their consequences upon ourselves, or, it may be, on our fellow men and women. But repentance is a feeling of regret for sin, because our sin has offended Heaven. Repentance regards God, whereas remorse looks merely at ourselves or at the world. Remorse is human, and, therefore, often weak, and comparatively worthless; but repentance is divine.

And it was this divine repentance that here, through Providence, in Providence, overpowered me. I saw and felt for the first time how I had offended God as well as man. And for the first time in my life I knelt down, and called, not only in word, but in spirit, upon the Lord to help me.

I determined now by God's grace to keep sober, and by God's grace I have been enabled from that hour to this to adhere to that determination.

Well do I remember the words of this my first, real, from-

the-heart prayer. "O Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!" I cried, "thou who didst pardon the thief upon the cross, wilt thou not pardon me?" They who come unto the Lord Jesus Christ shall in no wise be cast out.

And, having prayed, I rose from my knees, and walked out into the streets of the old New-England town. I felt a new life already in me, a new sense of power as well as an inexpressible sense of comfort.

I strolled toward the bridge on Market Square; and, standing there, under the impulse of the time and the occasion the following simple verses flashed across my mind,—verses which I at once transcribed, and have ever since retained as a memento of that blessed episode in, or, rather, that blessed beginning of, my life.

Intemperance claimed me as its own,
And reason was well-nigh o'erthrown:
Condemned, I wandered far abroad,
Despised by man, accursed by God.
For me there was no friendly home:
My only portion was to roam.
No children lisped a father's name:
My parents bowed their heads in shame.
The demon rum had full control,
And cast its shadow o'er my soul.
I could not pray, I dared not think:
I only moaned, "Oh, give me drink!"
The fiends in hell then heard my cry,
Nor pitied, nor would let me die.
And well I knew that I alone
Was guilty, and I must atone;
For I, when life was fair and young,
When hope's sweet song was all unsung,
Had ta'en a serpent to my breast,
That stung me till I had no rest.
It lured me on; I thought it fair,
I thought it life; it was despair.

For years its slimy folds did bind
My bruisèd form and wearied mind.

. . . . . .

Is there no hope? the billows toss!
I'll bow me humbly 'fore the Cross;
And he who died on Calvary
Perchance will turn the fiend from me.
I bowed; and, lo! from heaven above
I heard a voice of wondrous love
Say, "Rise, poor soul, you are forgiven:
Who loves the Lord shall enter heaven."

I make no pretensions to being a poet: but these verses, as it were, rushed irresistibly upon me then and there; and, as forever identified with the happiest moments of my life, I have recorded them.

And having composed and copied this unpretending and spontaneous effusion, illustrative alike of my transgressions and my triumph, my sins and my gratitude, I went home feeling as though my shackles were broken, and a load had fallen from my shoulders.

I will here add, that upon this very bridge, in Market Square, Providence, R.I., I had, but a few hours before, stood (with my companion now departed to New York), with the determined purpose to commit suicide by leaping into the water. But now, instead of destroying soul and body, I had saved both.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CONVERTED MAN'S TRIALS. — FEAR AS AN ENCOURAGING SIGN. — YES AND NO, OR A SCENE AT MIDNIGHT. — THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN. — THE LIFE-INSURANCE AGENT. — THE "DRUMMER" AND HIS "SAMPLES." — BOOK CANVASSING. — A TRUE FRIEND AND SECOND FATHER.

I WAS now a converted man, reformed drunkard, truly converted, truly reformed. I felt it then, I feel it still. But even a converted and reformed man must live: he must have food and clothes; and, unless he inherits them, he must earn them. I therefore determined at once to set to work and earn an honest, as well as a sober, living. But how? No matter. I was used to that question by this time. I had answered it before, when a drunkard: certainly I was prepared to answer it now, as a non-drinking man. I determined to get employment at all hazards, and so I began the search.

My first great want was a little ready money to live on while seeking employment. Time is the real lever with which Archimedes can move his world; but, to have the advantages of time, one must be able to control it as well as himself: he must have money; for time is money, and money is time. Here my usual luck did not altogether forsake me: for, meeting a friend, I procured from him a small amount of ready cash; and with this I obtained a room in a lodging-house. It was but a very small room, — what is known as "a six by nine;" a hall bedroom, an attic; one of those apartments you cannot conveniently swing a cat in without hurting the cat; but it was clean, and had a good bed in it; and it was not a bar-room, nor near

a bar-room. That was something: that was every thing to me just then. True, for many a day I lived on but one meal a day, and a scanty meal at that. True, for many a day I walked about hungry, and many a night I went to bed hungry. But what of that? I walked the streets sober every day; and I went to bed sober every night, thank God! I would not take the world for that reflection now.

And perhaps the most encouraging sign in my state this time was, that I constantly feared *myself*. I knew my own weakness, and constantly dreaded a fall; and, therefore, by the grace of God, I fell NOT. His strength was made perfect through my weakness. Had I now, or at times past, been puffed up with pride, had I been self-confident, I feel sure I would have fallen, and probably forever; for there is an end, even to divine forbearance. The Holy Spirit will not always strive with men. But I was constantly on my guard against my own appetite for drink. I watched myself carefully, prayerfully. I had cause. Had I not fallen time and time again, when I had every thing to sustain and encourage me? Had I not thrown away for rum all the comforts and decencies of life? Had I not embittered the last hours of my dear, dead father by my intemperance? Had I not rendered my brothers' hearts heavy? Had I not brought sorrow upon my sincere friends? Well might I, therefore, fear my own depravity and weakness now, — now just recovered from a debauch, now just beginning my new life of self-control, now with the demon thirst, the drunkard's devil, coursing through my veins. It really was almost a moral miracle that I did not fall, as I had so often fallen before. But there is One above (I am thoroughly convinced of it) who heareth prayer. And he had heard my supplications, and had bestowed upon me strength, not mine, but his. One night — never shall I forget that night — I was upon the very verge of perdition, — upon the very brink of

falling. I had retired worn and weary with trudging after work to no purpose, at an early hour, but found myself unable to get to sleep. At last I resolved to take a little walk to quiet my nerves; and, arising, I dressed myself hurriedly, and went out into the streets. It was only a few minutes past eleven o'clock, and there were people still in the streets. And, alas! there were liquor-saloons all around me, and in full blast. From some of these saloons the sounds of merriment were wafted to my ear. They seemed to imply so much sociality and humanity to me in my lonely condition, that I was irresistibly attracted towards the places from which they issued. The saloons were well lighted, too, and looked, as well as sounded, cheerful. I contrasted the brightness and the life within them with my dreary loneliness; and I approached one of these saloons more closely, and more closely still, till I entered it.

Yes, I entered it. Yes, I looked around with longing at the old, familiar bar, with its tempting array of bottles and glasses. Yes, I looked at and nodded to the bar-keeper, with whom I was personally acquainted. Yes, I came up to the bar, and shook hands with him across it. Yes, I got into a little chat with him about old times. I had known him for several years, and had not seen him for over eighteen months. Yes, he asked me to take something; meaning, of course, by "something," not something worth taking, — not money or food or raiment, — but *rum*. Yes, I said I would.

But, thank God! NO, I did NOT. No, no, no, I did not take "something;" no, at the very last moment I put down the glass untasted, rushed from the bar-room, rushed to my lodging-house, rushed to my little den of a room, and rushed upon my knees.

I tell you, his knees are the safest place for the reformed drunkard who would stay reformed.

Rising refreshed from my supplications, I retired to bed for the second time that night, and this time thankful and triumphant. The same kind Providence that had preserved me that night provided for me the next morning. I came across an acquaintance who procured for me a position as a book-canvasser.

I see the smile, that, at this statement, makes its appearance on my reader's face; and I understand it: my reader has met before this with a book-canvasser, and smiles at his persistent "cheek;" or, perchance, he does not smile, he frowns, — frowns at the recollection of the way that book-agent bored him and bothered him.

Well, it makes but little difference to the book-canvasser whether the reader (his victim) smiles or frowns: smile or frown are all the same to him. He sells books, or tries to sell them, alike to the smiling and the frowning, to the courteous or to the harsh. He is a very practical man, this book-canvasser. It has always been a disputed point among men of the world, as well as philosophers, which of the four has the most "cheek," — genuine, unblushing, and persistent "brass," — the lightning-rod man, the life-insurance agent, the commercial traveller, or the book-canvasser.

Numberless stories have been told of each of the four, with more or less truth; and I confess that I have never yet been able to make up my mind satisfactorily on this point.

There was a lightning-rod man once named Eaves, of whom I heard a story that is worth the telling, as illustrating the perseverance of his tribe, though in this particular case it came to grief.

Eaves had struck a little town out West, and, meeting a worthy citizen, bored him unmercifully with requests to be allowed to put up his lightning-rods.

At last the worthy citizen stopped, and stood before quite a

large house, and gazed at it with such a fond, admiring look, that the lightning-rod man at once took it for granted that it was the worthy citizen's own residence.

Eagerly he asked for permission to run up his rods on this structure; and the permission, to his delight, was granted. Like a cat after a mouse, the lightning-rodist went up and down and about the outside of that building, absolutely perspiring with his gymnastic and other efforts, till his self-appointed task was done, and done in the quickest time for lightning-rods on record. Then he asked the worthy citizen, who had looked on, blandly smiling, for his pay.

"Your what?" asked the worthy citizen.

"My pay."

"For what?"

"Why, for putting up my lightning-rod on your house there."

"My house there?" said the worthy citizen, smiling still more blandly. "Why, man, that is not my house; it belongs to the corporation; that is the town-hall."

"But you said I might run up my rod there," said the enraged rod-man.

"So you can; in fact, you have: and I am sure the corporation will thank you for your trouble."

The story does not state whether Eaves got the value of his rods, or took them down; but it is safe betting that he got the value of his rods.

Another man, a life-insurance agent, was the terror of a large section of country, and for ten years, or so, had contributed, unchecked, his quota to the sum of human misery. He was a terribly "persistent cuss," as they say out West, and was in all his life brought to grief only once, but that once was by a woman, of course.

She was a modest-looking woman, too, soft-voiced, demure, eminently respectable. She sat on the porch of her little

cottage-home one evening, when the life-insurance man passed by. She had a far-away look in her eyes, which rested on the hills in the distance.

The life-insurance man stepped softly to her side.

"Good-evening, ma'am," he said, almost tenderly.

"Good-evening, sir," she said, very politely.

"Sitting all alone, I see, madam," remarked the life-insurance man, in his light, airy, familiar way. "Husband stepped out, I presume."

"My husband is not at home, sir," said the woman simply.

"Ah! sorry for that, ma'am," remarked the life-insurance man; "for I am sure that I could have convinced him of the paramount importance, nay, the absolute duty, of his insuring his valuable life in my company, for the benefit of his — his charming wife, ma'am:" here he bowed and smirked to the lady, who simply said in reply, —

"You are very kind, sir; but I do not think that you can induce my husband to insure in your company." And then she added, with a gentle sigh, soft as the breath of June among its roses, "I wish you could."

Here was unlooked-for encouragement, indeed. Here was the wife (the real head of the family: the life-insurance man knew enough of women to know *that*, being a married man himself), wishing that her husband could be insured; what could be better? Between the wife and the life-insurance agent, that husband was as good as insured already.

But first it would be just as well, the life-insurance man said to himself, to ascertain something about this husband.

"Is your husband healthy, ma'am?" he asked anxiously, as if inquiring about the health of a near and dear relative, possibly mother-in-law.

"He has not complained of any thing whatever for these five years," said the lady.

The insurance-man smiled.

"Are his habits regular?" continued the life-insurance man.

"Perfectly so," replied the fond wife, proudly adding, "I always know where to find him."

The insurance-man smiled more broadly. Such a husband was likely to be a treasure, not only to his family, but to his *company*.

"Does he never go about any at nights, madam?" asked he.

"Never," replied she.

"Well, not even hardly ever?" asked he.

"No, absolutely never," replied she seriously.

"What a jewel of a husband!" said the life-insurance man.

"My only jewel!" said the lady; and again the far-off look stole into her eyes, as they rested on the outlines of the distant hills.

"Madam," cried the insurance-man, in a fit of professional rapture, "I must see your husband."

"You cannot *see* him," said the lady.

"I *must* speak to him," persisted the life-insurance man rather wonderingly.

"You cannot *speak* to him," said the lady decidedly.

"Why not?" inquired the perplexed insurance-man.

"Because *he is dead*," said his widow softly, sadly, sweetly. But this time the far-away look in her eyes was not half so far away as that life-insurance man got, and as rapidly as possible.

As for "drummers," or "commercial travellers" as they are called, their assurance is as proverbial as their enterprise. These men form a class *sui generis*, and their "cheek" is colossal.

But their tact and shrewdness is fully equal to their "cheek:" their brains are equal to their brass. They are certainly "wise as serpents," if not altogether "harmless as doves."

A drummer some years ago "struck" a little town in Indiana, where the principal "merchant" of the place was bitterly opposed to "drummers," making it a rule to insult them whenever they approached him in the way of business.

But this particular drummer had determined to sell this particular merchant his goods, and went about it in a characteristic manner. He walked into the store one morning, and the merchant seemed by instinct to penetrate his character. "You're one of those chaps they call drummers, ain't you?" said the merchant with a sneer.

"A drummer?" said the "drummer" innocently. "Oh, no! You are laboring under some mistake, sir. True, we have a man in our organization, — our band, — who does play the drum, and plays it well; but I am not that man. I am the business agent of the troop, not the drummer."

"Band! troop! what are you talking about?" asked the merchant curiously. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I am the agent of the so-and-so band of minstrels" (naming some minstrel-troop he had just seen "posted" on the walls of the town), replied the young man, "and I have called to see if I could not prevail upon you and your family to honor our entertainment with your presence to-night."

"Humph! not a 'commercial traveller,' only a 'nigger minstrel,'" remarked the merchant, *sotto voce;* then aloud, "Young man, neither I nor my family are in the habit of attending 'shows.'"

"Of course not, as a general thing," said the young man calmly. "I know that. A man in your position cannot do that sort of thing as a rule. It would be beneath your character and dignity. But, really, our entertainment is of a very high order; and I have called to beg you to accept three of the best seats in the house, for to-night, as the guests of the entertainment, without any expense on your part, of course. We wish

to prove that we are patronized by the leading people of each town in which we perform, and so" —

"You have come to secure my presence and that of my family as one of your indorsements, eh?" remarked the merchant, now smiling pleasantly. Like a great many men, he had conscientious objections against *paying* to attend public amusements, but his objections did not extend to *free* tickets.

"Precisely," said the young man. "Permit me to beg your acceptance of this order for — for how many shall I make the order for seats for this evening, sir? Three?"

"Well, you might as well make it for *four*, young man," suggested the merchant pleasantly.

The young man said, "Four, certainly;" and, sitting down, he wrote on a piece of paper, "Give bearer four of the best seats nearest the stage," directed it to the "Treasurer of So-and-so Minstrel Troop," and signed it with his own name.

"There, sir," said the drummer, handing the merchant this piece of paper, "present this at the box-office of the hall any time to-day, the sooner the better, any time after twelve o'clock (it was now eleven), and you will receive your seats. Be sure to use them."

"I surely will," said the merchant; and, if ever man meant to keep his word, he did.

"And now may I ask, do you not perform yourself?" inquired the merchant blandly.

"Oh, yes! but I would like to bet you will not recognize me when you see me this evening," answered the young man.

"Don't be so sure of that," laughed the merchant. "I have quick eyes. What particular line of character will you assume this evening?"

"Oh! that would be giving myself away," said the young man. "Wait till I have given you a *sample* of my quality, and then see if you can recognize me in the performance."

"Right, young man," said the merchant. "But I feel sure that I shall like your *sample*."

"I may remind you of those words to-morrow, sir," said the young man. And, after a little more "chin-music," he bowed himself out of the store, accompanied to the door by the now affable proprietor.

At that moment the "order" on the box-office for four seats was, of course, worth no more than the paper it was written on. But within fifteen minutes it was worth what it called for. For the drummer rushed round to the box-office, bought and paid for four of the best seats, and arranged that they should be handed at once, without remark, to the party who presented the order, which was presented within less than an hour afterwards by no less a person than the merchant himself.

That night the merchant, wife, son, and daughter, were present at the minstrel-show, but looked in vain for the young man who had given the order. "It is astonishing how these show-people can disguise themselves," the merchant said to his wife. "That young man promised to give me a sample of his quality, but here I have not been able to discover any signs of him all this evening."

But he "discovered signs of him" early the next morning. For about ten o'clock the young man put in an appearance, smiling, and carrying a black box under his arm.

Warm greetings having been exchanged, the young man said to the merchant, "Well, sir, did you enjoy the show?"

"Extremely," said the merchant.

"And did you recognize me?" asked the young man.

"To tell the truth, I did not," said the merchant, rather crestfallen.

"Well, to tell the truth, sir," now said the young man in his turn, "it would have been a wonder if you had; for I did not perform last night. But I promised to give you a sample of

my quality, and I shall keep my word. *Here is a full sample of my line of goods*," continued the young man, opening his black box, or sample-case, and exhibiting his wares, spreading them out in long array before the dumfounded merchant. "And remember," said the young man meaningly, "you promised me here yesterday that you *should like the sample*."

There was no help for it. The merchant had been neatly cornered. For very shame's sake, and for the four "free" tickets' sake, he *had* to "like the sample" and to order some goods.

With all their cheek and eccentricities, the "drummers," or "commercial travellers," are a very useful set of men, and play an important part in our modern mercantile civilization.

They have many estimable qualities, and are united by a bond of more than common brotherhood. And they have organized a system of mutual-benefit association and life-insurance among themselves which works admirably, and deserves the highest praise.

Their chief faults are inseparable from their roving, speculative, competitive system of living and doing business, over-eagerness for gain, and over-indulgence in stimulants. Let us trust that time, experience, and a higher grade of morality, will correct these evils.

As for life-insurance canvassers, they are a very useful class of men, indeed. They deal in a matter of paramount importance; and to them, more than to any other one agency, is due the success of the life-insurance system of to-day.

Even the lightning-rod men have their uses, as many a barn and many a big building will testify during a thunder-shower.

As for book-canvassers, they are important factors in the march of progress. Not only do they earn an honest living for themselves, but they tend directly to disseminate intelligence among the people. Many a man or woman has been induced,

first to buy, then to read, good books, solely by the persistent efforts of the book-canvassers.

And book-canvassing has this most commendable feature. It gives woman — working woman — a chance to earn her bread. This point should not be overlooked. True, this very feature has been abused. True, not a few female book-canvassers make their ostensible business merely an excuse to call upon men at their offices, and places of business, and form their acquaintance in a personal, social, and illegitimate way. This sort of thing is largely carried on in great cities, especially in the city of New York; as almost every rich man can testify from experience. But every thing, from religion down, has been abused; and, as every moralist knows, the abuse of a thing is no argument whatever against its legitimate use.

Book-canvassing is as honorable a calling, if honorably pursued, as any other; and I now went into it with all my heart and soul. It brought me fair results in the way of money. But, above all, it gained me, what is far more than money, a true friend.

The Lord was surely smiling on me now; for among the very first men upon whom I called in the way of business as a book-canvasser was Mr. Henry F. Ferrin, an auctioneer and commission merchant, 74 Weybossett Street, Providence, — a prominent temperance man, and genuine temperance *worker*.

Although I was a stranger to Mr. Ferrin, he asked me some kindly questions relative to myself; and when I hinted at the outlines of my history as a reformed, or, rather, trying-to-reform, drunkard, his sympathies were instantly aroused. And, in turn, his warm-hearted sympathy led me to a full confession of my past errors to this stranger.

I told him all, concluding with my recent lecture at Boston, and my still more recent fall. In short, I told to him my whole

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Thomas N. Doutney as he appeared, selling books, when he first met Mr. H. F. Ferrin at his place of business in Providence, R.I. Mr. Ferrin afterwards became the instrumentality in Mr. Doutney's reformation. [Sketched by Mrs. Albertina Carter.]

history. I wonder that he did not shrink from me when he heard it; but in the goodness of his heart he received me with open arms, and promised me all the assistance in his power to keep me from falling.

God alone knows what the result might have been had he turned from me and spurned me. And this day I have no doubt but that some higher power influenced the heart of that Christian gentleman to start me aright, and to show me that all was not lost.

This practical aid was what I least of all deserved, but what I most of all needed; and it did me a world of good. To Henry F. Ferrin, Esq., next to Almighty God, I owe my holding out. He entreated me to join several temperance orders with which he was connected; viz., "The Temple of Honor," and "The Sons of Jonadab," assuring me that the influences I would there meet would help to sustain me in my good resolutions, which they did.

In regard to my lecturing on temperance, Mr. Ferrin said, "You have lectured once on temperance, and failed: you must lecture once more, and succeed. Start again as a speaker by speaking here in Providence." I replied, "Mr. Ferrin, I hardly dare attempt it. I am afraid I cannot stand, and that I may again be the means of hurting the good cause. God knows I desire to reform; but I fear, I fear." Was this modesty true humility? or was it the arch-tempter whispering specious pretexts in my ear at the decisive moment when, perhaps, my fate stood trembling in the balance?

My best of friends (for so I must ever call Mr. Ferrin) finally entreated me in so earnest and kindly a manner, that my better, or bolder, self triumphed, in saying, "You are in the hands of a true friend; and sink or swim, fail or succeed, follow his advice:" and I forthwith followed it. I felt a solid and most comforting assurance that my heavenly Father had sent me

one to be as an earthly father to me, — a father in whom I could trust, and by whom I could be guided in all things.

Mr. Ferrin not only gave me practical advice in regard to my contemplated lecture, but entered with lively interest into the details of my plans. He referred me to different temperance people in the city who would be most apt to aid me, and even in some cases accompanied me, and gave me a personal introduction and warm indorsement.

Ay, my kind friend even put his hands into his own pockets, and advanced me money to meet my present necessities and daily expenses.

Ah! there are men in this world whose Christianity is not a sham, but a vital *Christ*ianity. And men like Henry F. Ferrin justify the assertion of the sage, that "there is something good in human nature after all."

Yours Truly

Henry D. Ferris

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

I JOIN THE TEMPERANCE BANDS. — REMARKS AS TO THE GREAT USEFULNESS OF "TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES." — I LECTURE UNDER FAVORABLE AUSPICES. — MY TRIUMPH AND MY TROUBLES. — MY BOOK AND MY PRINTERS. — I LECTURE IN WASHINGTON. — TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE AMONG OUR PUBLIC MEN. — SUMNER AND WILSON COMPARED WITH SAULSBURY AND McDOUGALL.

ONE memorable night — shall I ever forget it? — I went with my kind, true friend and benefactor, Mr. Ferrin, to be enrolled among the professed defenders of temperance. As I made my way to the hall, where my new brothers in the good work were awaiting me, my heart swelled within me with mingled emotions, — joy and gratitude for my present state of mind; hope for my future; and perhaps most really encouraging, though then depressing, sign of all, shame for my besotted past. The panorama of my evil, foolish, base career was unrolled before me, and I saw myself as I had been. I was frightened at the spectacle, and filled with fear — fear for myself — that I might even now fall once more as I had fallen before. I trembled for myself; but grace was given me, and I persevered unto the end.

Mr. Ferrin introduced me to the temperance brotherhood, and I was duly initiated. When I saw the kind brothers gather around me, felt them press my hand, and heard them congratulate me on having joined their noble order, my eyes filled with tears, but my heart grew strong; for I knew that I was at last among those who would not tempt and taint me, but would protect and shield me. No, I never shall forget that night. I felt buoyant and cheerful, and firm in the good

cause. I have since connected myself with the Sons of Temperance, and the Independent Order of Good Templars.

I would here remark, that I believe in temperance organizations and societies as important agencies in temperance work. Man is a social being, so constituted by his Creator; and social agencies fill a prominent place in the scheme of human destiny.

And as social influences are too often used for evil; so they should be, whenever possible, employed for good.

The social influences are particularly brought into play by the drinking and drink-dealing class. Every hotel-keeper, bar-keeper, rum-seller, is a "social" man. The great majority of the men who ask us to drink, and who set us the example, are "social" beings, "good fellows," so called. There is a superfluity of "drinking" society; and, to counteract all this, there should be an abundance of "temperance" society, — the society of non-drinking men and women, who would entertain and smile upon and encourage the man and the woman who do *not* drink.

Consequently, under certain conditions, and in their time and place, organized temperance societies are valuable, nay, *in*valuable. True, they can never be depended upon to supply the place of individual will-power and force of character. No man can ever be a temperance man if he depends upon any one society or any number of societies to keep him temperate. Only the grace of God, and his own strength of soul, can keep him sober. But as adjuncts to individuality, as means of grace, temperance societies are most desirable, commendable, and practically useful. I would advise all my readers to connect themselves with some such organization, or several of them, — the more the better.

It was soon known among my new brethren, that I had at one time attempted a temperance lecture; and, spite of my failure in this line, it was now suggested that I should renew

the attempt under more encouraging auspices. I felt grateful for the suggestion, and accepted it.

My new-made brethren in the temperance cause did *not* do to me as many temperance societies — too many — do unto others in my condition: they did not put me on probation for a long period, during which period I was to be regarded with suspicion, and, although sorely tempted, was to be only sparingly encouraged. They did not wait to see whether I "would hold out," meanwhile making it as hard as possible for me to "hold out." They did not keep me without money, or the chance to make it, doing nothing but feeling hungry, and trying to keep sober on a starving stomach. No: they took it for granted, — God bless them for it! — that I meant to be honest, that I was sincere in my desire to reform. They acted on the glorious plan, that faith begets faith, that trust breeds strength. And I am glad and proud to say, that their goodness and wisdom were not thrown away *upon me.* Arrangements were immediately made for me to deliver a lecture; and the streets of Providence were strewn with handbills and posters announcing that "Thomas N. Doutney, the reformed drunkard and rum-seller, would deliver a temperance lecture, relating his sad and terrible experience with the demon Alcohol, in Harrington's Opera House, Sunday evening, Oct. 12, 1873." The admission-fee was placed at ten cents, and my new-found brothers worked with a previously unheard-of energy. The result was, a full, even overflowing house on that Sunday evening. Under such circumstances, with such encouragement, need it be said that the lecture was, as a lecture, a success, — such a success that I was requested to repeat it?

I did repeat it, and with the most satisfactory results to all concerned. My audience was pleased; my friends were delighted; my benefactor, Mr. Ferrin, was in ecstasies. I myself felt happier than ever before in my life; and the cause of tem-

perance — next to religion the noblest cause on earth (in fact, a most important part of religion itself) — was, I trust, materially advanced. At this second lecture the officers of the various temperance societies which I had recently joined, and others, appeared on the platform with me in full regalia. It was a memorable occasion of my life, — this, my second successful temperance lecture. Somehow it has impressed my memory even more strongly than my first. The audience, for one thing, was larger; and then, I had grown more accustomed to public speaking, and had more confidence in myself.

When I looked beside me, and saw my new-found friends and brethren seated all around me, I felt encouraged by their presence to stand steadfast; and I felt myself growing stronger and stronger to do battle for the right.

And, when I looked at the vast audience in the hall, I felt assured and confident; for were we not all united in love and desire for the greatest earthly good, — temperance, a sound mind in a sound body?

And though my speech might be lacking in the graces of polished oratory, though I was keenly alive to my own deficiencies, yet I felt, I knew, that I had the good will and the sympathy of my audience; and that conviction will impart energy, and will almost supply the place of oratory, to any man who has the slightest claim to be regarded as a public speaker.

And I could not but think of the difference between my friends here, listening to my words now, and the so-called "friends" (?) of my former and dissipated days. My temperance friends were really anxious for my spiritual and bodily prosperity, desirous that I should do my duty to God, man, and myself. But as for my "fast" friends of the "social glass," my drinking companions, what cared they for aught but the general or "social" indulgence of the hour?

Yes; for a while I felt satisfied with my new world and new life, and confident of myself, as well as grateful, I trust, to Heaven. But the re-action inseparable from my excitement came; and, although I had pleased my own immediate circle, I found that I was still regarded with, under the circumstances not unnatural, suspicion by the temperance world at large.

Through the influence of dear, kind brother Ferrin, and other friends, I obtained, on the prestige of my two successful lectures, occasional engagements to lecture outside of Providence, among the small towns of Rhode Island; but these engagements were few, and far between, and not very lucrative nor satisfactory. Even a "reformed drunkard" has to live, and needs boots and clothes and food and lodging; and every one of these needs costs, and requires cash or credit.

At this juncture, my funds being at ebb-tide, and not being disposed to be a burden to my friends, or an object of charity, I determined to fall back upon my recent experience as a book-canvasser, and with this difference, — which I trusted would be an improvement, — I determined to canvass for and sell a book in which I had a proprietary interest myself, instead of a book the greater part of the profit on which went to others, — in short, to canvass and sell my own book, — my own biography.

I conceived the idea of writing a book, — the history of my own life, — and hastily put together a few "notes" of my career, from which I compiled a book which answered my purposes for a while, and has formed the foundation of the present volume. I commenced canvassing for this work with moderate results.

And here I must tell a story, — a story which is creditable to all parties concerned, though scarcely credible.

Of course, I could do nothing in my book-line till *I had got my printer*. But how was I to get my printer? Printers are eminently practical, and demand money for type and paper;

and their idea of "money" generally takes the form of "cash down," and I had no "cash" to "down." That's just what was the matter.

But Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. After meeting various rebuffs, an idea seized me, for which I can never be too grateful for having acted upon.

One day, being in Boston, I entered the office of Messrs. Rand, Avery, & Co., printers, — one of the oldest printing-houses in America, — and saw one of the managing-men of the concern, Mr. Avery L. Rand. Without any preliminaries I told him who I was, — Thomas N. Doutney, a reformed drunkard, a converted rum-seller, a temperance advocate, who had written his own life, and wanted to have it published, he hoping to be able to live upon the proceeds of the biography when published.

I also told him, with equal frankness, that I had no money, not a dollar that I could spare just then, — not a dollar but what the book itself might bring in. All that I could do was to promise, on my word of honor, that, if he did print my MSS. for me, I would devote myself night and day to canvassing for the book, and selling it, and would live upon next to nothing till I had paid him out of the proceeds.

It was all I had to offer; and this offer from a stranger would have been, on sound business grounds, regarded as utterly unworthy of serious consideration. I fully expected that my proposition and my manuscript would be "declined," and *without* "thanks." But to my unbounded surprise, and my lasting gratitude, my almost desperate and despairing offer was accepted. Mr. Rand promised to forthwith publish my book; and he forthwith published it, — in as good style as if it had been a first-class paying job.

Ah, reader! there is something good in human nature after all, and unexpected deeds of kindness are forever making

earth better and brighter. I shall never forget the almost unexampled liberality of Messrs. Rand, Avery, & Co.

But I am glad to say, that I honestly tried to be not unworthy of their generosity. Without going into further details regarding my little book, I may here state, that, as soon as it was published, I "took hold of it"—in the canvassing sense—with vigor, and that, as fast as I sold copies of the book, I hied me to the office of my noble printers, and handed them the money, until I had cancelled at least the pecuniary debt; though I never expect, nor ever wish, to be able to free myself from my obligations of gratitude.

After thoroughly canvassing for my book, I made up my mind, that, as I had previously travelled around for intemperance, I would now change the programme, and travel for Temperance. Then I visited several places in Connecticut, meeting with varied and generally indifferent success; for, being totally unknown and unheralded, my audiences were small. Working in this State for several weeks, and meeting with but poor financial success, I found myself in New Haven penniless; and I began to grow despondent. Here I again found a friend in the person of Elder Marvin W. Lutz, who substantially aided me. He said that some one had spoken of me to him; and, seeing that I needed clothing, he supplied me in this respect, giving me a fine overcoat, underclothing, shirts, and brought me to the house of Charles F. Hotchkiss, Esq., where he himself resided, treating me, a stranger, as one of the family. Such kindness needs no comment. This gentleman who thus befriended me, like all of us poor mortals, has his friends and his enemies, and has been alike severely assailed and warmly indorsed; but, be it as it may, he showed that he had a heart that could sympathize with distress; and I from my heart's innermost depths thank him for his kindness, and feel that I am under the warmest obligations to him. An oppor-

tunity now unexpectedly presented itself for me to lecture before the "Sons of Jonadab," in Washington, D.C.; and, money being furnished me to defray my expenses, thither I went. On my way to that city of "magnificent distances" (and 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view), before I came in sight of the dome of the Capitol, my imagination took wings, and soared away. This, I thought in my simplicity, is the fountain-head of learning and of wisdom; here are assembled the patriotic and pure of our country, to enact laws for the common good; here no corruption or bribery would dare to enter; and here is our tower of strength and our bulwark of safety. I felt almost as if I were approaching holy ground; and, when fairly within the sacred precincts, I took my carpet-bag, and started for my hotel. But, alas! here, as elsewhere, I saw the saloon-doors open, the same old crowd reeling in with the same blasphemous oaths; and I wondered if any of this class of people were our law-makers. I had travelled much previously, but had never been a Congressman nor a companion of Congressmen; yet I said to myself, If here, under the very shadow of our Capitol, intemperance can raise its hydra head, and be allowed to sting its victims, what hope is there for our holy cause? If the intellect and brains of the land do not work to abolish it, what can a poor reformed drunkard like myself do towards suppressing it? It seemed to me then an interminable task, and I well-nigh lost courage. I did not know then that God in his wisdom takes the foolish things of this earth to confound the wise, and that the humblest worker in the good cause, resolved to do his best, can accomplish more than "all that learning, all that wealth, e'er gave." On reaching my hotel (which, by the way, was a temperance house), I felt calmer; and my lecture came off in Jonadab Hall, under the best of auspices. I remained in this city about a month, during which time I quite frequently visited the House and Senate,

and heard the *lions* roar. There I saw Sumner, and little thought that a few short months would find him moldering in the grave. But such is life, and death is the great leveller.

George Alfred Townsend, the famous correspondent "Gath," thus writes of Sumner in his very readable book entitled "Washington Outside and Inside:" —

No sketch of men of mark in Washington would be complete without Charles Sumner. He resided there for many years, in a pleasant new residence, at the corner of H Street and Vermont Avenue. His dwelling below stairs was a pair of *salons*, tastefully and copiously filled with busts, engravings, books, and articles of *virtu*.

Many visitors have penetrated into this senatorial labyrinth; but few have had opportunities to estimate the pleasantness of his dinners, enlivened and made cheerful by a host who long ago accepted the English mode of living, — to save the day for stint and work, and to resign the evening to good cheer.

On the second floor, in one very large and nearly square room, lighted by windows on two sides, Mr. Sumner sits at a large table; a drop-light bringing into clear yet soft relief his large and imposing stature, strong face, great wave of hair; and, incased in his dressing-gown and slippers, he looks like Forrest's delineation of Richelieu, recreating at play-writing.

It has been said of Mr. Sumner, that he has not a patient temper, that he is uncompromising, and that he is impracticable. The second of these distinctions does him honor; he is never disturbed except upon leading questions; and, after twenty years in the Senate, he is still heard to debate at rare times, and is always heard with the keenest interest by all.

Not a particle of his life has been wasted. As to his want of practicability, the progress of the nation of which he has been the ideal leader, in its better elements, for twenty years, disproves the shallow assumption. Since he left Harvard College, in 1830, he has

passed the gamut of all the practical workshops through which a senator should go. At the age of twenty-two he took charge of the "American Jurist," and edited it with the keen eye of a natural lawyer. While pursuing his legal practice in Boston, between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-six, he was the reporter of the United-States Circuit Court, and teacher in the Cambridge Law School. In 1837 he went abroad, and enjoyed the confidence of the best and most experienced in public life. Returning in 1840, he edited "Vesey's Reports," in twenty volumes; and thenceforward, for eleven years, until his election, at one bound, from private life to the United-States Senate, Mr. Sumner was the *beau ideal* of the State as an orator and leader; he rose direct from a private citizen of Massachusetts to be her senator, in place of Webster, and at the age of forty. The people of Washington have known more or less for twenty-one years of Mr. Sumner.

And as a man pre-eminently of temperate habits, a man who kept his appetites in subjection, Charles Sumner deserved special attention and commendation.

Contrast Sumner's career with that of McDougal of California; and yet the latter was, in natural parts, fully the equal of, if not superior to, the former. Mr. Townsend, in his book, remarks, —

A brilliant man, of evil habits, in his day was James A. McDougal of California, who died in 1867. He has left many anecdotes of himself at Washington, where he is regarded as the fallen angel, the superb ruin, — a sweetly melancholy portrait out of decadence, like those carousing Romans painted by Couture. His desultory learning was remarkable; so was the tenacity of his memory, the stronger when his brain was most aflame: and he used to quote from the Greek and Latin poets by the page, steadying himself meantime, a poor old sot in body, while his luminous intellect kept the bar-rooms in a thrill.

There is a restaurant near the Capitol where they still show

McDougal's dog, a milk-white mongrel, with the fawning habits still left, in which he was humored by its master. Like his memory, it is most vivid and familiar with bar-keepers and tavern-loiterers; and they say with some vanity, —

"Knows tha' dorg?"

"No."

"That's Senator McDougal's favo-rite purp."

McDougal used to feign great knowledge of the small-sword; and an Irishman or Scotchman was in Washington during the war, giving fencing lessons to the officers. One day McDougal dared him to a combat with canes. They crossed a while; and McDougal, half-drunk, gave the master a violent "dab" on the side of the ear that nearly knocked him down.

The swordsman said to McDougal, —

"That was foul: now I am going to clear you out."

"Don't you touch that man," cried a vagrant Irishman loitering near, who had heard, perhaps, through the tavern windows, some of the drunken senator's didactics. "That man's a good Dimmicratic senator and a great gaynius: if you hit him, I'll mash your nose."

So the wayward steps of the poor, lost old man were upheld by invisible attendants, extorted to his service by the charm and command of his talents; for, when drunkest, he was most arrogantly oracular, and did all the talking himself.

They recall, who have ever heard them, Saulsbury and McDougal together; the latter defining in a wild, illustrated, poetic way the words "government," "law," and "sovereign," pouring upon them the wealth of his vagrant readings, making a mere definition gorgeous by his endowments of color, light, and sentiment. Then Saulsbury, shutting one eye to see him fairly, would say with ludicrous pity, —

"McDougal, you've the brightest intellect in Congress." Clutching Saulsbury with the grasp of a vise, and speaking to him in a tone of solemn warning, McDougal would retort, "You, sir, would be the brightest intellect if you would study."

At this Saulsbury, in a maudlin way, falls to weeping; and McDou-

gal, imagining himself called upon in this case to utter a mild reproach, would construct a garment of sanctity for himself: —

"I burn the lamp early and late," said McDougal. "The rising sun sees me up already, laboring with the Muse of Homer (sob from Saulsbury). I reach down the Koran at sunrise, and read myself a sublime lesson, pilfered, it is true, from the benignant Brahma, but little altered, except in the vernacular. At eight o'clock, like Socrates, I breakfast upon a fig and a cake of oatmeal: wine never crosses these lips. Till ten o'clock I roam in my gardens, communing with the mighty master of the Sadducees" (sob from Saulsbury).

Enter the bar-keeper with the drinks, and the airy castle dissolves.

The wild things done by McDougal would make a comedy fit for Farquhar. His entire mileage and pay he spent, taking little note of his family, making about twelve thousand dollars a year. He died in Albany, near his birthplace, a victim to his temperament; for he had no grain of practical executive tact, and his poetic nature made him both the stature and the wreck he was. The fire that made him brilliant made him also ashes.

Can any "temperance lecture" be more powerful than is the contrast thus depicted between two intemperate great men, like Saulsbury and McDougal, and the temperate great man, like Charles Sumner?

How much better would it have been for him, and for his country, had "Tom" Marshall been a non-drinker, and "Dick" Yates, and even Daniel Webster himself!

Intemperance is the great curse and danger of our public men. It came near being the personal as well as political ruin of the foremost man of our time, General and President Grant. And, with all his faults and weakness, President Hayes's memory will always be held in lasting honor for his firm stand against intoxication and intemperance in Washington.

Look at the example set by Henry Wilson, the illustrious shoemaker and senator, who would as readily have stolen as

drank, and compare his career and character with that of another member of Congress, the "Hon." John Morrissey, "sport" and prize-fighter.

Drinking-habits totally unfit a man for public as well as for private business. This truth is practically acted upon in that most practical of all the public departments, the Treasury. The responsible men connected with the Treasury Department have never been "drinking" men. The country wouldn't, *couldn't* stand it.

Col. Whiteley may be taken as a sample of the men who are connected responsibly with the United-States Treasury. He was at the head of the United-States Treasury detectives. "Gath" thus pen-painted him: —

> The position which Col. Whiteley maintains is of more import than any secret police-agent holds in the Union. He is charged with all the manifold and intricate offences against the currency and the Treasury, including counterfeiting, defalcations, whiskey and tobacco frauds. His headquarters are in New York. His force is distributed through the Union. He is tall, wiry, and rather debilitated; a long, pale, youthful face, without any worldliness in it; and a sober, modest, and nearly clerical, black dress. *Whiteley neither drinks nor smokes.* Whiteley is as much a Puritan as Mr. Boutwell himself. With some youthful confidence, he is still thoughtful and persevering; and, armed with the enormous power of the Federal state, he is not subject to the restraints of cross-jurisdictions and State laws, which impede the pursuit of local criminals. He occupies the whole field, and is free from the jealous annoyances of police rivalry.

He "neither drinks nor smokes!" Be sure the country's interests are safe in the hands of the man of whom these words can truthfully be said, or at least much safer than in the hands of one of whom they could *not* be said.

During my stay in Washington I called upon Gen., now Gov., Butler, one of the best-abused and most successful public men in the country. The career of this noted and notable man has been varied and unique. Butler is in all respects an "original." Even his most inveterate personal or political enemy will confess this much. He is a thorough "man." There is nothing of the "milksop," nothing of the mere sentimentalist, about him. He is as able as he is audacious: his most bitter foe will concede this. And in private life he is very pleasant, even amiable when he chooses. I found him, now as ever, very cordial to me. He had befriended me in my earlier career: he was friendly to me now. He purchased one of my books, and, receiving me at his private residence, treated me very courteously.

During my stay in Washington I went on Sunday to the Metropolitan Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Tiffany was pastor. This church is one of the "institutions" of the capital. One of the peculiar features of this church is, that, like its name, it is truly "metropolitan." There is a seat in this church, or seats, for every State in the Union, from Maine to California. A stranger visiting in Washington, and entering Dr. Tiffany's church, has only to tell the usher what State he is from, and he will find himself placed in the pew allotted to his State; and, if there are any of his own State people there, he will find himself at once among them, — literally "at home." This is an "original" idea, and is worthy of imitation. Gen. Grant and family often worshipped at this church.

Apropos of Grant: before leaving Washington for Baltimore, I called upon the General-President at the White House. I devised means to have him know that I was a reformed man; and on the 11th of February, 1874, between the hours of twelve and two (the "visiting-hours" of the White House), I was permitted, in my turn, with others, to pay my respects to, and

shake hands with, the sovereign ruler of these free, and forever to be free, United States. Gen. Grant received me kindly, but, as usual, said nothing.

I then took the train for Baltimore; and, on the same evening, I again raised my voice for temperance in the Aisquith street Methodist-Episcopal Church in Baltimore, leaving for Boston *via* New York the next morning.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MY SECOND LECTURE IN THE TREMONT TEMPLE. — I VINDICATE MY CAUSE, AND REDEEM MY FAILURE. — I LECTURE AT STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK. — AND I PEDDLE MY OWN TICKETS FOR MY LECTURE. — EXTRACTS FROM MY FIRST BOOK AND MY EARLIER LECTURES. — WORDS OF ADVICE, WARNING, AND CONSOLATION.

On my arrival in Boston I immediately called on my friend and benefactor, E. H. Sheafe, Esq., then editor and proprietor of "The Temperance Album," who arranged for me to lecture again in Tremont Temple, Sunday evening, March 22, 1874.

I accepted this arrangement gladly, triumphantly; for I wanted to succeed here, as a lecturer, where I had previously failed. And I wanted to redeem my fall after my failure. I wished to show the good people of Boston that I had truly reformed; that, through the grace of God, I was strong where I had been weak. I wished to show, that though, since my last and first lecture in Tremont Temple, I had inflicted disgrace upon myself, and shame upon the temperance cause, by my yielding to Rum, I had wiped out the disgrace, and atoned for the shame, by my recovery and reformation.

My wish was gratified. I delivered this, my second lecture in the Tremont Temple, on the theme of "my experience," to an overflowing house, by which I was most kindly, nay, enthusiastically, received. Congratulation upon congratulation was showered upon me, and even those who had predicted my downfall again, were the first to welcome me. My hand was shaken till it was nearly powerless, and my heart was full of

pride and gratitude. Thus ended my second appearance in Boston and the Tremont Temple.

Every day now I could feel I was gaining new strength. I had come back to the very city where I had been widely known as a rum-seller, and had found a host of friends, who seemed to have forgotten and forgiven my past, and to hope and believe in my future. I thanked the great Giver of all good for his kindness to me, and inwardly resolved to be still more worthy of such friendship and such love.

Never shall I forget this loving friendship: the kind deeds of brother Sheafe and his associates linger tenderly in my heart.

Encouraged by my success in Boston, I departed to New York upon a lecture-tour, through New-York State and New Jersey.

Arriving in the metropolis, I met my brothers; and, thank God! this time I met them *sober*. I could take their hands and receive their warm greeting as an honest and a *temperate* man. They would never again be compelled to blush for my condition. My brothers were more than ever delighted to see me, and congratulated me over and over again on my good resolves and my better reformation.

After the re-union I proceeded to business, and lectured with tolerable success in some of the suburban towns. I then naturally asked myself, "Why should I not lecture in the metropolis itself?"

Seeing no earthly reason why I should not, and seeing several reasons why I should, I at once entered into arrangements with the New-York branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and under their auspices lectured in some local halls, then in some of the Methodist churches, and finally in the Church of the Disciples, under Rev. Dr. Hepworth.

After this I fully made up my mind to make "a grand demonstration" in the very heart of New York; and for that

purpose I hired Steinway Hall, determining to "put in an appearance" in the very finest lecture-hall in the metropolis. Steinway Hall is a lasting monument of enterprise, liberality, and success, and is typical of the enterprise, liberality, and success of the world-renowned firm that erected it, which embraces the leading piano-makers of the world.

I had but little ready money; but the Steinways were very kind, — as they are in all deserving cases, — and put the rent so low that I could see a chance, under all circumstances, to at least "get even" with my expenses.

Steinway Hall being thus secured, I was advertised as extensively — though as cheaply — as possible, in handbills, etc., to lecture on "my experience" with intemperance, on Sunday evening, May 3, 1874.

But here "luck" was against me. It so happened, that a celebrated temperance lecturer was advertised to speak elsewhere in the city that same Sunday evening. And it further chanced, that there was to be a grand temperance mass-meeting at Rev. Dr. Hepworth's church that very evening. Either of these "attractions" would have seriously conflicted with my lecture, but both together threatened to swamp me altogether.

But, as my readers have probably learned by this time, I am a man not easily "swamped." I buckled on my armor; or, less figuratively speaking, I tackled my work in earnest. I saw at once that my only hope was in personal exertion. It would not do to trust to the "public interest" in my lecture. I would have to create a personal and pecuniary interest in myself. It would not do to sit still, and trust to having the public come to me to buy tickets for my lecture. No: I would have to move about, and go to the public, and sell tickets for myself. It was not pleasant, certainly; it was *infra dignitatem*, perhaps; but it was absolutely necessary. So I set to work, and did that necessary thing.

I took my tickets in my hand, and some of my handbills and books, and peddled my books and tickets in the streets of New York up to within two hours of my delivering my lecture. Yes; and I take pride now in recording the fact. I look back upon it with satisfaction, — a satisfaction I trust and believe my worthy readers will share with me.

For this fact proves beyond a peradventure, that there was some "stuff" in me as a man, after all. I had sinned and fallen as a man, alas! but I was willing and anxious to rise and atone, and work for my atonement and my own honest living, as a man. And so I record the fact of my being "ticket-pedler" with quite as much pride as I do the being "lecturer."

I succeeded fairly with my peddling, but still I found the hall not over one-tenth full when the hour for my lecture arrived. This was discouraging, but it could not be helped. I had done my best as an agent, a ticket-seller; let me now do my best as a speaker; let me at least try to do justice to my cause, — the noblest cause, the best subject for a lecture, on the face of God's green earth, — temperance. I felt sure of at least one group of sympathizers and indorsers; for my brothers and some intimate friends were among my audience, and their dear hearts were inexpressibly gratified to see and hear me openly and boldly espouse the temperance cause.

And probably here is the fitting place for me to give my readers some idea of the sentiments I propounded in my lectures during this the earlier period of my career as a public speaker. The subjoined extracts will gratify my readers' natural curiosity on this point, and will also afford them a fair sample of my first "book," to which I have been alluding, into which these extracts were incorporated.

Speaking of "moderate drinking," so called, I remarked, "In the first place, no person ever becomes a drunkard of a sudden. The first taste of liquor is generally repulsive, and the person

taking it almost involuntarily shrinks from it. But by degrees the terrible appetite is acquired; and, when once fastened upon its victim, it is almost impossible to shake it off. The moderate drinker is the embryo drunkard. He may rejoice in his strength, and boast that he can take it, or let it alone; and perhaps at that particular time he can: but the time will come when the shackles will bind him more closely, and he will see no escape. Oh, what a curse to the world are these same moderate drinkers! The youth, just starting in life, sees them apparently successful, and boasting of their ability to restrain their appetites, and says, 'Oh! I will drink, and become a moderate drinker, and then I can enjoy the good things of this life without fear or reproach;' but, young man, the thousands of wrecks that are strewn along the sea of life are but typical of yourself. All started prosperously, and for a while favoring breezes hied them to their destined port. This moderate drinker in a short time went down beneath the waters, and the waves of oblivion closed over him. This other one, with shattered hulk and tattered sails, may yet float the waters, 'but none so poor to do him reverence.' They are all wrecks! There is no such a thing as moderate drinking. It is a misnomer. The spell it throws around its victims is only to destroy. Show me a moderate drinker, and ask me to point out his future. What are the chances? Are they in favor of long life, health, and prosperity? By no means! but rather of the opposite, from bad to worse; a ruined reputation, and the loss of all that is good and holy. In the course of my short life I have one case of many in view, which fully illustrates the truth of these remarks. A young man of noble descent and fine abilities at an early age commenced sipping his wine, and laughed at the idea that he could become a common drunkard. It was preposterous: liquor only inspired him, and did him no harm. A few years passed on; and, his father

meeting with reverses in business, he was thrown out upon the world to earn his own livelihood; and the habit acquired in his affluence still clung to him in his poverty, without the means of gratifying it. What was the consequence? He took to stronger drink, and squandered his manhood; and to-day a simple gravestone marks the resting-place of one who in a few short years had sowed the wind, and reaped the whirlwind. And yet he trusted in his own strength. Alas! how many thousands have done the same, and gone the same way! In total abstinence alone is safety: there is no half-way ground between temperance and intemperance. The one is altogether beneficial, the other damnable. And let the young man, ere he drinks his first glass, stop and ask, 'Where may this not lead me?' The silent guardian is whispering in his ear, 'Refrain, refrain!' His life hangs trembling in the balance! What will he do? Does he start on the flowery path, he is lost in all human probability. Does he dash it down, he is saved; for temperance destroys none, its mission is to save." In regard to "social" drinking, and drinking "friends," I remarked, "The great danger to the youthful voyager over life's troubled waters is gay companions. Let me repeat it again, — gay companions. We are influenced more or less by our surroundings, and like naturally attracts like. Imitation is a great law of human nature. The child delights in imitating its parents, and children of an older growth delight in the same. Therefore I say to the young men of this country, be careful with whom you associate. He who handles filthy matter will be himself defiled, and there is no escape from it. By gay companions I mean those who set at naught the principles of temperance, and rejoice in being called their own masters; who acknowledge no parental restraint, and scoff at the 'old woman' or the 'old man,' and do just about what they want to. Such young men are already far advanced on the

road to infamy. It needs no prophet to predict their future. Unless some merciful Providence shall interpose, their doom is sealed. It is an old and trite saying, that 'Hell is paved with good intentions;' and drunkards' graves are filled to-day by countless thousands whose intentions were, doubtless, good."

Again, on another branch of my subject I recorded myself as follows: —

"The great question of to-day appears to be, How shall the liquor traffic be put down in the most effectual manner? The law is ample enough in New England for its suppression; but so many loop-holes of escape are left open for the rum-seller, that the infamous traffic continues almost without a hinderance. In various parts of New England, a few cities and towns, through the exertions of local authorities, have succeeded in almost totally suppressing the sale of the ardent; but, in the majority of places, the law seems powerless for its suppression. Just as long as there is money to be made in the infamous business, the sale will continue, and designing men will devise means to elude the strictest laws. And here the question comes up concerning the best method of reforming the poor inebriate from his intemperance. Moral suasion is powerful, and many have been reclaimed through its soothing influence. A kindly word spoken at the proper time has saved many a poor, erring mortal; and the prayers and labors of faithful men and women have not been without avail. Yet moral suasion, unaided, can only take exceptional cases. In prohibition alone, there is absolute safety. Could a law be enacted to suppress the manufacture of the vile stuff, then there would be no need of moral suasion, and prohibition would be an established fact."

As regards alcohol itself, in one of my addresses I thus expatiated: —

"Alcohol, in its physiological aspect, possesses three distinct

properties: it has a nervine property, by which it excites the nervous system inordinately, and exhilarates the brain; it has a stimulating property, by which it excites the muscular system and the action of the heart and blood-vessels; it has a narcotic property, the operation of which is to suspend the nervous energies, and soothe and stupefy the subject. Says a well-known writer, 'Now, any article possessing either one or but two of these properties, without the other, is a simple, harmless thing, compared with alcohol. It is only because alcohol possesses this combination of properties by which it operates on various organs, and affects several functions in different ways at one and the same time, that its potency is so dreadful, and its influence so fascinating, when once the appetite is thoroughly depraved by its use. It excites and calms, it stimulates and prostrates, it disturbs and soothes, it energizes and exhausts, it exhilarates and stupefies, simultaneously. Now, what rational man would ever pretend in going through a long course of fever, when his nerves were impaired, his brain was inflamed, his blood fermenting, and his strength reduced, that he would be able, through all the commotion and change of organism, to govern his tastes, control his morbid cravings, and regulate his words, thoughts, and actions? Yet these same persons will accuse, blame, and curse the man who does not control his appetite for alcohol, while his stomach is influenced, blood vitiated, brain hardened, nerves exhausted, senses perverted, and all his feelings changed, by the accursed stuff, with which he has been poisoning himself to death piecemeal for years, and which suddenly and all at once manifests its accumulated strength over him. A man does not come out of the flames of alcohol, and heal himself, in a day. It is a struggle, and conflict, and woe; but at last, and finally, it is glorious victory.' Thus saith that ardent worker in the good cause, Luther Benson, Esq., of Indiana, himself a man that has been

through the fiery furnace, and whose burning words have aroused the people to a realizing sense of the horrors of intemperance. And could the complete history of any reformed drunkard be written, could his secret thoughts be exposed to the gaze of the world, it would be seen that reformation came only after a most desperate conflict, in which the foe stubbornly disputed every point, and the ground gained one day was, perhaps, lost the next. God knows that I myself have had a bitter experience. Moral suasion appeared to be powerless with me, and the entreaties and strivings of my best friends only appeared to make me worse. I was a spoiled child, that needed the rod fully as much as good advice; and I attribute my release, as before stated, only to some higher power."

On the subject of the stumbling-blocks in the way of the proselytes to temperance, I once spoke as follows: —

"The obstacles placed in the path of the new proselyte to the cause of temperance are many, and those desirous of his fall surround him on all sides. How bitterly have I experienced this! There are always those ready to help a man on the downward road, and Satan continually solicits his poor victim. Stumbling-blocks are placed in the way; and, for every one that falls, a yell of triumph is raised by the fiends of darkness. I am glad to see by the daily papers, that Indiana has passed a strong license law. If liquor cannot, by any possible means, be done away with, for Heaven's sake let us have the law as stringent as possible! By this law, saloon-keepers are required to furnish a bond in two thousand dollars, that they will keep orderly houses, and pay all fines and damages arising from unlawful sales under the act. Licenses are denied to persons in the habit of becoming intoxicated. For liberty to sell spirituous liquors, a fee of a hundred dollars is required; and, to sell wine and beer, fifty dollars is demanded. These fees are to be paid to county treasurers, and to them incorporated towns and

cities are privileged to impose an additional hundred dollars. Liquor cannot be sold on Sundays, nor on holidays or election days. Saloons are to be closed at eleven P.M., and forbidden to be opened until five A.M. The sale of liquor to persons in the habit of becoming intoxicated, after their friends have protested against it, is prohibited. Selling to minors is made a penal offence, and the dispensation of adulterated liquor is forbidden. Saloon-keepers are made personally liable for injury or damage perpetrated on account of the use of the liquor they may sell. Offenders against the law are punished by fine or imprisonment. This, as far as it goes, must have a salutary effect; but let us hope that the time will come when licenses to destroy the body as well as the soul will be among the things of the past. I have never forgotten that I have been a rum-seller and rum-drinker, and know from my own experience how callous the hearts of such people become to human want and suffering. As long as a man has money, how cordially he is welcomed into the bar-room! how kindly the bar-tender greets him with a pleasant smile on his face! and how alert he is to hear every order, and attend to it! Then it is, 'Good-morning, Mr. So-and-So!' Friends crowd around him, and congratulate him on his fine appearance; and the poor sinner begins to think that he is, in truth, a person of some consequence. But let adversity come, brought about, in all probability, by the very man that so flattered and cajoled him, and a different experience awaits him. His money gone, he is told to clear out of the place, and not show his face there again. Self-respect and manly courage have left him; and he meekly submits to insult and abuse, provided he can obtain the stimulants his stomach so ardently craves. Rum has no gratitude and no respect. It destroys all that is pure and holy on the earth. The brightest intellects have felt its power, and have come down to the level of the brutes. A short time ago I visited a

neighboring city; and, ascending to the summit of a lofty hill, I found thereon a monument erected to the memory of those who lost their lives in the nation's cause. Around its base the names of the fallen heroes were recorded in the granite, and the place was sacred to memory. And, as I read, I pondered and thought, What if a monument could be raised to those who have fallen under the curse of intemperance? What stone would be large enough to contain the names? Well might War recoil, and bow his head: well might he say, 'I have slain my millions, but thou thy tens of millions!' The poor victims of intemperance have passed to their doom; for them the tears of pity may fall, and prayers ascend to the throne of grace for the erring ones; but nothing can call them back again. Could any of those who have thus departed this life have been permitted to see their future course, and the darkness and desolation that would gather around it, how they would have shuddered with affright! How they would have dashed the cup to the earth, that was about to ingulf them, and thanked God for their deliverance! How they would have hastened to retrace their steps, and warn their friends of what the result might have been! And yet we take no warning. We see the poor victims falling around us like the leaves in autumn, and their places are filled by those who court the same doom. Is there no remedy to stay this evil? Must the dark wave of intemperance continue to roll over the land? Thank God, stout hearts are engaged in the noble cause of reform, and the star of promise gladdens the earth! The prayer of the righteous availeth much; and the seasons of great revivals that spring up in various sections of our country are the answers to the prayers of those good people who desire the salvation of their fellow-men."

Again, I may here quote another passage from one of my addresses: —

"I am well aware that the subject of temperance has for many years engaged the attention of enlightened, benevolent, and wise minds, and that it would be presumption in me to endeavor to state any new facts in regard to its havoc and desolation. Yet I have suffered from the monster's fangs, and can speak from experience. Those who have followed me through this simple recital will see that I have not been spared, and I desire to add my mite to the abundant testimony against the tyrant Alcohol. I have been completely under his control; and if, by reading my miraculous deliverance from his power, any poor, struggling, doubting soul should take courage, and should be led to seek a higher life, I shall feel that my work has not been in vain. And I would say to all, even the most degraded and despairing drunkard, that there is a chance for reformation. Put forth all your own efforts, and trust in Him who taketh away the sins of the world. Bow before the cross of Christ humbly and contritely, and he will hear your cry. He will not forsake you. Turn to the good workers in the temperance cause, and they will not pass you by unheeded. Tell them your sorrows, your struggles, your resolves, your failures, and you will find that they will stand by you ever ready to keep you from falling. Connect yourself with some temperance organization, and the new associations will be beneficial. Avoid evil companions, and keep busy at some useful occupation. 'Satan ever finds work for idle hands to do,' and idleness and intemperance are boon companions. I have been a wanderer over the face of the earth; and were the chance offered me to go back to my former life of degradation and shame, or to die, how gladly I would embrace death! I would welcome it as the dearest friend that could come, for intemperance is worse than death. The dead sleep well in the quiet of the grave. For them the storms and tempests of the earth have no terrors; but a worse than hell rages in the

breast of the drunkard, and there is no escape. In his despair he calls on the mountains to fall on him, and hide him from the wrath to come; but death shuns him, and he lives, a curse to himself and to the world."

These extracts I have given in this place, not from egotism, but simply as specimens of my lectures and my writings at this period of my career, and especially because they are, in themselves, expressions more or less forcible of truths, — truths which, as a temperance man, a temperance advocate, and a sincere Christian, I would seek to impress upon my readers.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MY LECTURE-TOUR THROUGH THE PINE-TREE STATE. — THE FIRST TEMPERANCE CAMP-MEETING. — "A HAPPY THOUGHT" HAPPILY CARRIED OUT. — PROHIBITION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. — HOW I CROSSED THE KENNEBEC THROUGH THE ICE. — A SEVENTY-MILE SLEIGH-RIDE TO AUGUSTA. — TWO EXCITING EPISODES.

HAVING delivered several lectures in the places immediately adjacent to New York, with fair success, I took a wider flight, and, having an opening offered me in Maine, eagerly accepted it; as I had always had a strong desire to visit the Pine-tree State.

My first public appearance as a temperance lecturer in Maine took place in Portland; and on Monday evening, July 13, 1874, I lectured at the Allen Mission, which was under the management of Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant, the well-known temperance reformer. This Allen Mission is a most excellent, as well as energetic, institution, and has accomplished a grandly praiseworthy end. It is composed of indefatigable members, who never tire in the cause of morality, religion, and temperance; enthusiastic meetings are held every evening; and kind hands and loving hearts are ever willing, nay, unfeignedly anxious, to attend to the wants of sufferers and sinners in general, and the intemperate in particular. Many a mother's heart has been gladdened by the work of this institution, and many a man and woman has been by it reclaimed from a fate far worse than death. Night after night the hall in which the Allen-mission services are held is filled to repletion, nor are "the services" confined to the "hall" alone. The conductors of this noble

enterprise, like their divine Master, do not wait to be sought: they go out and search after the unfortunate and the erring. The Allen-mission workers go about the streets, and bring the wanderers in.

Nor do the Allen-mission workers merely pray and teach: they *clothe and feed.* Recognizing the fact, which so many well-meaning people ignore, that man and woman are composed of flesh and blood, as well as of mind and spirit, they aim to supply material as well as moral needs: they give food to the hungry, and clothing to the naked, as well as administer moral and religious instruction to the depraved and the dissipated. Following the example of the ever blessed, because ever considerate, Jesus in the wilderness, who fed the multitude *before* he taught them, they attend to the absolutely needful wants of the body before appealing to the mind and soul. Would that in this respect they had more imitators.

Whenever possible, the Allen-mission members afford the shelter of a respectable home to those who come within the sphere of their influence; and they furnish employment to pay for the privileges of this home, thereby encouraging self-respect, and stimulating industry.

Let me here add my mite of praise of him who then conducted these meetings, — Capt. Sturdivant. A true gentleman in every sense of that word, he devotes his time and ability to the object dearest to his heart, and goes about doing good, and speaking good words to down-trodden men. God bless him! Would there were more such lecturers, more such more *workers*, more such MEN.

It was about this time that a great stir was made in the New-England States concerning a certain great "temperance" camp-meeting that was to follow the usual Methodist (religious) camp-meeting at Old-Orchard Beach. This "temperance" camp-meeting idea was then a new thing. This was to be the

first "temperance camp-meeting" on record. Like all new things, its very novelty created an unwonted excitement. It became the great topic of talk, thought, and newspaper comment, throughout the State. It was to be under the direction, chiefly, of Francis Murphy, Esq., the eloquent temperance lecturer, worker, and orator, himself a reformed rum-seller and drunkard; and, through the courtesy of Mr. Murphy, I, among others, received an invitation to attend and address the meeting.

In regard to the meeting itself, a great diversity of opinion prevailed. Some were sure it would be a failure: others were equally sure it would prove a success, and these last were correct. The hand of God guided the conductors of the enterprise, and all foreboding prophecies came to naught. An immense concourse of people were on the ground all the time, equalling in numbers those at the preceding religious gathering. It was a camp-meeting indeed, — an impressive spectacle. Sectarianism was unknown, and men and women of all denominations met for worship and mutual good under the blue canopy of heaven. All present seemed animated with but one impulse; all classes of society were represented; rich and poor were gathered together on common ground for a common purpose. Representatives were present from every temperance society, probably, in the country, as well as from the women's crusade. Temperance and religion walked hand in hand. Happy men were to be found, drawing, perhaps for the first time for years, sober breaths, and enjoying an existence free from the fever of debauch; while happy children were to be seen listening, for the first time perhaps, to the glorious story of the cross. A general awakening was the result.

That such meetings as this are productive of good, there can be no question, drawing, as they do, all classes and grades of society into one common union, and cementing more closely the tie that binds man to his fellow-men.

In the stately church, alas! (the "fashionable" church, supposed to be devoted to the worship of Him who had not where to lay his head) there can be no equality. Fashion there sits in queenly state: and the poor, and shabbily dressed, feel ashamed to enter among such finery; or, if they enter, it is into the gallery, where, in some obscure nook, they look down in envy on their more fortunate fellow-beings. But here in the camp-meeting, full in the presence of the infinite God who made the woods, the mountains, the fields, the stars, and the sea, for all alike, all are on the same equality of infinite nothingness. Here the wind or the ocean, the hill or the valley, speak the universal voice of nature, and remind us all that we are in the presence of a God who heeds not our petty distinctions, and who acknowledges only two classes, — those who love and serve him, and those who love and serve him *not*.

Here we exclaim with the poet, "The groves were God's first temples:" here we repeat softly the beautiful verse, —

> "This turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
> My temple, Lord, this arch of thine;
> My censer's breath the evening airs;
> And silent thoughts my only prayers."

I do not wonder at the popularity of the camp-meeting season. I only wonder that the season is not longer, that there are not more camp-meetings, and that they are not more largely attended. They are among the most humanizing and beneficent institutions known to the Christian world. They are fully as Christianizing as the churches themselves. Christ believed in camp-meetings.

The temperance camp-meeting of which I write, the first temperance camp-meeting, was a great success. The crowds were immense and enthusiastic, and the speakers were numerous and eloquent. They seemed inspired by the occasion, and spoke glowing words to convince and to convert. And

the good results of all this excitement and enthusiasm were manifest. Men who had come to curse remained to pray. Men who had come to revile remained to repent, and to call to God to save them from the wrath to come. The Spirit indeed moved upon the troubled waters.

One case came under my own direct observation, which forcibly illustrates the effects produced upon evil-doers by the good words uttered during this temperance camp-meeting. A rough from Boston, an ex-pugilist and gambler, had strayed within the camp-meeting grounds out of curiosity, and was jeering and blaspheming at all he saw. To make his scorn of "temperance" the more marked, this man had filled a bottle with whiskey, and held it in his hand, ostentatiously displaying it, and occasionally "taking a pull" at its contents. Some remonstrated with him, others reproved him, others again threatened him with expulsion from the camp-meeting grounds; but he only reviled the more, and drank the more. He seemed utterly incorrigible.

But, in one group he approached, a speaker was describing the death-bed scene of a Christian, and contrasting it with the last moments of a drunkard. The speaker was not very eloquent, but deeply in earnest; and his word-painted contrast between the two death-bed scenes was very realistic. At any rate, it so deeply affected the drunken rough, that moved by some irresistible impulse, — inspired, who shall doubt, from above, — he suddenly raised his bottle of whiskey, — not to his lips, but into the air, — and then flung it with all his might to the ground. Then, rushing to the speaker, he burst into tears, flung his arms around his neck, and, finally recovering himself, pledged himself solemnly, in the presence of God and his fellow-men, never again to touch a drop of liquor. And this was but one out of many instances that could be cited. Yes: this temperance camp-meeting was a success, and there ought to be

yearly camp-meetings like this held in every State in the Union.

It was a happy, holy life we led in those days. Rising early from our healthful sleep, we would hie us to the beach, and there, with the Almighty right before us, in his grandest work, the ocean, would sing our songs of praise to Him who made the sea, and us, and all things.

Then would follow an enjoyable meal, followed by entertaining and improving conversation, followed in its turn by religious and temperance services, and those followed by, perhaps, a refreshing bath among the breakers. Then came dinner, and a stroll, and a talk, and more services of song and prayer; more speeches, full of wisdom, instruction, entertainment, consolation; then supper, and rest and repose, under the protection of a loving God. Ah! if all life were only one camp-meeting. During the progress of this meeting I addressed the assemblage, and, under the propitious influences of the time and scene, spoke, I believe, with unwonted fluency and power. My speech was well received, and thus I was enabled to contribute my share to the general good.

From the camp-meeting at Old-Orchard Beach I extended my travels through the State of Maine, — a State forever memorable in the annals of the history of the temperance cause, — the State of Neal Dow, and emphatically of "Prohibition."

Undoubtedly, prohibition in Maine, like every other good thing in every other part of the earth, has occasionally been carried too far. Undoubtedly, like all other good things, the theory of prohibition has not always been illustrated favorably by its practice. Undoubtedly, there has been some "humbug" and "cant" about it. Undoubtedly, there has been a good deal of hypocrisy cloaked under it; and the prohibitory laws have been too often ingeniously and successfully evaded. To confess all this is but to confess, that the author of the pro-

hibitory code was human, that its administrators were human, and that the people among whom it took effect were very human. But conceding all this, granting nearly all that the opponents of prohibition can allege against either its theory or its practice, its principles or its administration, the great fact remains undenied and undeniable, that, on the whole, prohibition in Maine has worked well, and that it has done an amount of good that will only be fully known at the Judgment Day, when all secrets are laid bare, and every thing will be seen in its true light.

Maine under prohibition has been infinitely better and happier than Maine would have been without prohibition, or than other States are to-day without it. This is the one all-important point, compared with which all minor points sink into insignificance. Thousands of homes in Maine under prohibition are peaceful and prosperous, which in Maine without prohibition would have been wretched, if not utterly wrecked. Thousands of men in Maine under prohibition are honest, industrious, sober, who in Maine without prohibition would have been dishonest, idle, and intemperate. Thousands of women in Maine under prohibition are happy wives and honored mothers, who in Maine without prohibition would be the despairing wives of confirmed drunkards, or the disgraced mothers of convicted felons.

This is quite enough to prove the utility of prohibition, and forever to immortalize the name of Neal Dow.

Of course, circumstances alter cases, and men differ in different localities. Prohibition is not possible *at once* in every State, everywhere. This is a fact that the over-zealous advocate of temperance should always bear in mind. All moral fruit, like material fruit, needs preparing for; and this preparation takes, not only trouble, but time. Heaven could have ordered it otherwise perhaps. The Infinite could so have

arranged this world, that crops would spring out of the ground instantly, without sowing and ploughing and fertilizing, and constant care, watchfulness, and work, on the part of the husbandman. But it has not pleased the Almighty so to arrange it. The scheme of the world has been based upon the gradual system of development. The world was made gradually in six days or periods, we are told in the Sacred Volume, — not evolved instantly. And he who would hope to achieve lasting good in the moral world must submit himself to this unfailing law: he must prepare for good; he must *lead up to it gradually*. As with every thing else, so with prohibition. The temperance worker, if wise, will not expect, will not attempt, to advocate immediate prohibition in all localities under all circumstances. But he will sow the good seed, he will fight the good fight, he will pave the way, he will educate public opinion gradually up to the desired point. Step by step he will march to prohibition, — not leap to it at a single bound, and, by so leaping, fall and fail.

I have always acted on this *gradual system*, and intend to do so. The Chinese have a proverb, "By time and patience the mulberry-leaf becomes satin." The Spanish proverb says, "All things come to him that waits." And Holy Scripture assures us, that, "*in due* season" (not at once, but in the course of time) "we shall reap if we faint not." It is to these assurances that I look for, and confidently believe in (*some time, at last*), general prohibition. But to Neal Dow, more than to any other one man, will always be due the praise for the establishing of prohibition in our midst, as "a fixed fact." And to such men as Francis Murphy, and Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, the leaders of the Red-ribbon movement, will ever be awarded a high place in the history of temperance for their support of the good work.

I met with much encouragement as a temperance lecturer

in Maine. It was a refreshing season for me : I trust I accomplished some good for others. I know that I derived much moral benefit myself. I felt stronger in and for the good work to which I had pledged myself. I felt now that I stood on firm ground, — firm as the grace of God. And the phantom fear of again falling — again wallowing in the mire — no longer haunted me. In union there is strength, and "the prayer of the righteous man availeth much." The union of heart and soul with the temperance men of Maine, the fervent prayers in which I had joined with them, had imparted new zeal to me; and I started forth anew. I now made up my mind to do something I had not yet done; i.e., to procure signers to the pledge during my lectures.

I know that this signing the pledge has been adversely commented upon by many; that a deal of fine-spun argument has been directed against it. I am aware that it has been said, that a man true to himself, a true man, needs no mere pledge, requires no signature on paper, to preserve his integrity, to keep the mastery over his own appetites. I am fully aware that it has often been stated, that, if a man is morally or physically weak, no amount of paper signed can make or keep him strong. But I also know, by *practical experience*, which is worth all the mere theory in the world, that the binding form of a solemn pledge, a promise taken under the highest sanctions, has proved an invaluable safeguard to many a weaker vessel in the dark hour of temptation. And while, alas! it is true that many a man has violated his pledge, and gone to perdition, it is also, God be praised! true, that the great majority of those who have once solemnly signed a pledge have kept their promise. And certainly, the pledge or promise in itself is a good, a blessed thing. So, I have for years been strongly in favor of signing the pledge, and have found it to work, on the whole, admirably.

I visited all the principal towns, and even many of the villages, of Maine, with encouraging results. At some places I obtained over a hundred signatures to the temperance pledge; in one place, over a hundred and fifty. And I can say, without egotism or exaggeration, that, as a rule, I was very well received, — cordially welcomed, — and generally invited to revisit and relecture.

Among the places I visited were Bangor, Augusta, Lewiston, Bath, Biddeford, Saco, etc. In the *main* I had good cause to be well pleased with Maine. But there is a reverse to every medal, a dark side to every thing but sunlight; and there are spots on even the sun. So I must confess that there were some unflattering, and, happily, utterly unfounded, statements bruited abroad against me during my career in the Pine-tree State. I mention this fact with natural reluctance; but as I started out, in this narrative of my life, to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," I shall continue to do so. Shakspeare has phrased it, that, "Be thou as pure as ice, as chaste as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." And though, literally speaking, I was not as pure as the former high-priced article, nor as beautiful and chaste as the latter, still the slanders disseminated by a few against me were simply slanders, nothing less, nothing more. It was said that I had backslided, had fallen, had taken once more to drinking. But I am glad and proud and thankful to say, that I had done nothing of the kind; had not thought of doing it; had not even wished to do it; would not have done it for the world. So let the slanders go, and the slanderers, into oblivion. They are past. "Let the dead past bury its dead." With a clear conscience I continued my work of reformation, — reformed myself, endeavoring to reform others.

I come now to a rather exciting episode in my career as a temperance lecturer. Sunday, Jan. 10, in the afternoon, I had

an engagement in Woolwich, opposite the city of Bath, in the Montsweag Meeting-house; and that same evening I had arranged to speak in the Winter-street Church at Bath. The day was intensely cold, — a day that made one think of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Hayes, and other arctic heroes and martyrs; a day when the familiar saying, "cold as charity," carried with it an extra significance; a day when all nature seemed frozen into an eternal sleep. The wind whistled over the white ground; and the Kennebec River, which divides Woolwich from Bath, and over which I would be compelled to cross to keep my engagement at the latter place, was wide, and full of floating ice. So that when, having lectured at the Montsweag Meeting-house, Woolwich, I came to the river-bank, about four o'clock, it seemed utterly impossible to make the passage over to Bath.

What was to be done? But there was no use asking that question. I knew what was to be done well enough. I must get across that river at all hazards. I must keep my engagement. I must advocate temperance, and illustrate the sincerity of my advocacy by undergoing whatever trouble, or even danger, lay in the way, and could not be avoided.

I was told that the river, a mile or two above Woolwich, was frozen across, apparently in one solid field of ice, stretching from bank to bank. Assuming the correctness of this statement, I tried to procure a horse and sleigh to carry me across. But I found, at first, nobody who would entertain the proposition. I was assured that the appearance of the river was deceptive; that the field of ice did not extend unbroken more than half the width of the river, the other half being full of floating ice, utterly impassable for sleighs. I was also assured, that, even where the river appeared to be frozen solidly, the ice was thin, liable to crack at any moment, and certainly unable to bear the weight of a sleigh with safety. As I had offered a pretty large

sum of money for the opportunity of sleighing across the river if possible, and as, by declining to gratify this idea of mine, the parties lost the money, I have no doubt now that what they stated was correct.

But I was not then ready to be convinced of the impracticability of my scheme. I went round, insisting upon its being tried. And at last I found one man with a horse and sleigh, who, "for an equivalent," consented to make the attempt to take me over.

The preliminary arrangements being made, the sleigh started off across the Kennebec. For a while all went smoothly. The ice was firm; and I began to think, with a certain degree of pride and joy, that the danger of this river sleigh-travel had been exaggerated. But soon I came to the end of my self-congratulation and my expedition together, for the ice grew weaker and weaker; and, although we proceeded very slowly and cautiously, we were compelled to turn back.

But I did not yet give up the ship, or, rather, the sleigh. I heard that the ice was thicker and more extended some two miles farther down, and I insisted upon testing the accuracy of this statement. I found it, to a certain extent, correct. The ice was both "thicker and more extended;" but, alas! in crossing a river in a sleigh, a miss of a thousand feet is as good or bad as the miss of a mile. And, for the second time, the sleighing-party turned back.

I now felt forced to abandon the sleighing project altogether, but there still was one hope left. The very condition of affairs on the river which rendered it impossible to cross it in a vehicle or sleigh, rendered it barely possible to cross it in a vessel, — a boat.

I suggested this idea to some boatmen along the river, but it was not hailed with enthusiasm. In fact, the majority of boatmen scouted it altogether, as being as visionary and imprac-

ticable as the sleighing idea. But I talked, expostulated, argued, and, above all, promised, — promised a round sum to any man who would row me across to Bath. And at last I found my man. Moved by my offer of twenty-five dollars, cash down, to be handed to them the moment I reached the Bath shore, two boatmen volunteered to carry me over.

I thought now, with triumph, that I had surmounted my difficulties. On the contrary, they had just commenced. It took over two hours of wearisome work, and still more wearying delay, to cut the ice to get the boat out of the dock. And by this time it was dark; and I was nearly faint, as well as half-frozen. If ever there was a seeming and plausible excuse for resort to alcohol as a stimulant, it was now and here. I was worn out, mind and body. I was suffering keenly from the cold. I felt at times depressed, even amid my exultation, at my prospect of success in my present undertaking. Alcohol would certainly have produced an immediate, and, perhaps, pleasant stimulation. But, even under these circumstances, total abstinence was best. For alcohol's temporary stimulation would have been followed by the inevitable re-action, and would have ultimately increased, not lessened, my depression. And the fleeting strength derived from alcohol would have been followed by an even greater proportionate weakening of the muscular forces. And I would have found myself more fatigued than benefited. No: even in a physical, a muscular point of view, temperance pays. And I would as soon have thought of throwing myself into the ice-cold waters, as to have thrown into myself the fiery draughts of alcoholic poison.

Finally, at dark, we three — the two boatmen and myself — started in a boat across the mighty and icy Kennebec.

Never shall I forget that trip across the frozen river. I could do nothing but wait — while the two boatmen worked — and hope, and shiver with the cold.

I did a deal of thinking in the boat. I thought of Napoleon's terrific retreat from Moscow. I thought of all the stories I had ever read or heard of men perishing from cold.

And then I began to think how sweet it would be just to fall asleep a while, and yield to the almost delicious numbness and sense of laziness that now commenced to steal over me.

And then, with a start, I awoke to the reality of my position. I remembered how, in the stories I had been thinking of, the first sign and the most fatal of the freezing process was the tendency it caused to sleep. I felt, that, if I fell a sleep in that boat, I would never come out of it (probably) alive. I must keep myself awake; but how? I could not move about in that little boat. I had to sit stock-still. I could not read. It was pitch dark. Only one thing suggested itself to me, — I could talk. And talk I did, — talked for my life. I calculated that no man could talk intelligently and consciously and sleep soundly at the same time; so I talked for dear life, — talked faster and longer than even the average woman "with a mission."

I talked about every thing I could think of, — every thing in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; talked, although my companions had no time to listen; talked, although the two boatmen had no inclination to answer. I talked, talked, talked, for the three long — oh how long and dreary and cold — hours which it took to row one mile amid the ice in the Kennebec. I talked, talked, talked, till we were in the middle of the river, or a little beyond the middle, nearing Bath. I heard the faint sound of a bell, — a church-bell, — the bell of the church at Bath, where I was announced that evening to lecture. That bell put new life into me. Perhaps I may even go so far as to affirm that that bell saved my life.

For just then I had talked myself out. My tongue was

"I heard the faint sound of a bell, — a church-bell" [p. 458].

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growing tired. I was getting sleepy once more, but the blessed sound of that blessed bell acted on my spirit like a charm. It seemed to say in its silvery tones, "Cheer up, brother: the good and true are expecting you to-night. They are coming from their homes to hear you. Their prayers are with you; so cheer up, brother, cheer and hurry up."

By almost superhuman efforts we succeeded in reaching the Bath side, and joyously I leaped out of the boat upon the land. But, in the very midst of my triumph, exhausted nature asserted its supremacy; and I fainted. But, recovering myself, I darted in the direction of the church, and the church-bell that was then ringing out its last peal. I fell twice or thrice on the way; but I reached the church at last, and made my way — I cannot, to this day, remember exactly how — to the chancel, from which place I addressed my large and expectant audience. The spacious church was crowded, and I spoke with vigor. How I contrived to speak, I know not. I was utterly exhausted, physically and mentally. But the excitement of the moment sustained me, and, may I not humbly and reverentially add, the grace of God.

I felt like one in a trance. Mechanically I submitted to the kind offices of my friends, as they removed my wraps, overcoat, muffler, etc., from me. Mechanically I leaned upon their arms, as they led me to my place as speaker. But the moment I saw my audience, all weakness vanished; and I really think, that in all my life I never spoke better than I did that night.

A physician assured me afterwards, that it was the excitement of my speech at that time that saved me from falling a victim to a severe spell of sickness. Had I yielded to my feelings and physical condition, I would have been taken seriously ill; but as I conquered obstacles, and conquered myself, so also I conquered disease.

"The Bath Times," a daily paper printed in that city, had

the following account of this incident from the pen of a local poet. I introduce it into these pages, not on account of any great merit in the piece itself, but in kindly remembrance of its author, Moses Owen, who was a man of talent when he did himself justice, but who seldom did justice to himself, or anybody else, simply because of his unfortunate appetite for liquor. At the time of this writing he was interested in the temperance movement, then the sensation of the time; but, when the novelty wore off, he, like too many, fell from grace, and returned to his old habits of dissipation. Time and time again was he warned by kind, wise friends against his unfortunate propensity, but all in vain: like hundreds of others he was perfectly certain that no harm could ever happen to *him*, — as if nature were likely to alter its laws for his exclusive behalf. The old, old story was repeated in his case, — the very old, old story. He drank harder as the years rolled by, lost character, and peace, and money by drink, and finally became the victim of delirium tremens, and died in an insane-asylum. And yet there never was a warmer-hearted man than Moses Owen.

But to the poem itself. It was thus introduced by "The Bath Times:" —

The following poem was written on the occasion of Mr. Thomas N. Doutney, the eloquent temperance lecturer of Boston, crossing the Kennebec from Woolwich to Bath on the evening of Jan. 10. The day was intensely cold. The drifting ice would seem to forbid a passage: but, all undaunted, Mr. Doutney resolved to cross; and, after a perilous passage, he was landed on the Bath side, in season to address his friends, and a large congregation, in the house of God. Such perseverance can but meet with success.

DEDICATED TO THOMAS N. DOUTNEY.

BY MOSES OWEN.

The tide runs swift, but he does not reck:
He must cross to-night the Kennebec,

Though the cruel ice with crash and roar
Would seem to warn him from the shore.
'Tis duty calls: and he knows full well
The meaning of the deep-toned bell;
It calls men to the house of prayer,
And he had promised to meet them there, —
Had promised to meet them, to tell them all
Of the drunkard's curse and the drunkard's fall.
And on he passed o'er the river broad,
To meet his friends in the house of God.
But the wind blew cold, and the ice delayed,
And the boatmen faltered as if afraid;
But all undaunted his voice was heard, —
"I've promised to meet them: I'll keep my word!"
Within the church on the other shore
All eyes were turned to the opening door;
And see, he comes! he has all defied;
He has safely crossed o'er the angry tide;
And he speaks good words of heavenly cheer,
And tells them that salvation's near:
Plucked from the burning, he can stand
To meet his friends with outstretched hand.
Go on, brave worker! men shall yield;
'Tis not in vain you have appealed:
With such as you intemperance dire
Must fade away, and soon expire.

Another episode of my experience in Maine is worth recording. During the last week of the session of the Maine Legislature, on Sunday evening, Feb. 21, I was at Bucksport, some twenty miles east of Bangor, where I lectured with much success, receiving one hundred and forty-three signatures to the pledge. The next night, Monday, Feb. 22, I had an engagement to speak in the hall of the House of Representatives at Augusta. Monday morning came; and I took the six-o'clock train for Bangor, which was, as per schedule, to arrive there in season to connect with the regular train on the Maine

Central. But, owing to the icy condition of the track, the train on which I was travelling was so delayed, that the regular train on the Maine Central did not wait for it, but had been gone nearly an hour when our train arrived in Bangor.

Here was a situation. Here was a predicament indeed. No more through-trains that day, and Augusta seventy miles away!

Of course, the idea of fulfilling my engagement for that night must be abandoned, you say. Certainly *not*, nothing of the sort. I made up my mind that I would deliver that lecture of mine in Augusta that night if it was in the power of mortal man to accomplish the undertaking. This arrangement to lecture at Augusta, the capital city of the great State of Maine, was an important epoch in my career as a public speaker; it marked my gradual progress upward and onward as a temperance lecturer; it offered me an opportunity to make myself and my cause more prominent than any other opportunity I had yet enjoyed; and I determined that circumstances, mere matters of transit and detail, should not deprive me of my golden providential opportunity.

I could not reach Augusta that night by the cars, and, of course, I could not walk there; but it was barely possible that I could reach there during the evening by sleighing. It was now nine o'clock in the morning; and, if I could make my arrangements satisfactorily, I could reach Augusta from Bangor in, say, from ten to twelve hours if all worked well, — if the horses and the sleigh held out, and the driver did not fail me, and if I did not freeze on the way. It was bitter cold, — one of the very coldest days of a remarkably cold season, — and windy, and altogether disagreeable, even dangerous to those too long exposed to the weather. But it mattered not. I was in such a state of mind as to be rendered almost independent of that mightiest of mundane influences, — the weather; and I set to work to prepare for my sleigh-ride to Augusta.

I was on friendly terms with the proprietress of one of the leading hostelries of Bangor, Mrs. T. A. Powers, afterwards Mrs. Asa B. Hutchinson; and through the kind offices of herself and her son, Mr. Ashman Powers, I was able to procure a sleigh on reasonable terms: and at precisely ten o'clock on Monday morning I left Louder Block, Hammond Street, in a well-appointed sleigh, accompanied by Mr. Ashman Powers.

Behind our sturdy and tolerably swift team we rode some twenty-five miles to Newport, where we changed horses. Then, having partaken hurriedly of a strengthening dinner, we dashed on to Clinton. At the different places at which we stopped for a few moments to rest our horses, I would telegraph on to the next town for fresh animals. I also, as it approached nightfall, sent on telegrams to the sergeant-at-arms at the House of Representatives, Augusta, keeping him informed of our progress.

But in some places our progress was stayed altogether: twice or thrice the snow-drifts were so formidable, that, under ordinary circumstances, any man would have been justified in turning back. But I never even so much as thought of *that*. On through the ice and snow and wind and growing darkness I made my weary way. If the snow was impassable in one spot, I made a *détour* around that spot, and found or made a passage elsewhere.

Several times the sleigh capsized, and I was thrown violently into a snow-bank. But, righting the sleigh with difficulty, we resumed our way. And here I must say a good word for our horses, or, towards the last stages of our journey, our single *horse*. The intelligent animal appeared to appreciate the situation, and behaved accordingly, as if fully aware that perhaps our very lives depended on him in this emergency. He would, in the case of an upset, remain stock-still in the freezing cold and the blinding snow until the vehicle was

righted, and would then resume his journey. As night drew near, and Augusta nearer, the cold increased; and our risks grew in proportion to the darkness. Amid the uniform blackness of the night, and the uniform whiteness of the snow, we stood in constant danger of that most terrible thing, in our position, losing our way. The drifts nearly blinded us; but, trusting to God and our horse, we plunged on.

Our trust was not in vain. After a long and weary ride of nearly eleven hours, frozen almost to the bone, we saw the lights of Augusta gleaming in the distance, with a radiance far brighter to us than that of all the stars in heaven. For "the cold light of the stars" is more divine than human; but the lights of Augusta were full of suggestions of warmth and of home, of friends waiting to welcome us, of the full tide of humanity, of the joys of life. And we saw them, and thanked God. And, dashing along with all the vigor that our own energy and encouragement could impart to our faithful steed, we at last reached our destination, having conquered cold, darkness, and distance in the cause of temperance.

The very first man I met, on arriving at the State House, was an ex-bartender of mine, who had been in my employ at Boston. He recognized me, and addressed me at once; but I saw him not just then. I was so blinded with the snow, so numb with the cold, that I could not distinctly distinguish any thing. I made my way into the hall, which was packed, literally packed, with an excited audience, expecting my arrival. It was now about twenty minutes of nine: and the audience had been assembled since about half-past seven, nearly two hours; being kept together by the interest afforded them by the occasional telegrams from me, read to them from the platform.

My appearance among them was hailed by a shout of welcome; and I advanced to the platform, almost like a conqueror

"My appearance among them was hailed by a shout of welcome" [p. 464].

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receiving an ovation. And yet, in the midst of my triumph, I was nearly blind, — snow-blind, — and almost faint from exposure. I felt like any being in the world rather than a conqueror.

I began my lecture at precisely fifteen minutes before nine, and for a while said little worth the saying; for, to tell the truth, I did not yet know myself what I *was* saying. I had not yet recovered from the mingled excitement and exhaustion of my memorable sleigh-ride. I could not see or realize my audience, though there it stretched before me. All was dim and blurred before my eyes, accustomed for the last few hours only to straining through the snow. But at last my nerves and eyes grew stronger, my body and heart grew stronger, my soul and voice grew stronger. I realized my position, addressing the intelligence, morality, and respectability of Augusta, and spoke with more than my wonted energy and effect. I felt that I was affecting my audience because I began to affect myself. I warmed with my subject, I rose with my theme, and, ere I finished, had really, to a degree, deserved the applause with which my address was greeted.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE. — ITS EFFECTS IN BANGOR, ME., AND ELSEWHERE. — THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE GOOD WORK. — SCENES AND INCIDENTS. — THE CAREER OF THE CRUSADERS IN CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND NEW YORK.

DURING the memorable and eventful visit to Maine, of which I am now writing, a remarkable phase of the temperance movement, known as "The Women's Crusade," was in progress at Bangor. The noble band who formed the women crusaders were unceasing in their efforts to reclaim the downfallen. And they were wiser than most reformers: recognizing the close connection between the body and the mind, the material and the moral part of man, they not only endeavored to reach the heart of the poor inebriate by prayer and exhortation, but, if he was hungry, they fed him; if he was ragged, they clothed him; if he was in want, they aided him to the utmost of their abilities. They acted on the almost infallible rule, "that the road to the soul lies through the stomach." Fine words are all well enough, but kind deeds are finer: destitution and want need more than eloquence. Right nobly did the philanthropic and truly Christian ladies of Bangor do their part. I doubt if any city in the country did a nobler work. God bless them for it!

The officers of the Bangor Women's Temperance Crusade were Mrs. M. Crossman, president, assisted by the leading ladies of Bangor, among whom were Mrs. H. E. Prentice, a lady of large wealth and influence, and others whose whole

hearts were in the work. Committees were appointed to visit jails, etc.; and the station-house was visited every morning, and coffee and bread furnished the inmates. The sick and poor were visited by them at their homes; and many a poor heart has felt, that though angel visits come few and far between, yet, in good truth, angels at last had ministered to them. The families of men reforming were not neglected; and, when possible, the men themselves were procured employment, and in many cases have now become useful and honorable members of society. And this was the "praying band" upon which so many reproaches and cruel words were cast. This was a sample of that noble institution, that, starting in the Far West, extended its influence to the shores of the Atlantic, founded on the principles of love and humanity, and against which the rum power, and in many cases the rum-sellers' victims, directed the venom of their spite. "Why don't they stay at home, and attend to their own household duties?" "Why don't they devote more time to the reformation of their own families?" "A pretty pack of women to be gadding the streets, and singing psalm-tunes in low groggeries!" "If I had a wife like that, I would get rid of her mighty quick,"—and all such expressions as these were heard from the enemies of the movement, calculated to appall the stoutest hearts, and dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic. But they did not do so. Those engaged in the good work knew no such word as "fail." Though reviled, they pressed on, and by kind acts sought to alleviate human misery. And by many a bedside have they knelt, and cheered the pathway of some poor sufferer to the grave, and inspired in him a blessed hope of a life beyond the tomb. Many a one with exulting voice can say to-day, "To the grace of God, and the noble band of Temperance Crusade women, I owe my all." And their work is not yet ended. The little seed dropped into the earth shall

spring up with abundant blossom, and the fruit thereof shall gladden the nations. In the annals of the world, no nobler exhibition of moral and physical courage was perhaps ever exhibited. The warriors of old went forth to conquer by the fire and sword; and their path was marked by ruin, desolation, and the bones of their victims. Aggrandizement and power were their only object, and widows and orphans cursed the day that severed them from all they held dear. But these, these the pure and noble women of the land, went forth on a mission of love, to build up, and not cast down; to alleviate suffering, and make man approach nearer to what man should be. In a quiet, unassuming way, they approached the haunts of vice and woe; and sunshine seemed to gild the lowest places: and theirs shall be the reward, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." What grander mission can be undertaken on this earth? What more sublime thought can enter into the conception of the race? And right worthily did this noble band prove that their object was to relieve and succor. Not only through time, but through eternity, shall their works be manifest; and children's children shall rise up, and call them blessed. Could a volume be written of their noble deeds, of their self-sacrifices, of their devotion to the cause, the most obdurate unbeliever and opposer of the work would be compelled to bow in reverence, and exclaim, "Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief!" It is a beautiful thought to know that love and pity still have an abiding-place in this earth; that ministering angels still walk about visiting earth's poor down-hearted, and it seems to me to be a type of the great To Be, where "the stream with gentle flow supplies the city of our God." All honor, then, to this noble organization! Long may it continue!

But perhaps, in addition to this general tribute to the women's temperance work, the reader may desire some more

definite and detailed information regarding its history. In this case I can gratify to some extent his natural and commendable desire.

The credit of projecting the plan of "The Woman's Crusade" [says that excellent work, "The Temperance Reform and its Great Reformers," which should be in the hands and in the heads of all those interested in temperance work] has been given to Dr. Dio (Diocletian) Lewis of Boston, who in his father's home experienced the miseries which intemperance brings on the family. His father was a drunkard; but his mother was a prayerful woman, whose trials in bringing up her family, and suffering the abuses of her husband, were almost too much for her endurance.

Many a time she went up to the garret to pray; and the children would hear her crying out in agony of spirit, "How long, O Lord, how long! how long!" When she came down, the children would notice that her eyes were red with weeping, but that her face was shining with light from the other world.

Under such influences as these, it is not strange that the doctor, who had become famous for his system of hygienic training, should carry the ideas of love and hope along the higher plane, and seek for the salvation of men and women from the disease and death of drunkenness, which in his boyhood had been such a horror. He learned to pray of his mother, and grew up in a high estimate of the power and value of prayer.

These views he set forth in public lectures in various parts of the West, organized temperance bands, draughted and presented appeals to the whiskey-sellers, — a method somewhat after the fashion of Gen. Putnam himself, facing the wolf in his own den.

As the result of the first week's work along this line in the town of Dixon, Ill., thirty-nine dram-shops were closed; and for a time it was declared no liquor was sold in the town. At Battle Creek, Mich., the same plan was tried shortly after, with similar excellent success. The next places which the doctor visited were Hillsborough and Washington court-houses in Ohio, where he gave two evenings to the

discussion of women's prayer-meetings in saloons, at the close of which the women present resolved to carry out his plan.

"Why did the women choose such a strange method of carrying out this reform?" asked one, who was amazed to see a company of women kneeling at prayer in front of a saloon.

"They did not choose it," was the reply of one of them: "it was the work of God marked out for us, and we simply did it according to orders."

"Do you like to see your wife singing psalms in a saloon?" asked a critic of the temperance movement, of a judge whose wife was one of the most active and influential of the crusaders.

"No, my friend," he replied, "I cannot say I do: but I would rather see my wife singing hymns in such a place, than to see my son there singing bacchanalian songs; and I have seen that."

"But," continued the questioner, "do you like to see your wife kneeling on the dirty sidewalk, in front of a rum-mill, saying her prayers?"

"No, I cannot say that I like to see it: neither do I like to see my son lying in the gutter from the effects of the stuff which he bought at the rum-mill, and I have seen that."

"Well, but, judge, do you like to see your wife marching along in a procession, carrying a banner, and making a fuss along the public streets?"

"No," said the judge, "I cannot say I like it: neither do I like to see my son marching in a procession of criminals on the way to prison, with chains about his hands; and I have seen that."

This *bona-fide* conversation, as given by the evangelist, Major Cole, who is himself a reformed man, shows how great is the sympathy which this crusade awakened in the minds of the best people of the crusade State: for rum does not seek its victims among the lowly and ignorant only; but, like the angel of death, the rum-fiend "loves a shining mark."

The following sketch of the crusade in Xenia, O., is taken from "Harper's Weekly," which gave the most admirable illustrations of the movement, both by pen and pencil: —

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"The prayer continued, and so did Mrs. Klein and the baby" [p. 471].

Observing two ladies entering a church (United Presbyterian, I believe), I followed them, and found myself in the presence of about one thousand persons, assembled for prayer, and to discuss the subject of intemperance. The pastors of the several Protestant churches were there with their people; and a feeling of humble dependence upon God, and a deep Christian earnestness in the work before them, seemed to prevail in the heart of every one present. After the adjournment of the general meeting, the ladies were called together by Mrs. Col. Low, president of the Ladies' Temperance Association, who, after a few remarks, asked, "Who will volunteer to lead a visiting party to Klein's saloon?"

After a moment's pause a middle-aged lady signified her willingness to do so. She gathered about her some eight or ten others, and they started off in double file to beard Mr. Klein in his den; and I went with them.

At the door of Mr. Klein's confectionery and toy store, without a moment's hesitation, they filed boldly in, and occupied the whole space between the counters, which ran along three sides of the room.

On the approach of the ladies, the family beat a hasty retreat, and barricaded themselves in a very mysterious back-room, from which issued a very strong odor of highly flavored XXX whiskey, and the cries of a baby with very strong lungs.

When the ladies began to sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" the baby began a loud and discordant solo. The effect was not at all pleasing. At the conclusion of the hymn, one of the ladies began a most beautiful and touching prayer. No sooner had she commenced, however, than Mrs. Klein, no doubt feeling that her premises had been unlawfully invaded, shot out of the back-room in fiery indignation, her bare arms revolving like the sails of a wind-mill, her hair on end, and began to pour forth such a volley of abuse upon the ladies, that it seemed as though she carried a mitrailleuse in her mouth.

The prayer continued, and so did Mrs. Klein and the baby.

"O Lord! we come not in our own strength."

"Shust kit out of mein shop, every one of you: ye're a set of hypocrites; das is zo."

"We would ask thee to bless this family: enlighten their understanding, that they may be enabled to see the wrong of continuing this unholy traffic."

"I don't vant your brayers. Ef I wants to bray, I go to mein own shurch to bray: I don't pelieve in such dings. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! de Lord pless this family! Well, dis family kin git along mitout sich brayers: the Lord don't hear dem."

"She will not hear our words; but thou, O God! will cause them to enter her heart as arrows of conviction."

"Ye're a set of street-walkers. Oh, I knows dis ting shust as well as not! it be's like the epysootic: it koes all around, and den goes away again!"

The climax was reached when Klein himself rushed into the room, bearing aloft a little parcel, and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Git out o' mein house immegutly, ye hypocrites! Do you see dot baper? das red pepper in dere, und I gives you shust five minnits to leave my shop: ef ye don't, I drow dis over ye!" Mr. Klein, however, refrained from carrying his threat into execution; and the ladies concluded their visitation in peace.

From Mr. Klein's I proceeded at once to Mr. Carroll's grocery and provision store. The ladies were kneeling on the sidewalk in front of the door, engaged in prayer. Two of the party were conversing with Mr. Carroll, who stood in the doorway with a newspaper in his hand, and looking very much annoyed, as he exclaimed, "Now I give you fair warning. I've got the names of ivery one of ye; and, if you do not lave my primises this instant, I'll push ye till the furthest extent of the law. I'm not a highwayman or a thafe, that you should come makin' this nonsense in front of my door."

The ladies pleaded courteously with him: he was a good-hearted fellow, and evidently got worsted in the argument. He looked convinced, and yet felt he could not abandon the trade which supported him and his family with such ease. After remaining for half an hour, the ladies left him, promising to return again and again until he would yield to their prayers.

The work of the crusades in Xenia was all the more remarkable

from the fact, that this is a stronghold of the United Presbyterian Church, where all religious services were always of the most correct and dignified style, and where no religious songs were allowed except the Psalms of David. This steady-going town was struck by the wave of the crusades, and fairly lifted out of its former self. The good women of that church had been taught that it was a shame for a woman to speak or pray in the church, — a statement, in fact, which, in the time of the great apostle to the Gentiles, though not so now, was held to be almost as binding as the Ten Commandments. But now all their former notions on this subject were reversed. Still, they would not sing any but the good old Bible Psalms. The modern music, of the Bliss and Sankey style, was generally supposed to be the only sort that was adapted to crusading; but the Xenia ladies marched to the tune of "Dundee" or "Mear," or "St. Martin's" or "St. Ann," in which the Psalms of the old Scotch version have been so long sung; and these steady harmonies were blessed to the breaking of stubborn hearts, and the opening of bleared and blood-shotten eyes, no less than the most stirring gospel songs of modern revival fame.

Very exciting scenes followed this in connection with the surrender of the worst saloon, called the "Shades of Death;" while shortly after almost all the rest closed: and now, it is said, it is hard to get liquor in Xenia.

The following incidents were reported in the local papers at the time, and will serve as samples: —

There was one saloon in Bellefontaine, where the crusaders were responded to upon the sidewalks by fiddling and dancing inside. Hour after hour the women kept guard over this house, singing and praying, until, at last, the saloon-keeper was ready to exclaim, in the language of the hymn, —

> "And now I yield, I yield:
> I can hold out no more!"

Then, among the ringing of the church-bells, the songs of thanksgiving, shouts of rejoicing, and tears of gladness, the beer, whiskey,

brandy, etc., were poured out in the streets, and the place opened as a meat-market. One stubborn publican in Bellefontaine declared, that, if the crusaders visited him, he would receive them with powder and lead; but the unterrified women presently appeared before his door, and began to pray. About a week afterwards the dealer made his appearance at a public meeting, signed the pledge, and on the following sabbath, for the first time in five years, attended church. Again, in Clyde an effort was made to drown out the crusaders. When the women kneeled in front of one of the saloons, and began to pray, the keeper dashed a pailful of cold water into the face of one who led in prayer. The woman, without stopping for an instant, said, "O Lord, we are now baptized for thy work!" The water treatment was repeated in various places, the water not being always as clean as it might be; but the women kept on praying, with more faith and energy than was manifested by the crusaders of old, and with more substantial results attending their movements. Again, the report was yesterday floating about the city, that one of the worst places in Fulton had hung out the white flag, and surrendered to the ladies. Investigation proved the rumor to be entirely correct.

A band of women, most of whom were residents of the first ward, started quite early in the forenoon upon their round of visitation. Among the first places visited was the saloon of Dick Manley, on the front street, two doors west of Kemper Lane. From some incidents in their former visits, the ladies were led to believe that the proprietor was not wholly satisfied with his business; but they were not expecting the easy triumph before them. Benches were carefully arranged by the conscience-stricken saloonist for his visitors, and devotional exercises were begun.

The prayers and songs were so simple, earnest, and direct, that at last he could stand it no longer. As they were about to sing, —

"My faith looks up to thee,"

he broke in with, "Wait a little. I'll give up." He then told the ladies that his stock was at their disposal, and he would himself help to pitch the vile stuff in the gutter.

About this time the scene began to grow exciting. Several ladies burst into tears. An effort was made to sing —

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

but the voices of the singers refused to give utterance to the language of their hearts. Then, when they had somewhat recovered themselves, they set to work, with beaming countenances, to pour out every thing about the premises that could moisten the throat, or make glad the heart of man. Beer-barrels were rolled to the gutter; and, while their contents were gurgling out through the bungholes, all the bottles on the shelves were brought out, and dashed upon the pavement. After every thing had been cleared out, the proprietor thought of some fine old Catawba stowed away in the cellar. This was soon hunted up, and shared the fate of the rest.

He said he was bound to make a clean thing of it.

After the saloon had been pumped thoroughly dry, the ladies went into the place adjoining Manley's, where another victory awaited them. The proprietor of the saloon was absent; but his brother, who was in charge, yielded to the entreaties of the women, signed the total-abstinence pledge, and locked up the concern forever, as far as he was concerned. If his brother wanted to open again, when he got back, he might do it. The ladies then proceeded to several other places, but met with no further apparent success. The gentlemanly keeper of the Eureka Exchange slammed the door in their faces, and retired to an upper room, from which he viewed the proceedings with a sardonic grin.

In conversation with our reporter to-night, Mr. Manley said he did not know what he should go into next. He had a billiard-hall connected with his saloon, and would carry that on until something better offered.

He seemed resigned to his loss of stock, and thoroughly glad to be out of the business. The jokes and sneers of his old friends, who couldn't see it in that light, seemed to have no effect on him. He remarked to one of them, that, if he owned all the saloons between there and Columbia, the women might have the whole of them.

Of the crusades in Cincinnati, Mrs. Leavitt, who was one of the leaders of that movement, and now the vice-president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, gives the following account: —

"I am often asked to tell the story of the crusades in Cincinnati, but I never can do it. Cincinnati was a hard field, with its three thousand saloons, and its forty millions of dollars invested in the liquor-trade. So strong was this interest, that merchants did not like their wives to engage in temperance work, for fear of bad results to their business; and at first we had to adopt the old-fashioned measures. But at last, under the baptism of the Holy Spirit, we came to the conclusion, that the country method must be our method; and for eight weeks, about seventy strong, we crusaded the streets and saloons after the most vigorous fashion."

On one occasion the women crusaders were arrested in Cincinnati for "disturbing the peace" and "obstructing the streets." Any thing for a plea!

Of this arrest one of the ladies arrested spoke to a reporter as follows: —

You know we were arrested, and had to go to jail. Just think of it!

There was a sidewalk ordinance which forbade the obstruction of the streets, and under that we were arrested; though we were careful to use only the two feet in width the law allowed us when we stood in front of a saloon, and sang at it, and quoted texts of Scripture at it, and knelt down and prayed against it, and for the souls of those who kept it.

The seven policemen who were detailed to arrest us were crying like whipped children. But they had to do it; and we, like good, law-abiding citizens, submitted, and went in procession to prison, — forty-three of us, — singing all the way.

We were released after about four hours. Bail was offered us; but we refused it, on the ground that we had done nothing against the law, and those who arrested us should take the full responsibility of their outrageous act.

The crusade prayer-meetings were kept up after that at the churches; and by and by we took the rooms at 200 Vine Street, where we hold a constant crusade. The aggregate attendance at our women's temperance prayer-meeting for the last six months was 14,009: of these 2,932 signed the temperance pledge, and sought the prayers of Christians in their behalf.

Chicago, as is well known, is controlled by the liquor interest, as is the case with many another great city; but to Chicago belongs the distinguished disgrace of having maltreated the women crusaders in their lawful work. A company of ladies were appointed, on one occasion, for the purpose of visiting the hall of the city council, to lay before them a petition for the better enforcement of the laws already on the statute-book. There was no reason on earth why this petition should not be granted; but the liquor-dealers gathered together a company of lewd fellows of the baser sort, so that it was with difficulty that the ladies could make their way through the crowd of half-drunken vagabonds. The police were plenty, as they always are at such places; but no arrests were made. And when the committee, after presenting their petition, trusting in God for their safety, left the hall, the mob rudely set upon them; and the police were actually forced to take the ladies in charge, as if they had been prisoners, and conduct them by a private way out of the midst of the crowd.

Being discouraged from the hope of attaining any great results by law, they gave themselves up to the more earnest use of the gospel, and established a meeting in the lower Farwell Hall every evening. The work done here in reforming drunkards, and relieving their families, and holding the fort for temperance, has been supplemented by the training of a company of Christian temperance men and women, who, by means of this gospel mission, have become acceptable and impressive temperance orators, and whose services are in constant demand.

Even New York was attacked by the women crusaders, who "carried the war into Africa," and for a while held their meetings at Harry Hill's. Of course the crusaders made an excite-

ment, a sensation at first; and of course this sensation soon died away, but still much lasting good was accomplished. Hundreds of drunkards were permanently reformed; and there can be no doubt, that, could a woman's crusade be organized on a scale commensurate with the size of the metropolis, New York itself could be conquered for the temperance cause as readily as Xenia. Human nature is the same all the world over.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TEMPERANCE WORK. — ITS HISTORY AND PROGRESS. — THE METHODS AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF MY PREDECESSORS AND COLLEAGUES IN THE GOOD CAUSE. — THE REV. DRS. LYMAN BEECHER AND THEODORE L. CUYLER. — THE WASHINGTONIANS. — JOHN B. GOUGH. — FATHER MATHEW AND FRANCIS MURPHY, ETC.

HERE and now it will be proper, before proceeding to narrate in detail the story of my own work in the cause of temperance, to glance at the history of temperance work in general, and to describe briefly, but impartially, the methods and achievements of my predecessors and colleagues.

As the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., himself one of the prominent names among the temperance workers, remarks, "America is the birthplace of the modern Temperance Reform. New-York State is entitled to the place of honor in the movement; for, in the county of Saratoga in that State (Saratoga, a name forever linked with the health-giving power of *water*), the first organization for arresting drinking-habits by signing a written pledge was established some seventy-five years ago."

Like every other important movement, the temperance cause has passed through successive stages. Its present status is the result of years of steady development and progress.

In the early Puritan "blue-law" times, drunkenness was punished severely, — among other penalties by the pillory, and exposure of the offender as a drunkard to public scorn. Yet wine-bibbing and dram-drinking soon grew stronger than the law; and gross intemperance became the rule, and not the exception.

Families drank, heads of families drank, and even judges and clergymen partook freely. In the days of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, "an ordination" was simply a disgraceful junketing, in which regularly "ordained" ministers of God figured as more or less intoxicated men. This excited the godly ire of the Rev. Lyman Beecher; and he directed against the drinking-habits of his day his famous "Six Sermons against Intemperance," which form one of the ablest and most powerful "temperance" books in existence.

Among the earlier and important temperance agencies were the Washingtonians, an organization which had a peculiar history.

Strange to say, the Washingtonian movement had its origin among six hard drinkers in a drinking-den known as "Chase's Tavern" in Baltimore. These six topers met every night at the tavern, and one night in their cups fell to discussing the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, who was then in Baltimore delivering temperance lectures.

The landlord of the tavern, taking part in this discussion, used such foul and insulting language in reference to temperance lecturers in general, and the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith in particular, that even the six topers were induced to defend the reverend gentleman, and to hint that the tavern-keeper was actuated in his remarks by "business," not principle.

This made the landlord still more intemperate in his abuse; till finally it was determined by the six hard drinkers, that they would attend the next lecture of the reverend gentleman, and judge of him for themselves. This resolution was carried out; and the result was, that the six topers determined to become six non-drinking men for the future, and signed a pledge requiring total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

A new place of nightly meeting was now chosen, — a car-

penter's shop instead of a tavern; and the six reformed men, becoming themselves reformers, soon made converts, — among them a man named John H. W. Hawkins of Baltimore, whose name soon became identified with this phase of the temperance movement, which has done a world of good.

But a greater man than Hawkins was "reformed" by the Washingtonians, — John B. Gough, who became the most effective temperance orator or apostle the world has yet seen.

John B. Gough was born in England of humble parentage, and at an early age emigrated to America. He started out as a lad well, but soon "fell from grace," and developed into a reprobate and a drunkard; joined a variety troop, and became a strolling actor of the lowest type, taking a perverse pleasure in burlesquing sacred things.

Low as he was, he was sinking lower and lower, till he met a Washingtonian, Joel Stratton, or, rather, till the Washingtonian met him, and induced him to sign the pledge.

Even after he signed it, his sufferings were intense, from the love of alcohol, the habit of alcohol already formed; and two or three times he fell, and violated his pledge. But he conquered himself and habits at last, and soon became the most famous temperance orator of the world.

Mr. Gough's eloquence is of a very peculiar, yet intensely magnetic, kind. A German mechanic once said to his employer, "I goes to hear dot Meester Gough vot dalks mit his goatdails." He takes up a large amount of space while he talks, and feels nervous unless he is talking on a large platform. A rival lecturer once remarked, "Only let me have a platform as big as Gough's, and I will draw as big. It is not the man, but the platform, that does it." That "rival lecturer" was subsequently accommodated with a platform larger than any Gough had ever used, yet he didn't "draw like Gough." It was the man, and not the platform, after all.

The intense excitement which accompanies Gough's oratory is simply the natural result of his intense feeling. Of this, Mr. Gough himself has remarked, "It has been burned into my memory from years of suffering and degradation; and I do feel, and ever must feel, deeply on this question."

Yet another great name in the history of temperance work, is the ever-blessed name of Father Mathew. This modern apostle, this latter-day saint, was born in the county of Tipperary, and was, therefore, an Irishman of Irishmen. He was ever tender-hearted and benevolent, doing good to all he met, and never going hunting or gunning or fishing, because he was averse to inflicting pain on animals, or any breathing creature. He became a priest to please a pious mother, and remained a priest to please himself and Heaven.

He began his public work by founding an industrial school for girls, and continued his heroic exertions, alike in the cause of humanity and religion, especially in the terrible cholera season in Cork. He then, at the urgent solicitation of a Quaker, William Martin, undertook to lead the temperance cause in Ireland, and here he found his place. Of all men he was the one man best fitted for the post.

"Here goes, in the name of God," said Father Mathew, as he approached the table on the opening of the first temperance meeting at which he ever presided, signing his name, as he spoke, to the total-abstinence pledge. To my mind, his was the way in which all temperance movements should be conducted. There should be the practical, tangible means, — the pledge, — and there should be the sought-for blessing of God upon the pledge. Thus, and thus only, can reform be positively *assured*.

Within less than a year from this time, two hundred thousand Irishmen had followed the example of Father Mathew.

He then began a travelling temperance-tour through Ireland,

and finally visited Scotland and England, meeting with equal success in Edinburgh and London.

Before he died, he visited America, where he was received with enthusiasm. He came over to this country in the "Ashburton," and on the voyage labored with great results for good among the poor passengers in the steerage. He landed in New York on July 2, 1849, and enjoyed a most enthusiastic reception at Castle Garden. He was formally welcomed by his Honor Mayor Woodhull, who offered him the hospitalities of the city.

At eight o'clock that evening a most peculiar spectacle was presented. A "temperance" dinner — a dinner at which there was no wine, only water — was tendered to Father Mathew, and partaken of by the board of aldermen. Imagine the feelings of the New-York aldermen at being compelled to drink the water! But there were no headaches after that dinner.

For the next fortnight Father Mathew held levees at the City Hall, which was daily thronged with all classes and nationalities. So great were the crowds at those temperance levees, that it became necessary to set apart separate days for the receptions of females and the receptions of males: over fifty thousand persons signed the pledge during Father Mathew's visit to New York, — at least, a very large number, though not, I believe, definitely stated.

Father Mathew then visited Boston and Washington, being in both cities enthusiastically received; and in Washington he was offered the very highest distinction that can be paid to the subject of another country in this country, — a resolution being passed unanimously that Father Mathew be admitted to a seat on the floor of the House.

He finally left the United States on board the Collins Steamer "Pacific," having issued an appropriate "farewell

address." His last days were spent in much personal suffering, brought on by his arduous labors in the temperance cause. He passed to his reward in the sixty-sixth year of his age, dying the *death* of the righteous, as he lived the *life*. If ever a man left the world better than he found it, that man's name was Father Mathew. His statue stands in the city of Cork, and his memory will live till the last trump.

One of the chief workers in the temperance cause was Dr. Reynolds of Maine, the father of the Red-ribbon Reform Clubs.

Henry A. Reynolds was born of well-to-do parents in Bangor, Me.; studied medicine, and took to drinking, becoming both a doctor and a drunkard. But, after a terrible experience with alcohol, he reformed, and became a reformer of others.

He believes in the grace of God first, and then in the means of grace; and among these "means" he places the pledge, and a red ribbon as a sign of the pledge, — "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," to use the words of the catechism. The idea of this red ribbon occurred to the doctor accidentally, but was at once utilized by him. It means precisely no less and no more than the uniform means to the soldier. The uniform don't and can't make a soldier, but every soldier will acknowledge the usefulness of a uniform.

All over the Union, alike in Massachusetts and Michigan, the Red-ribbon Clubs are institutions, and Dr. Reynolds's name is a tower of strength.

And now we come to Francis Murphy, who has done a noble work in gospel temperance. Francis Murphy was born in Ireland of humble parents. Emigrated when a lad to this country. Tried farming; married. Led a sober, industrious life for a while, and then took to dissipated courses, and, in conjunction with his brother, kept a tavern in Portland, Me. He patronized his own bar liberally, and gradually sank to the lowest depths of degradation. Finally he committed a crime

which led to his imprisonment. He had fallen as low as man can fall.

But God has raised him as high as man can rise, to be a benefactor to his fellow-men. And Heaven's agent in this elevation was Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant, the ex-manager of a coasting-line of steamers which sail from the harbor of Portland, and a truly devout and God-fearing man. This man met Murphy in jail, and by his kindness saved him from despair, and led him to Christ. And then Capt. Sturdivant procured Murphy's release from jail, and led him to his family. But his heart-broken wife died soon after his release, and Murphy was a while in despair. But there was a work for him to do, and he did it. And to-day he stands prominent among the men who have blessed their fellow-men. In every large city in the Union, and abroad as well as in this country, the name of Francis Murphy, the evangelist of gospel temperance, is a household word.

In connection with gospel temperance, Mr. D. L. Moody must also be mentioned. True, he has never professed to be directly a temperance advocate; but, believing intemperance to be a great sin, he has preached and prayed against it, and thus endeared himself to all true temperance men and women.

The names of Edward Murphy, Clark Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, and Hon. Luther Caldwell, must also be mentioned in this chapter, as having been the effective co-workers of Francis Murphy.

Thomas W. Pittman, Esq., of New York, is also justly entitled to a conspicuous place in the catalogue of temperance orators and advocates. Mr. Pittman has been all his life thoroughly conversant with life in New York, and has given the world the benefit of his experience in his celebrated "Lecture on Crooked People." He was also identified prominently with the Murphy revival in New York.

There are other names which press for honorable mention, such as the late Hon. William E. Dodge, merchant, Christian, philanthropist, and president of the National Temperance Publication Society of New York, — an institution which has done and is doing a world of good; John N. Stearns, Esq., the secretary of the publication society; the late Charles Jewett, M.D., a distinguished advocate of the medical side of the temperance reform; E. C. Delevan; Rev. Charles N. Fowler, the editor of "The Christian Advocate," and author of the grand address on "The Impeachment of King Alcohol;" the reformed and reforming "rough," "Jerry" McAuley; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, the temperance revivalist; Charles W. Sawyer, Moody's valued assistant in gospel temperance work; and the ladies of the Women's Temperance Union.

Nor could I conclude this imperfect sketch of temperance work and workers, without at least a reference to the well-known and energetic J. B. Gibbs, Esq., of the Alderney Dairy, New York.

This gentleman is at once a business man, Christian temperance man, and philanthropist, and is doing, has been doing, and as long as he lives will be doing, a good and *practical* and *steady* work. And that is the kind of work that tells.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE. — IN MEMORIAM OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEFRIENDED ME. — A LONG LIST OF GOOD MEN AND WOMEN.

HAVING now completed the story of my life, from my birth, through my happy boyhood, and checkered manhood, with all its lights, and, alas! all its shades, its struggles, its miseries, its errors, and, I trust, its ultimate triumph; and having glanced at the works and achievements of others who, like me, have reformed themselves, or have endeavored to reform others; before proceeding to the direct detail of my recent experiences as a recognized temperance advocate, — I would take this opportunity of testifying my gratitude to a few of the many who have, in my battle of life, befriended and assisted me in various ways. It has been my good fortune to have made warm friends. It has also been my good fortune to have received unlooked-for, undeserved kindnesses from comparative, or even utter, strangers. And I never can be sufficiently grateful to my benefactors, and to the Giver of all good, who put it in their hearts to befriend me. I fear, in this world, I may never be able to repay them; but, God bless them! they did what they did without hope or expectation of reward, impelled only by a sense of duty, and their own kind hearts. Still, I can at least, in this place, acknowledge my obligations; and I feel confident that my readers will pardon me for digressing thus from my direct narrative to do so. Surely the world, or that portion of it which has favored me by perusing this book, will not think the worse of me for being grateful.

In writing this book, I am aware I have laid myself open to criticism by my frequent use of names of individuals with whom I have come into contact: but, without this course, I felt that it would not be a correct version of my life; and therefore I have been explicit on this point. The nature of this book will not admit of my mentioning all the names of persons that have befriended me, but I feel it a duty to speak of some of those who have directly aided me in my darkest hours. In a previous chapter, I spoke of one who went my bonds on the occasion of my first lecture at Tremont Temple, when I was arrested for debt, and stated that some future reference would be made to him. His name is Mr. J. G. Pierce, formerly of 25 Howard Street, Boston. He paid from his own pocket all the bills that I was compelled that night to meet. Kind reader, you may question why he did this: I will answer; I will be brief, and to the point. I had sold him a book during my canvassing, and had requested him to aid me in business matters, giving him what I considered as collateral. The time for my lecture having come, I told him that I lacked the means of carrying it through, not for the moment anticipating that he would aid me. To my great surprise he said that he fully indorsed my course, and he came up to the Temple. He did not realize at the time to what extent he had indorsed me. He stood by me that night: and, had it not been for him, I should have slept in the station-house; as the officers would have been compelled to carry me off, had I not given bonds. Reader, would you not consider it your duty to speak of a man who had thus befriended you? Of course, I do not say that there was no other philanthropist in Boston, who, if he had known my real condition, would not have aided me; but this gentleman happened to be the right man in the right place. I knew nothing of his habits or his previous character, but he was a friend to me in my hour of need; and such friendships are substantial.

Among those who have claims upon my lasting gratitude, an honored place must be given to a prominent man already referred to in the preceding chapter, — John B. Gough, Esq., — the CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS, AND, WITHOUT ANY POSSIBILITY OF CAVIL, THE GREATEST TEMPERANCE LECTURER OF THE AGE.

On one memorable occasion, this unparalleled orator and temperance advocate performed a special act of courtesy in my behalf, which was productive of the utmost benefit. It was characteristic of the man.

I once needed, particularly needed, a friend. It was a hard time with me. Mr. Gough saw it at a glance. In conversation with me, he said, "Come to Tremont Temple to-night." The occasion was a great temperance mass-meeting. Ex-Gov. Talbot presided. John B. Gough was the orator of the night. I was requested to take a seat. I did so. And finally the governor, at Mr. Gough's request, called aloud for me to come from the audience, and be seated with them upon the platform. I was assigned one of the only three HIGH-BACKED chairs upon the great platform, the governor and Mr. Gough occupying the other two. That kind act, simple in itself, was the means of immediately giving me a high and lasting prestige.

The Hon. Neal Dow, the father of the famous Maine Liquor Laws, which, after all said and done, remain the best laws yet promulgated on the liquor traffic, has also shown me great kindnesses. The famous clergymen, Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, and Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton, have, in their way, done me the greatest obligations by bestowing upon me their professional and personal indorsement, and lecturing for me, and in behalf of my work.

To the long list of those to whom I owe love and gratitude for favors unexpected and unpaid for, save in gratitude and love, I would here add the names of Miss A. A. Jennings of Rochester, N.Y., who befriended me in my time of great dis-

tress, and who has befriended many another desperate and despairing fellow-mortal; Rev. George J. Mingins, the eloquent divine of New York; Mrs. E. A. Rawson of North Grosvenordale, whose heart has ever been ready and eager to help those honestly desiring to help themselves; Mr. and Mrs. Dr. S. C. Carter of Liberty, Ind., who are noted for their Christian philanthropy; E. J. Smith, Esq., of Washington, D.C.; Charles A. Webster, Esq., W. E. Sherman, and H. S. Woodworth, Esq., of Providence, R.I.; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Post of Burlington, Vt., the father and mother of my beloved wife, whom I am about to introduce to my readers, and who have been as truly and practically solicitous concerning my own welfare and work as though they were my own parents, not merely my wife's; Thomas W. Pittman, Esq., of New York, the eloquent orator and lecturer and able lawyer; Mr. Francis Murphy, the great apostle of temperance; Miss Frances E. Willard, the able and zealous lady president of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union; Benjamin R. Jewell, Esq., of Boston, Mass.; Hon. T. R. Westbrooke, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York; Right Rev. William Bond, bishop of Montreal, P.Q.; Dr. Isaac N. Quimby, a prominent philanthropist and distinguished physician of Jersey City, N.J.; Rev. Dr. Bixby; Rev. C. L. Goodell; Rev. Dr. G. W. Anderson; Rev. Moses B. Scribner; Rev. John Evans; Rev. R. Montague; Rev. Francis Ryder of Rhode Island; his Excellency Nelson Dingley, jun., Ex-Governor of the State of Maine; Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, so widely and favorably known; Dr. Dix, oculist and aurist, Hotel Pelham, Boston; Dr. A. J. French (President Lawrence National Bank) and lady of Lawrence; J. C. Bowker and lady of Lawrence; Hon. Charles Parker of Meriden, Conn.; R. C. Bull, Esq., P. M. W. T. of H. and T., New-York City; Hon. E. W. Stetson, Damariscotta, Me.; Capt. Guy C. Goss of Bath, Me.; Frank Dingley, Esq.,

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One day, after a terrible debauch, feeling sick and sore, I was

wandering the streets of Providence in rain, sleet, and slush, and by accident found myself in this good woman's house. I had nothing but a faded duster and an old under garment to battle the elements with; and this poor woman would not let me go out, but fed and cared for me. I was sick one whole week in her house, and she nursed and cared for me as if I were her own child. I *can* never, I *shall* never, forget the kindness of this good woman. Long may she live!

I could also mention the names of hundreds of other persons who befriended me, but I must stop somewhere. All who have ever been kind to me, whether named here or not, will please accept my gratitude. If their names are omitted, it is the fault of my diary, and not my heart; so pardon the oversight. I must state, in conclusion, that my mentioning these names is of my own free will, and totally without the knowledge of any of the parties; and, if any one should feel a delicacy about being thus mentioned, they must attribute it to my sense of the obligations I am under to them, and to nothing else.

CHAPTER XL.

MY BEST FRIEND. — HOW I WOOED AND WON MY WIFE. — I OBEY AN IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE, AND MEET MY FATE. — A SHORT, SWEET LOVE-STORY. — I LINK MY LIFE WITH A GOOD WOMAN.

MY last chapter was devoted to my friends, — friends in the plural. The present chapter shall be devoted to my *one* best friend, — MY WIFE.

For I have a wife, and I thank God for it. Her dear eyes are looking over my shoulder now, as I write; and her dear head shakes, and her dear face almost frowns, or comes as near as it can (which is not very close) to frowning, as she insists that I shall omit all mention of her in this book.

The idea of such a thing! The bare idea of a man writing his life, and leaving out his wife! Did you ever? The thing is an absurdity: it is impossible. Hamlet with Hamlet omitted would be nothing to it.

No, a thousand times no! I might be induced to omit almost any other portion of my biography, but NOT the portion in which SHE figures; for she is the best part of my life. In sheer simple justice to her, I must tell about her — and in justice to myself.

For the most complimentary thing that can be said about me is, that *I am her husband.* That fact speaks volumes for the good that must be somewhere in me. I have been frank enough, as my readers will be ready to testify by this time, in regard to all my faults, my follies, my shames: let me, for Heaven's sake, have all the benefit of the good sense I have

shown in wooing such a woman, the good luck I have had in winning such a woman, and the good that has been in me to enable me to wear such a woman, and appreciate her as she deserves. It was a love-match: and, as "all the world loves a lover," I will tell you all about it; though there is not much to tell.

While I was talking temperance in New England, in the year 1875 (I shall never forget that year), I sent my agent, Mr. Thomas J. Pressey, to the pretty little town of Burlington, Vt., to make arrangements to secure a hall for a lecture. I never have been able to explain to myself satisfactorily why; but the fact is, that I had always felt a great desire to visit Burlington, Vt. I had no special reason for this desire; but I felt it strongly, nevertheless. Was it not Destiny — Kismet — Providence?

My agent returned with the news, that it had proved unpractical for him to procure me a satisfactory date at Burlington. He had done his level best, but had not been able to arrange matters.

This should have settled the matter. I should have at once dismissed Burlington, Vt., from my thoughts and plans. I had every confidence in my agent. I knew that he had done all that man could do to carry out my wishes, and had failed, simply because my wishes could not be carried out. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I would have dismissed the affair with a "Very well, I will go somewhere else." But this was the one-hundredth case. I did not go somewhere else; but I went straightway to Burlington, Vt., myself, though it was two hundred and fifty miles away from the place where I was then lecturing.

My agent wondered at my taking "such a notion to Burlington," as he phrased it, and remonstrated with me; but I was headstrong. I had literally "Burlington on the brain" just then; and to Burlington I went, arriving there safely. I had

been filled with all sorts of vague, wild, restless ideas about what I would do when I got to Burlington; but, when I got there, these dreams vanished: and I proceeded at once, in the most practical way, to endeavor to do what my agent had failed to do, — secure a hall.

By a lucky chance, I succeeded in my attempt. An obstacle which had nonplussed my agent was gotten over by myself; and I obtained the leading hall of the place, and was advertised to address the good people of Burlington, Vt., the very next night.

The "very next night" came, and with it a crowd. I was in high spirits, and my lecture was a success: I felt it; I saw it. I also saw, during my lecture, two ladies standing in the doorway of the hall, one of whom, the taller one of the two, was watching my delineation of the horrors of delirium tremens with mingled admiration and disgust, — admiration, I flatter myself, of the lecturer, but disgust at this phase of his subject. From the moment I saw that taller lady of the two, standing in the doorway, my doom was sealed. I felt it. I felt a thrill ecstatic and indefinable. But there, I spare my reader any more of this. I fell in love, — love at first sight. I have always been convinced that "the taller lady of the two" felt towards me, from the very first, as I felt towards her, — that she, too, felt that "thrill, ecstatic and undefinable," when she first set eyes on ME. But to this day she has refused to give me definite information on this important point. Such is woman!

Well, after the lecture I was introduced to several of the ladies of Burlington who had been present, and, among them, to the "taller lady of the two," who had excited such a commotion in my breast. She bowed and smiled. I smiled and bowed. And the first all-important step was taken.

We talked about the temperance cause and my lecture, etc.:

and it was arranged, as I was to lecture in Burlington another night, that the lady, the particular lady, the "taller lady of the two," the woman who had already become the only woman in the world to me, would honor me by assisting at my next lecture; she being an accomplished vocalist, and excellent musician.

This much being settled, we separated for the night. Whether my particular lady dreamed of me that night, or not, I know not. As I have just remarked, she has always been reticent on all these preliminary details, so far as she was concerned. But this I know and can testify, that I dreamed all night of her, and awoke in the morning more in love than before.

Burlington, Vt., is a very pretty and picturesque place indeed, — one of the most charming towns in all New England, — and possesses a public park of great beauty. I rose early, and walked all through the town, and felt somehow as if this pretty little place, which I had never visited before, was already identified with my life.

Needless to say, I met my charmer that day for the second time, and a rosebud passed between us; and at my next lecture there was some singing; but really, whether the rosebud passed from me to her, or from her to me, or whether she sung and I spoke, or she spoke and I sung, has always remained in my memory doubtful. I was in such a trance all the time, — such a delightful unsettled state of "first love."

But I distinctly remember what occurred on the third day of my tarry in Burlington. The woman I knew I loved, and made no secret to myself about it, was announced to sing at some "benefit concert;" and, as I was sitting on the veranda of my hotel, she passed along on her way to rehearsal.

Of course, I merely rose from my seat, and bowed politely, —

of course, — and then went into the hotel, leaving her to walk to rehearsal alone. Of course, every man in love would have done *just that.*

But enough of *badinage.* Love is, after all, a serious thing, — as serious as it is sweet; and I was desperately as well as delightfully in earnest.

Making no disguise of my joy at meeting her, I joined the lady; and, before that walk was over, I had proposed, and been accepted.

That day is the best and brightest day that I have ever known, — the brightest and best day I shall ever know on earth, — a day of heaven.

We walked amid as lovely scenery as this world contains, with the placid waters of Lake Champlain and the beauties of the Park in sight. But it would have been all the same to me if I had been strolling through the orange-groves of Florida, or the mountain glories of Switzerland, or the old temples of eternal Egypt, or the splendors of mighty Rome. I saw but my companion's face. I had no eyes but for her eyes, I had no ears but for her voice.

Though, to tell the truth, her eyes were modestly downcast; and she said but little. But I talked for two.

I had much to tell; for, with my usual directness of purpose, I determined to make a clean breast of all my past life. I determined there should be perfect confidence as well as perfect love between us. I resolved that no secret should stand between us, now or evermore. If there were dark passages in my past life, as, alas! there were, I should bring them to light now, that hereafter it should not be in the power of any enemy to unearth them, and say to her, "See, he would have concealed these from you."

Yes, thank Heaven! I told her all, — all my escapades, all my sorrows and disgraces and dissipations. I kept back nothing.

And here, let me say, I would recommend all men in love to follow my example in this respect. Be frank with the woman you love. This frankness is in itself a compliment to the woman; and, if she is a true woman, she will appreciate it.

True, it is unpleasant, most decidedly unpleasant, to make yourself out a fool, if not worse, in the eyes of her to whom you would be a hero. But be of good heart. She will not love you the less for proving to be human. And she will find more excuses for you, if she loves you, than you will be able to find for yourself.

At any rate, I have never for one moment regretted my frankness to my love — my wife. She has loved me better since she has been called upon to forgive me.

We were betrothed, and I was blessed. I went to bed that night the happiest man in Burlington, Vt., or anywhere else. And, ere I went to bed, I fell upon my knees, and thanked the Giver of all good for his unspeakable gift, — the true love of a true woman.

Our engagement was for a while kept secret, but only for a little while. Both my wife and myself were too sensible to make a secret of what was really, at least on my part, a matter of pride, prudence, and congratulation. Besides, like every other lovely woman, my betrothed had attracted the admiration of other men besides myself, — some of them better men perhaps; and as long as they were kept in ignorance of our engagement, so long as they thought there might be hope, they would press their suit. In fact, to tell the truth, I began to feel just the least bit in the world (of course, only just the very least bit) jealous of another man, who was corresponding with my darling.

And so to ease myself, and put all parties out of their pain, I one day told my love to the parents of the girl I loved, —

told it like a man, and was received, as I had hoped to be, as the accepted suitor and future husband of their daughter.

My betrothed's parents were people of influence and position in the community. Her father, Charles C. Post, is a manufacturer, and patentee of several valuable improvements; while her mother, *née* Sylvia C. Partch, was a descendant of one of the oldest and best families in New England. Her grandfather, Alson H. Post, had erected a church at Hinesburg, Vt., the birthplace of Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States; and along her family line were to be found some of the most thrifty, intelligent, and prosperous of New-England farmers.

As for my betrothed herself, Helen L. Post, now for several happy years Mrs. Helen L. Doutney, her personal appearance, and varied accomplishments, are already familiar to the public; as she has constantly been a prominent attraction at my temperance meetings and entertainments, and a public favorite. But her domestic virtues, — as a wife, and the mother of a fine boy, Master Charles Post Doutney, now in his sixth year, — these are beyond all praise, and are known fully only to her husband, child, and God.

I did not remain "an engaged man" long. I am not one of those who approve of lengthened engagements. Let the courtship be long, if you will (though mine was short as it was sweet), but let your betrothal season be brief, and your marriage be as speedy as possible.

I was married on the twenty-ninth day of June, 1876, at the Baptist Church in Burlington, Vt., in the presence of a large assemblage, by the Rev. Munson A. Wilcox of Burlington, Vt.

And, from the day of my marriage, I have been a good man, or at least a much better man than I was *before* I married.

CHAPTER XLI.

MY PROFESSIONAL TEMPERANCE WORK. — ITS GENERAL ASPECTS. — ITS DETAILS AND NARRATIVE. — MY SUCCESS AT WATERTOWN, N.Y. — MY STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS AT ST. PAUL, MINN. — MY CAMPAIGN ALONG THE HUDSON, NEWBURG, YONKERS, NYACK, ETC. — "THE TEMPERANCE-TENT" AT ROCHESTER. — THE GOOD CAUSE IN NEW JERSEY. — TEMPERANCE MATINÉES AT ALBANY. — BLUE RIBBONS AND PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY. — ENTHUSIASM AT SARATOGA. — SOUTH AND WEST. — RICHMOND, VA., AND RICHMOND, IND.

I HAVE now completed the story of what may be called my *personal* life, as distinct from my strictly *professional* career. I have shown fully, and in detail, how I have sinned and suffered and struggled, and finally succeeded in conquering my own bad habits, and winning a good woman.

But, thus far, I regard my life-narrative (at least, from a practical and *temperance* point of view) as being but the history of *a course of preparation for a good work*, — not as the history of a good work itself; for with me my good work was but in its infancy. I was a temperance lecturer, it is true, acknowledged and established. But most of my achievements in this line *had yet to be achieved:* most of my victories *had yet to be won.* But fortified by experience, strengthened by the grace of God, and sustained by the loving sympathy of a devoted wife, I was now ready for action. I was a temperance *worker* indeed. And the remainder of this volume must be devoted to a brief *résumé* of my career as a professional temperance advocate.

It will not be necessary to give every detail of my public life or professional movements. It will suffice to describe my expe-

riences in the prominent places I have professionally visited, and to narrate those phases of my public career which are either the most interesting in themselves, or are the best illustrations of my own peculiar methods and successes.

I may state, that, as a temperance lecturer and advocate, I have generally exceeded my own or my friends' anticipations. I may also state truthfully, that, while not offending any special class, I have always been most successful with what we call "the masses." I am one of "the people" myself; and, as such, my heart goes out to them, and for them: and so, while, I trust, the rich, aristocratic, and cultured have not turned from me, the working-classes and the masses — i.e., nine-tenths of the population — have ever been specially attracted to me, and actuated by my influence.

I may also state, as a matter of fact, that I have generally succeeded in drawing to myself a good deal of public and newspaper notice, and have made more or less of a stir wherever I went. I have been the cause of discussion, and have been censured for my methods by some, as well as enthusiastically indorsed by more. But, in the long-run, I have been vindicated by results; and, the longer I have remained and worked in any one place, the more thoroughly have I succeeded, and the more warmly have I been liked. I have gained in popularity and influence as I progressed. The last impression of me or my work has been better than the first. This I have always justly regarded as a healthy sign.

One of the first places in which I, as a temperance lecturer and advocate, made my mark, was at the thriving town or city of Watertown, one of the most enterprising places in Jefferson County, and all that section of the great State of New York.

Prior to my visit to Watertown, I had been in the habit of speaking only one night in each town; and I went to Watertown itself for only one night. But my enthusiastic reception,

and the good work I saw being done, led me to remain and lecture and work four nights; and then, returning to the place rather reluctantly, — fearing I had rather overdone the matter here before, — I found the tide of enthusiasm, practical enthusiasm, for the temperance cause, swelling so rapidly, that I remained seven weeks.

At one period, during my visit to Watertown, I conducted two meetings at different parts of the borough simultaneously, crossing over from one to the other by team, and personally conducting them both at once.

All classes of people joined in the temperance revival I here inaugurated, and the town was taken by storm for the good cause. As "The Lockport Times" remarked, "The people of Watertown have had an immense temperance jubilee and procession; the mayor and aldermen leading the procession through the streets amid cheers from the multitude, music from the bands, and the waving of flags. The revival is in charge of Doutney, the celebrated temperance worker."

This temperance jubilee, in addition to the grand procession just referred to, embraced a temperance "supper" at Washington Hall, which was an immense success. During my work at Watertown I headed a party of over two hundred ladies and gentlemen interested in the cause of temperance, and with them paid a visit to the Watertown jail, where I held a temperance meeting among the prisoners, several of whom were affected to tears, and many of whom signed the pledge.

A "temperance reform club" had been started previous to my arrival at Watertown; but, before my departure from the place, the membership to this club had been increased to over *thirty times its original proportions.* This was practical work; these were tangible results; and as such I would gratefully record them.

"The Watertown Daily Times" of Jan. 22, 1877, treating

editorially of the temperance reform movement in the place, remarked, —

There is something fearfully suggestive in figures when properly grouped. They carry force in their array beyond what any verbal statement can do. Their power is beyond that of eloquence, and their pathos is deeper than the saddest truth. Wherever we look, in every State of our Union, and in every city and village of the State, the financial and social devastation which the rum-traffic works is seen. Jails are filled by it; the poorhouses are crowded by wretched inmates; wives are separated from their husbands; children are made vagrants; homes are devastated by the operation of a traffic against which humane and economic considerations unite in earnest and solemn protest. It is owing in part to the vastness of the curse, that people do not grasp its enormity, which threatens every sacred and salutary interest of society. In view of these solemn facts, about four weeks ago a handful of people of this city began to feel an interest in the welfare and well-being of their fellow-brothers, who had been, some for years and some for a lifetime, daily addicted to the use of a poisoning beverage which filled homes with want and wretchedness, and which has scattered the seeds of sin and degradation in every little neighborhood in Watertown as well as elsewhere. Being men of much experience in the many different ways in which the important questions of temperance, intemperance, and strong drink had been treated in the past, they resolved upon a new plan; namely, that of forming what is known as a temperance reform club, and work, only to get fallen men, and others who take now and then a drink, to join; leaving the questions of who shall sell, and what we shall do with the whiskey-venders, to be dealt with by others; thinking perhaps in so doing, if successful in saving a large number of men, the liquor-dealers would in time quit the business. Knowing these things, and desiring to accomplish a great good, they secured the services of a reformed drunkard who had been speaking in the neighborhood. He came, and held several meetings in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, which were well attended. The Tem-

perance Reform Club of Watertown emanated from these meetings. This man did good work while he remained; but it was apparent that he was not the man to interest men, and to turn them to the paths of right and righteousness. It was plain to all, that the great work to be performed must be done by some individual in whom all classes would have confidence. The name of Thomas N. Doutney was suggested. His fame as a temperance lecturer was known; and he was invited, and he came. At the time of Mr. Doutney's arrival, there were between thirty and forty members of the Temperance Reform Club; yet the members of the little band earnestly hoped to be made stronger through the influence of Mr. Doutney, and their hopes have been fully realized. The first meetings were held in Mechanics' Hall, Factory Street, — a small room with limited accommodations. The attendance soon became so large, that more room was a necessity. The pastors of the various churches offered to Mr. Doutney and the club the free use of their edifices, and all were anxious to assist in the good work. The court-house was placed at their disposal; and last, but not least, John A. Sherman, proprietor of Washington Hall, offered the hall free to the club on any and all occasions that they might desire it. On one occasion two meetings were held at the same hour, — one in the Arsenal-street Methodist Church, and the other in Scripture & Clark's Hall, which was also given without charge. The meetings have been crowded without exception. Mr. Doutney has been present at every meeting, and in his own peculiar style has shown men the true way. Mr. Doutney is a man perhaps of twenty-eight to thirty-two years: is medium in size, and quick in thought and action. He is always ready when called upon to do any thing to save a fallen brother. He is not a polished orator, but a very earnest speaker. He is an excellent delineator. He can imitate the French, German, Irish, Scotch, and the negro to perfection. He has all the requisites of a temperance reformer. He has been a liquor-seller and a drunkard; has had the delirum tremens, and all else that follows the use of strong drink. The small number of thirty or forty has, through Mr. Doutney's exertions, been increased to an organization of nearly one thousand

persons. The vastness of the work can hardly be realized, and its importance can never be forgotten. The object of the club is, not to meddle with politics, or the private affairs of any one, but simply to preach temperance. Mrs. Doutney has been present at most of the meetings, and has favored the audience with her singing, which is very fine, to say the least. Watertown has never experienced such a temperance revival as that of the past three weeks. The kind of men who have signed the pledge and joined the club are just the men that no community can do without. Many of them are fathers. Many are sons, — the pride of some poor mother or father. Many of them are friends who are dear to all of us. Many of them are brothers, loved of dear sisters, who rejoice to-day that their brothers are sober men.

Ere I left Watertown I was made agreeably cognizant of the esteem in which I was held in the place, by the presentation of a superb gold watch, the gift of a number of influential citizens deeply interested in the temperance movement. My farewell to Watertown was marked by a display of public sympathy and personal feeling which was as encouraging as it was unusual.

It took place at the First Presbyterian Church, which was crowded with over fifteen hundred people. Rev. Dr. Porter, presiding elder, M. D. Kinney, President Ingles, Rev. Mr. Bullock, Rev. Mr. Putnam, and other prominent citizens, took part in the exercises, which were, towards the end, positively affecting in the display of good feeling, which was also manifested practically in liberal contributions to defray my necessary living expenses. God bless Watertown! I feel I was enabled to do it some lasting good; and I know that the memory of the kindness of its citizens will ever do me good till I die, and perhaps — who shall say not — after death.

Another town of importance in which my work proved a success, after a somewhat protracted struggle, was St. Paul,

Minn., one of the most flourishing centres of the great West. The ladies of St. Paul had been specially exercised concerning the rum-demon, and had resolved to exorcise it. They determined to attack it root and branch, and by every known agency. Among other steps, they appointed a day of fasting and prayer, and also made arrangements for me to speak on Sunday night, May 13, 1877, at the opera-house, under their auspices. In all my life I never addressed a more intelligent audience than were gathered together at the opera-house that Sunday evening. Every seat in the building was occupied, including chairs on the stage; while large numbers stood up in the aisles. And hundreds of persons reluctantly went to their homes, not being able to enter the building at all.

Upon the platform were Rev. Dr. Breed, Rev. Messrs. Cross, McKebben, Edwards, Williams, and other pastors of the evangelical churches of the city, and a trained choir of fifteen voices, who discoursed most excellent music.

I felt perfectly at home amid such a crowd as this, and soon put my audience, as the French say, *en rapport* with me. I never felt alike more cool and more enthusiastic in the whole course of my existence, and I could see that my words struck home. I carried my audience with me. The next night the meeting, the crowd, and the enthusiasm were repeated. I was a success, or at least the good cause I represented had triumphed in my person.

Here in St. Paul I adopted the plan of a ribbon to designate those who had signed the pledge, and I found the plan worked admirably. I substituted a blue for a red ribbon: and soon the streets of St. Paul began to be remarkably well supplied with perambulating blue ribbons, or honest, happy men, pledged to total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, with blue ribbons attached; and I had thus tangible evidence before me constantly that my labors were blessed.

But I did not by any means give entire satisfaction at first in St. Paul. "The Dispatch" remarked, that "some of his [my] illustrations and sayings are not in accord with ministerial views." In short, I was not theological enough or dignified enough. But then, I had not come to St. Paul to preach theology or to illustrate dignity, but to advocate temperance; and I certainly did that, and did it successfully.

I, or my methods of temperance work, soon became the subject of newspaper controversy. An unknown correspondent, who signed himself "An Outside Heathen," wrote to "The St. Paul Dispatch," indorsing my work, but blaming the churches and the ministers for not sustaining me more publicly and steadily. To this communication a certain "J. McK" replied in behalf of the churches and ministers, claiming that they *did* support me in my temperance work, but found fault with my depending too much upon mere material or moral means, — pledges, blue ribbons, arguments, and the like, — but not attaching sufficient importance to the one only element that could ever make and keep men truly temperate; i.e., the grace of God. Now, in this, "J. McK" made a great mistake; for it was just *because I did believe in the grace of God* that I was so particular in insisting upon *using all the means of grace*, such as lectures, arguments, pledges, blue ribbons, etc. I have always felt that it was the height of folly and impertinence to call upon God to do that for us which we will not try with all our might to do for ourselves. Unto him that *hath* shall be given. And I hold that no man can be honestly, prayerfully desirous of conquering intemperance, or any other bad habit, who will not thoroughly use every physical and intellectual means to accomplish this end.

The newspaper controversy over my methods of temperance work was carried on with considerable asperity for some time: but at last Christian people began to understand me better;

and, ere I left St. Paul, I was publicly and heartily indorsed alike by laity and clergy.

The subjoined extract from "The St. Paul Dispatch" will serve to show how triumphantly I terminated my campaign at St. Paul.

GRAND PARADE AND MEETING LAST EVENING.

The crowning event of the Temperance Reform took place last evening in the form of a grand temperance parade, under the supervision of Mr. Doutney. The assembly was called at seven o'clock; and the parade formed in two ranks to the number of seven hundred and fifty men, headed by a band, and nearly all the clergy. The procession moved from the City Hall, and marched up to the Seven Corners, down Third to Jackson, from Jackson up Seventh to Wabasha to Third. The column was here countermarched, and filed two and two into the opera-house, filling the lower part of the house and stage full. The gallery, dress-circle, and boxes were filled exclusively with ladies. All along the line of march, the sidewalks were filled with citizens who waved on the procession as it moved along: at least eight hundred men were in line.

The meeting at the opera-house was very interesting, and at eleven o'clock the vast audience yet seemed willing to remain. A large number signed the pledge; and, if Mr. Doutney could remain another week, the interest would not abate one whit.

The following resolutions and preamble were offered by Col. J. Ham Davidson, and adopted without one dissenting voice. "After more than three weeks of earnest labor in the grand temperance reform in St. Paul, under the direction of Thomas N. Doutney, and after witnessing the glorious results that have been achieved, we deem it expedient and just to give some expression to our appreciation of Mr. Doutney's labors, as we are about to separate with him, in order to aid the good work wherever he may go hereafter." Therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize in Thomas N. Doutney the most active temperance worker that has ever been with us; and, after

carefully observing the results of the series of meetings conducted by him under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of St. Paul, we heartily and earnestly commend him to the sympathy and co-operation of all temperance men and women, wherever he may go to labor in the future.

Resolved, That we return thanks to the ladies for the series of meetings they have inaugurated, and which was rendered so entirely successful by their efforts to do so.

A third town in which my temperance work was crowned with success was Newburg, N.Y., one of the old historical towns of the Empire State. My advent in this old borough created an excitement which gradually increased till it became the sensation and the one great topic of the place. I introduced "the blue-ribbon" plan here also, and found it acted like a charm.

Some of the temperance meetings held under my direction at the opera-house here were, as "The Newburg Daily Journal" phrased it, "sights to behold." Large numbers went away from the place, unable to get inside its portals. And the large audience was swayed by an enthusiasm rarely witnessed outside a political meeting.

I was specially blessed in being enabled to make an impression upon the firemen of Newburg, many of whom were of the class denominated as "hard drinkers." Altogether, I did a great work, sustained by the active sympathy of the press and the clergy (Rev. Dr. Carrol, Rev. J. R. Thompson, Rev. Dr. King, and others), and, ere I left the town, had gained nearly fifteen hundred converts to the temperance cause.

One of my favorite maxims met with hearty indorsement here, — i.e., that the very best way to reform men is, to give them a chance to reform themselves; and that the very best way to keep a man honest, industrious, and temperate, is, to give him work. This sentiment was enthusiastically ap-

plauded, and was, I am glad to say, acted upon practically in a number of instances which came to my knowledge.

Just as in many other places, so in Newburg, my methods were appreciated more and more as I remained longer and longer. My personal and professional popularity increased with time. And, when I bade farewell to the good old town, I found that I was parting with friends, not strangers. The firemen of the town turned out *en masse* to see me off. And it seemed as if all the population of the borough had come down to the river-side to bid me good-by. The steamboats blew their whistles, the town-bells rung. I received an almost national salute, which I received gratefully, and viewed in its true light, as a deserved compliment, not to my humble self, but to my great and noble cause.

At this period I also visited the beautiful little Nyack and the active, flourishing Yonkers, two of the best known of the Hudson-river towns. In both of these places my work achieved a gratifying success. As "The Yonkers Gazette" stated, "upwards of seventeen hundred persons have signed the pledge, and put on the blue ribbon, during the lecturer's stay in Yonkers." During my work at Nyack an excursion steamer was chartered to convey parties of friends, and others desirous of attending my meetings, from Yonkers to Nyack and return. In Yonkers I caused to be organized a branch of the Woman's Temperance Union.

The next place of prominence at which I labored was Rochester, one of the great cities of the Empire State, — a city full of wealth and energy and enterprise. In this city I first introduced and practically carried out an idea which had for some time been forming in my mind, — the idea of *a "Temperance-Tent,"* — of temperance meetings *conducted under canvas.* I could see no good reason why the circus should monopolize this good idea. There is something about "tent-life" which

pleases the popular fancy. It is in itself a very convenient kind of life during the season, far preferable to the hiring of halls in warm weather, combining, as it does, the advantages of an open-air existence with all the essentials of an indoor life. For the life of me, I could see no impropriety about it, no valid objection; while I at once realized its benefits. So, determined to do for temperance what Barnum and others have done for amusement, I erected a monster tent, and conducted my services and public exercises under canvas.

This was the first application of the Tent to Temperance in this country, and has proved a success.

I may here remark, that in this tent-idea, as in every other idea which I have carried out or acted upon, I have endeavored to apply the principles of common sense and business to morality, religion, and temperance, and have, as it were, gone up to God in a business way, and endeavored to practically realize, in dollars and cents, in clothes or food, or work or canvas, or whatever it might be, the good that I wanted to carry out.

I am a great believer, not only in *grace*, but in the *means of grace*. In fact, I feel sure you can't have the one — and have no right to expect it — without the agency of the other. As the circus-folk found tent-life available for mere amusement, so I have found it available for moral and philanthropic instruction. And just as show-people generally try to make shows agreeable and enticing with song and music and mirth and recreation, so I have striven to render temperance attractive by presenting it with attractive surroundings.

As I remarked one day in an address, "Let the temperance people but take one-half as much trouble to empty the bar-rooms and drinking-saloons as the proprietors of these places take to fill them; let the cold-water advocates surround temperance with as much attraction as the liquor-dealers surround rum, — and the good work is accomplished."

On these sentiments I have based my course ; and I found, that as elsewhere, so in Rochester, I met with thorough indorsement and success.

My "gospel temperance-tent," as I termed it, was erected in Rochester, near the corner of Caledonia and West Avenues, and had seating accommodation for nearly a thousand people. Rev. Dr. Riggs, Rev. J. T. Bissel, Rev. M. Fisher, and other clergymen, took part in the dedicatory exercises ; and it was a popular "hit" from the start. It was just what the people needed. The Rochester "Democrat & Chronicle," in its elaborate description of this temperance-tent, remarks as follows : —

The pavilion is a large, two-mast concern, and appears very much like the ordinary show-tent, which covers the mysteries of the lesser light shows upon the road. The seats, or benches, are arranged in semicircular form, facing toward the platform at the west side. There is an abundance of sawdust spread around under foot ; and the square, eaves-trough "illuminators," which hang around the two centre poles, give to the place that air which so largely tends to attract hundreds to the circus-tent. . . . But there are no small boys trying to crawl in under the tent, and no young men, with their shirt-sleeves caught up by elastic bands, who go about plaintively calling "peanuts." As the expansive spread of canvas overhead flaps and sways in the wind, there is something about the homogeneous throng, and their unconventional surroundings, which strongly tends to remind one of a good old-fashioned camp-meeting, where the only canopy over the congregation is the rustling leaves and leafy branches, and the starry skies above. This last sentence gives the whole force of the tent-idea. It is to convey the suggestions of a free outdoor life, as contrasted with indoor style and restraint.

I may here remark that mine was not merely a "fair-weather" tent : it was perfectly waterproof, greatly to the comfort of an

immense audience which attended one of my temperance meetings during a tremendous shower, and experienced no inconvenience.

During my stay in Rochester I was ably aided by the energetic and eloquent Col. John F. Hoy, T. B. Stillson, Rev. Messrs. Stacy, Baker, Taylor, Campbell, Patton, and many others, as well as by my dear wife, whose sweet singing on the platform, and sweet smile off the platform, did much to advance our mutual work and the noble cause. Miss Florence E. Bacon, a personal friend of my wife and of myself, as well as one of my most faithful assistants, also contributed largely to our success by her popular recitations. Miss Bacon is universally pronounced by press and public a young lady of fine elocutionary ability.

In Rochester, as elsewhere, the good work prospered under my humble though honest exertions: but, of course, all was not *couleur de rose;* nothing is in this world. Somebody, who signed himself "A Reformed Worker," attacked myself and wife as "humbugs," *after our departure.* But his attack only brought eloquent defenders to the front, and merely served to prove how many friends my wife and myself had made in Rochester. After all, the best proof of the kind of work we did in Rochester was the fact, that thousands of signatures were appended to the temperance pledge.

Another field of labor in which success attended our efforts was Jersey City, one of the most bustling suburbs of the great metropolis. In Newark, Paterson, and other New-Jersey centres of population, I also lectured with good results. In Newark I lectured under the auspices of the Union Gospel Temperance Association. Here, as elsewhere, my temperance-tent was a great "hit." "The Newark Daily Advertiser" remarked, that "the novelty of conducting meetings of this kind under canvas draws to the tent an element in this com-

munity which could not be otherwise reached by Christian or by temperance workers." This sums up the whole matter, — gives the truth concerning it in a nut-shell.

In Albany I made a protracted stay, whose general history may be summed up in one sentence. My work began bravely, developed great enthusiasm; also developed some dissatisfaction, arising partly from the slanders of the envious, and partly from the misunderstandings of the well-meaning; but finally culminated in a triumph, and resulted in permanent good. The details are briefly as follows: For over five weeks I held nightly meetings, and in some cases two meetings a-day, in Martin Hall, old Tweedle Hall, the old Tabernacle Baptist Church, etc., under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The Rev. Mr. Morse was the first clergyman of Albany to introduce me to the public, and remained my warm personal friend and professional associate throughout.

As usual, I made an all-important feature of the signing of the pledge. It may be well here to give the form of the pledge which I offered for signature.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Help raise the fallen. With malice toward none, and with charity for all, I, the undersigned, do *pledge* my word and honor, *God helping me*, to abstain from *all* intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to do the same."

I also made a special feature of *the singing*. The Moody and Sankey hymns were used, as well as some special temperance and religious hymns published in leaflets, and widely distributed. My dear wife, in this department, was of the utmost assistance to me. Her rendering of "The Ninety and Nine," and other sacred songs of a similar character, was specially notable.

I also found that my renditions of character and dialect parts,

in imitation of men of various nationalities in various stages of intoxication, were very well received, and highly commended by the press, as well as by the people.

Among the attractions at some of my meetings at Albany were the Hutchinson family of singers, one of whom, Mrs. Asa Hutchinson, so kindly befriended me when Mrs. Powers of Bangor, Me., and whose kindness I made a point of publicly acknowledging at one of my meetings.

The *blue* ribbon was also utilized with great success at Albany, as one of the "outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace." And here let me explain why I adopted the *blue* ribbon. I obtained the hint as to the color from the fifteenth chapter of the Book of Numbers, thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth verses, in which allusion is made to a *blue* fringe on the garments of the children of Israel, which was to be a symbol, "that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them."

One feature of my Albany meetings struck the public as a novelty, and met with wide approval. I refer to what I may call my "temperance *matinées*," — my meetings in the afternoon for *children*. Over one thousand children assembled at Tweedle Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 8, 1877, to take part in the exercises of one of my meetings. I offered prizes for the best temperance recitations, the prizes consisting of eighteen volumes of juvenile stories. Twenty-six boys and thirty-six girls competed for the prizes.

On another occasion I offered a ten-dollar gold-piece as a prize for the best recitation by either girl or boy. The children, with their parents and relatives, were intensely interested in this competition.

Some, it is true, found fault with this connecting children with a temperance movement; but I took issue with those fault-finders. As I remarked at the time, "I would rather have chil-

dren taught temperance than grown people, for in the *children* lies the hope of the nation. Besides, it is so much easier to *prevent* an evil in a child than it is to *cure* that evil in a grown-up man or woman."

Exception was also taken in certain quarters in Albany, that I had not been indorsed by the clergy, — that, as a body, they stood aloof from my work. But this was contrary to the facts in the first place, and had nothing to do with my temperance work. I came to call, like my Divine Master, not the righteous, but the sinner, to repentance. I did not visit Albany, or any other place, to produce a revival among the clergy (though not a few clergymen really need a "revival" of old-fashioned, true religion), but to produce an awakening and a reformation among the lowly and the sinful. And in this I effectually succeeded.

How successful my work in Albany really was, can be seen from a glance at the following article, which appeared in the columns of "The Albany Evening Journal:" —

Now that the temperance revival, held in this city, draws to a close, it might be interesting to look back on the field, and notice the results. While the protracted meetings did not begin until some six weeks ago, yet the preparatory meetings were commenced last June, being held in the open air at the Capitol Park every Sunday afternoon. Later, when the weather became too cool, "Martin Hall," which was crowded each Sunday, was secured. In this hall Mr. Thomas N. Doutney commenced his series of meetings, which have continued over a period of five weeks. Mr. Doutney came to this city in the full flush of a wonderful success in the city of Newburg; and, knowing that this city was ripe for a revival, he expected to have the assistance and co-operation of all the temperance men and women of the city, as he had at Newburg and other cities. But one of the results did not fully realize his anticipations; for while temperance workers gathered around him, and rendered all the assistance which they knew

so well how to give, the other and higher element stood aloof. This, in a great measure, can be accounted for by certain individual jealousy, and by false and scandalous stories in relation to the revivalist; and time has shown, as another result, that Mr. Doutney is, without doubt, a pure, spotless, and earnest young man, who thought, labored, and prayed without thought of remuneration. When we come to consider that it became necessary to charge an admission-fee to pay the necessary expenses of the revival, — and, notwithstanding this, the meetings were usually crowded, — Mr. Doutney's success was something to wonder at. It showed that the people believed in him, and it also showed the command which he exhibited over the rougher class or element that were usually found present at the meetings in large numbers and on all occasions. During the five weeks Mr. Doutney held thirty-seven revival meetings, at which five thousand persons (in round numbers) signed the pledge. Hundreds and hundreds of these men are now trying to lead a nobler life. Mr. Doutney was also present at and led thirty-five prayer-meetings. The attendance on them was principally reformed men, and the result of the work at these meetings can never be correctly estimated. Four meetings for children were also held, and greatly enjoyed by the little folks. Besides all these, Mr. Doutney found time to make personal visits to the unfortunate. Mr. Doutney, during his stay, did not think it beneath him to accompany a large wagon through our streets, and solicit from our merchants about one hundred dollars' worth of provisions and a number of tons of coal. The singing of Mrs. Doutney was a very attractive feature of the revival. There are many who will retain in their memory the beautiful and feeling strains of "Oh, to be nothing!" as she rendered them. The different temperance organizations ably assisted all the efforts of the revivalist. Taken together as a whole, we think the revival a success. The ladies were untiring in their good work, and deserve considerable praise for the unwavering fidelity which they gave to the cause and Mr. Doutney.

One of the most striking episodes of my career in Albany was my "relief-visits" to the poorer families of the reformed

drunkards among whom I successfully labored. This I made a feature of, and deservedly; for how can a poor man be kept reformed if he has nothing wherewith to keep himself and his family? Reformed drunkards and their families must live, and must have something to eat, until they, by their new-found sobriety and industry, are enabled to earn it. It is useless to tell a starving man to be honest, or a hungry man to be temperate, especially if he has a family who are suffering with, as well as by, him.

Recognizing this fact, I went round Albany with a four-horse team, and collected from the charitable, groceries and provisions for "my poor," — the Lord's "poor," — the poor of those who had signed the pledge. The response to my efforts in this direction was grand, — three wagon-loads full of provisions.

Then I went round in a buggy, and solicited orders for coal, which orders were liberally supplied. There are warm hearts and open hands in the Capitol city of the Empire State.

One of my most successful meetings, or series of meetings, was held at the far-famed village of Saratoga. Here, under the auspices of the Women's Temperance Union, the indorsement of Rev. Dr. Stryker and other clergymen, and the attendance of the Seventy-seventh Regimental Band, which participated in strumentally in the entertainment, I gave a number of lectures, which were received with avidity by overflowing houses.

And thus I traversed all portions of the United States, being alike successful in Richmond, Va., and Richmond, Ind., — in the South as in the West. I experienced the far-famed hospitality of the Sunny South in various localities throughout Virginia, Norfolk, etc.; and I likewise enjoyed the equally kind-hearted, if somewhat more boisterous and more demonstrative, hospitality of the breezy and boundless West. All places were alike to me "if only I could save some," and all places seemed blessed to me for good.

In Richmond, Ind., my work was commenced under the auspices of the Quakers, "The Society of Friends," a sect which has always been inclined to temperance in drink, as well as in word and deed. My efforts in this place were marked with signal success. "The Richmond Palladium" remarked, that "the temperance agitation started by Thomas N. Doutney at the Eighth-street Friends' Church has grown into a movement so strong that no church in the city, except the yearly meeting-house, is large enough to hold the crowd that goes night after night to hear him." So the Phillips Opera-house was engaged for three evenings to accommodate the rush, and barely sufficed for that.

Here as elsewhere the sweet singing of my dear wife, and the admirable recitations of Miss Florence E. Bacon, elicited deserved applause.

CHAPTER XLII.

MY WANDERINGS, AND WARFARE WITH THE DEMON ALCOHOL. — NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST. — IN VILLAGES AND IN CITIES. — MY VISIT TO BROOKLYN. — MY ADVENTURES IN PROVIDENCE. — "WAS I NOT RIGHT?" — SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND EPISODES. — SOME MISUNDERSTANDINGS. — A SUMMARY OF MY WORK. — THE BRUTE OF A RUM-SELLER. — THE CRIPPLE AND HER MOTHER. — A BABY AS THE BEST TEMPERANCE LECTURER OF THEM ALL.

It is surely unnecessary, and would be tedious for me, to recount the narratives of my professional visits to all the different places where I have labored and lectured. There would be a uniformity, a monotony, about the details, which would be uninteresting to the general reader; and I have made up my mind, whatever else I may or may not be, never to be "dull." It is the one unpardonable sin against the general public. Suffice it to say, that I traversed almost the entire continent in the cause of temperance. Among the towns where I was heartily received, and accorded a generous welcome, were Staunton, Va.; Lynchburg, Va.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Rome, N.Y.; Utica, N.Y.; Geneva, N.Y.; Oneida, N.Y.; Little Falls, N.Y.; Newport, R.I.; Hartford, Conn.; Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Stamford, Conn.; Biddeford, Bangor, Rockland, Camden, Bath, Lewiston, Augusta, Ellsworth, and other leading towns in Maine; Burlington, St. Albans, Rutland, Montpelier, St. Johnsbury, and other prominent places in Vermont; Manchester, Dover, and other towns in New Hampshire; Lawrence, Haverhill, Wakefield, Holyoke, Worcester, Salem, and Springfield, Mass., in addition to a very successful visit to Boston; Meriden, New

Haven, Conn.; Troy, Plattsburg, Schenectady, Port Henry, Buffalo, Odgensburg, Amsterdam, Gloversville, N.Y.; Baltimore, Md.; Minneapolis, Minn. (in both of which last-mentioned places I was far more successful ultimately than either my friends or myself expected); Indianapolis, Shelbyville, Laporte, Union City, and other leading towns in Indiana; London, New Ohio, etc., in Ohio, with a very enthusiastic reception in that great centre, Cincinnati; Belvidere, Ottawa, and other towns in Illinois, with a fine reception in that very hot-bed of the rum-interest, Chicago itself, as well as an almost ovation in Montreal and other prominent places in Canada.

I have taken the pains to specify the different places I visited as far as possible, as I do not believe in mere vague statements, and wish to show here and now, how I have actually visited, and been on the whole successful, alike East, West, North, and South; alike in the small villages, the thriving towns, and the great cities; thus proving, that gauged by the only possible test, practical and extended experience, my style of temperance work, so to speak, my peculiar methods of reformation, have been appreciated by the only possible and final judge, — the general public.

Among the great cities in which I was successful must be mentioned Brooklyn, — the City of Churches, the home of those three truly good and great men (for such they are, after making all allowances for their personal peculiarities and professional differences), Revs. Drs. Henry Ward Beecher, De Witt Talmage, and Justin D. Fulton. In Brooklyn I was treated well by press and public, and found my reward in good accomplished.

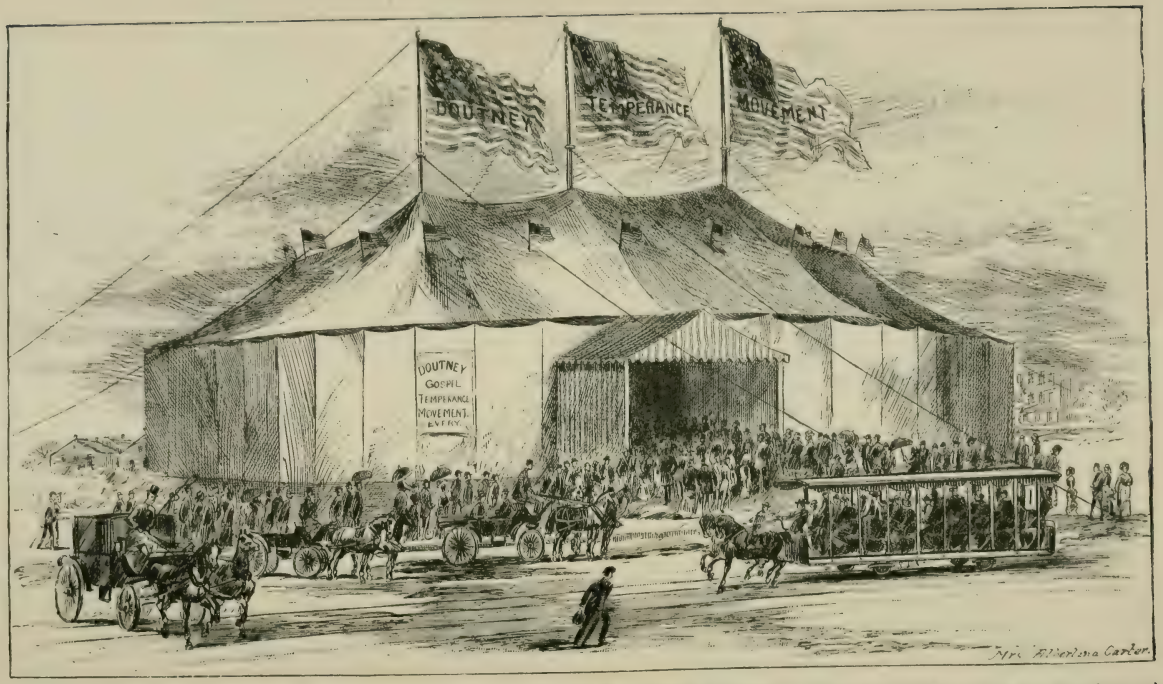
That excellent paper, "The Brooklyn Eagle," thus referred editorially to my work.

'The six-weeks' temperance campaign, inaugurated by Thomas N. Doutney, in the tent at the junction of Flatbush and Fifth Avenues, was brought to a successful termination last evening by an excellent

vocal and instrumental concert. A good audience was present, including many prominent advocates of the cause. Among those who occupied seats on the platform were Mr. Watson — of the "Jersey City Journal" — and family. The programme opened with an admirably rendered duet on the cornet and clarinet, by Mrs. Lilla Belle and Will I. Peters. This was succeeded by the recitation of the "Schoolmaster's Guest," by Miss Florence E. Bacon, whose elocutionary and mimetic powers are simply wonderful. The young lady was warmly applauded. A "Free and Jolly Rover I" was well sung by I. W. Macy, who, in answer to a recall, gave a laughing-song, which was capitally done. "Chicken on de Brain" and Josh Billings "On Gongs" were most amusingly read by Mr. Doutney. The soprano solo "Perplexity," by Miss Watson, was followed by a cornet solo by Mrs. Peters. Mrs. Doutney sang "Take Me Home," a selection descriptive of Southern life. The remainder of the programme consisted of the "Deacon's Confession;" "A B C Duet" by Mrs. Jones — daughter of the late James Budworth of minstrel fame — and I. W. Macy; solo by George I. Winters; "Shivering and Shaking" by Mr. and Mrs. Doutney; and other selections. Mr. Doutney goes to Westerly, R.I., and New London, Conn., to spend a week in each place. He began his work here on May 31; and his meetings, with few exceptions, have been crowded from the commencement. During his stay in this city he has made many friends.

Probably the two places in which I have enjoyed the most emphatic success have been two representative cities, — one of them perhaps the most thriving, bustling, sensational city of its size in New England; the other certainly the greatest city in the American continent, if not in the world. I allude to the city of Providence, R.I., and the city of New York.

In both of these wide-awake places my wide-awake methods have been understood and appreciated. In both of these enterprising centres my enterprise has found a congenial atmosphere. In both cities I have made a stir, — a sensation, — and accomplished practical results for good.



Exterior of the mammoth canvas, or tent, used by the Doutney Gospel Temperance Movement. This great cloth structure was manufactured expressly for Mr. Thomas N. Doutney by Mr. T. J. Fales of Providence, R.I. The top is made of the best Portland duck (Ravens), 10-oz., the walls of the best Portland drills, and is as waterproof as any thing of the kind can possibly be. It is 125 feet in length, and 80 feet in width, and has 3 centre-poles, 16 quarter-poles, and 75 wall-poles, — in other words, 9 wall-poles in the same space where other canvasses use but 4, — thus rendering it storm-proof. It is lighted by the celebrated M. F. Gale patent light, and is seated with the celebrated Elastic Settee, made expressly for Mr. Doutney by the Elastic Chair Company of Williamsport, Penn. All seats are on the ground-floor. The platform, or stage, is 16 x 45. It will conveniently seat 1,500 persons. The celebrated Mason & Hamlin organ, and a piano, are used to assist in congregational singing. [Sketched by Mrs. Albertina Carter.]

Of course, it goes without saying, that in both of these cities I have encountered opposition. No positive man, with an idea, can go to Providence or to New York without encountering positive men, with ideas directly opposed to his. And then follows the inevitable clashing and battling of ideas, terminating either in a "drawn battle," or "the survival of the fittest."

So the reader of these pages will see that I have made enemies as well as friends in these two cities, have found denouncers as well as advocates. But the latter classes will be found to be alike more numerous and more influential than the former. I have been enabled to make ten friends where I have made one enemy; and, in my case, the usual rule has been reversed, and my friends have been more active than my enemies.

But to particulars. I commenced my career as a temperance lecturer in Providence comparatively quietly so far as the press was concerned, though very enthusiastically so far as my audiences were concerned. From the first my houses were large, as was conceded by the papers. "The Morning Star" of Providence thus alluded to my first meeting: —

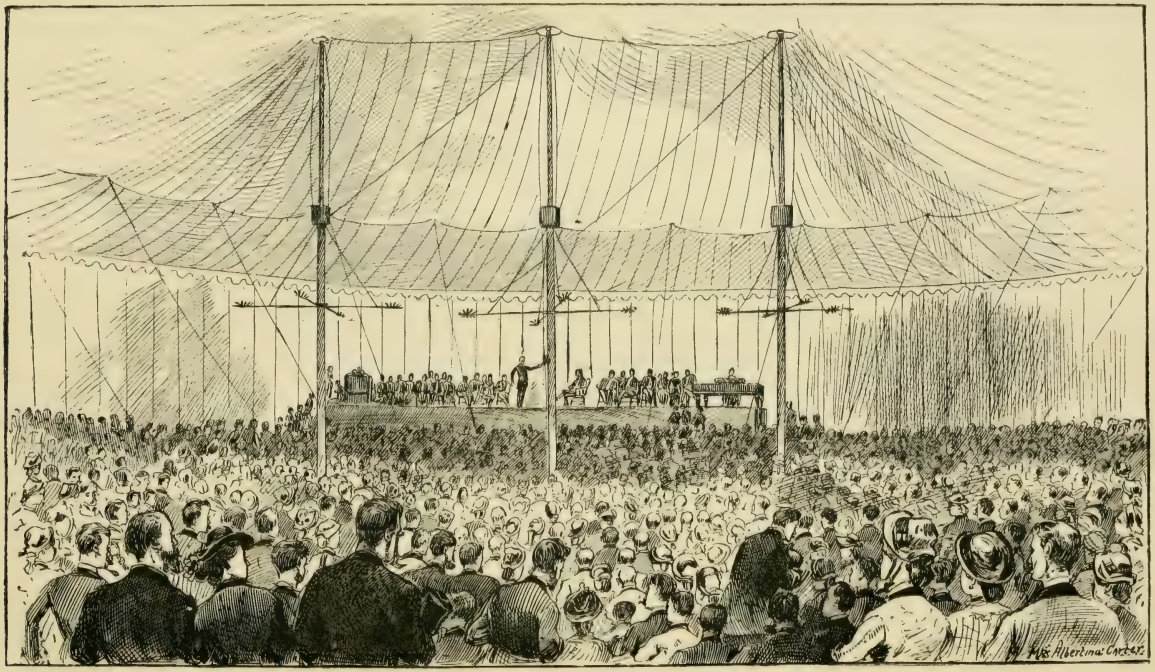
The first of a series of meetings for the cause of temperance to be given by Thomas N. Doutney was held in a tent on Broad Street last evening, and an audience of nearly a thousand persons was in attendance. The tent is located on a lot on Broad Street sixty by ninety feet, and has a seating capacity of about eighteen hundred. Above the top of the tent, there are two flags waving, one bearing the inscription "Doutney Jubilee," and the other his working motto, "Truth and Temperance." The exercises opened last evening with the singing of several of the best of Moody and Sankey's hymns; and, after prayer by the Rev. Mr. Alden, a brief address was then made by Henry S. Woodsworth, the grand worthy patriarch of the Sons of Temperance of Rhode Island. Mr. Doutney was then introduced; and his remarks were of the common-sense order, without attempts at rhetorical effect, but were straightforward, and pic-

tured in plain terms the awful effects of intemperance, interspersed with several humorous and ridiculous antics of a man under the influence of liquor: yet the speaker convinced his audience that he was an earnest worker in the cause, and the result was a number of signatures to the temperance pledge. During the evening, there was plenty of vocal and instrumental music by a corps of nine ladies and gentlemen, who accompany Mr. Doutney in his working; and the company enjoyed a good musical entertainment, besides hearing the true inwardness of the evils of intemperance explained by a man who had risen from a ragged inebriate to be an advocate of the temperance cause, and knew from sad experience the evils resulting from drinking.

My succeeding meetings were as largely attended as my first, and my audiences grew more and more enthusiastic as they saw and heard more and more of me. I flatter myself I gave them something to think about and to talk about. My methods were novel as well as effective. They did not "run in the old ruts:" they were not "stereotyped."

In one of my addresses I raised a little breeze by "pitching into" so-called "temperance hotels," which had nothing to justify their existence, saving the mere fact that they did not sell whiskey or wine or beer. This fact was a gratifying and a good one; but it did not in itself constitute "a hotel," nor make amends for the carelessness, and poor accommodations, and terrific cookery, which characterized some of those miscalled "hotels." Am I not right? I also, in another address, created some excitement by denouncing, in unmeasured terms, those so-styled "drug-stores," which sold liquor "on the sly." I said that the humbugs and hypocrites of "druggists" who "run" these stores were infinitely worse and meaner than the open and above-board liquor-dealer. And I meant just what I said, and I mean it still. Am I not right?

I was called a "charlatan" and a "mountebank," because on one occasion I appeared, attired very elaborately, on the plat-



Interior of the mammoth canvas, or tent, used by the Doutney Gospel Temperance Movement. Thomas N. Doutney addressing the multitude in Providence, R.I., the city of his reformation and conversion: crowds flocking to sign the pledge after one of his simple appeals to the heart. The above is witnessed every night in the great canvas. [Sketched by Mrs. Albertina Carter.]

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form, and excused my elaborate "make-up" on the plea that "I wished to show that reformed drunkards could afford to wear good clothes." But was there, after all, any humbug about all this? Was it not merely practically illustrating a practical truth? Was I not right?

I also provoked some criticism because I entered into negotiations with a popular variety actor in Providence, and endeavored to enlist his services in the temperance cause. But was I not justified in using every agency to bring men to the truth? Was I not fully justified in utilizing every means and every man to accomplish an undeniably good result? Was I not justified in trying to turn this variety actor's mimic gifts, and his professional and personal popularity, into a new and better channel than that to which it had been previously devoted? Was I not right?

During my stay in Providence, a distinguished gentleman made the remark publicly, that my work did not meet his entire approval, and would not receive his individual subscription, because it "looked like a mere money-making venture, and seemed like a second edition of Barnum's show." The reference to Barnum I took as rather a compliment than otherwise; but the reference to the money I justly resented, and entirely disproved. True, I had to live; and I tried to live by my honorable calling as a temperance lecturer, just as a clergyman tries to live as a religious lecturer. But beyond this I cared no more for money than the minister; and my meetings had less, not more, of the pecuniary element in them than the average church. The average church has a pastor, with a stated salary, dependent upon certain fixed conditions and pecuniary resources; whereas I had to depend only on the friends of the cause, or occasionally on a very small, merely nominal, admission-fee. So I think that I proved to the public of Providence, that, in one point at least, the gentleman had made a mistake.

During my stay in Providence, there was also a slight misunderstanding between my friend, Mr. Ferrin, and myself, on the one side, and some gentlemen connected with local temperance organizations, on the other side. But it will be fully enough to state on this matter, that my action in this affair received the indorsement of the most influential gentlemen and ladies connected with the temperance work, embracing such men as the Rev. George W. Anderson, who wrote me a warm letter of approval, and Mr. George W. Butts, the owner of the lot on which my tent stood, who was so well satisfied with my course that he gave me the use of his ground hereafter rent free.

I had, in addition to my other episodes, "a little difference of opinion" with certain members of "the Reformed Men's Club," — a local temperance organization, — and a passing controversy with the Providence "Telegram." But, on the whole, I got along well with the press and the community, and certainly succeeded in the one great object of my life, — bringing men to temperance, and, as far as I could, to total abstinence, — inducing them to sign, and influencing them to keep, the pledge.

I do not know that I can sum up my three-months' temperance labor in Providence better than an ardent advocate of temperance summed it up in the columns of the "Sunday Star." This article I herewith quote entire; as it is full and truthful, and presents the whole truth in a striking and forcible, because practical, manner: —

DOUTNEY'S WORK.

THE RESULTS OF THREE-MONTHS' TEMPERANCE WORK IN PROVIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY STAR.

Sir, — If I can give you even an imperfect idea of the good work accomplished by Thomas N. Doutney in the three months he has been

in Providence, I shall be glad. On Aug. 3 he opened his tent in Providence, and all through the dry and heated month he toiled on incessantly. While every citizen who possibly could was taking rest, he worked on for fallen humanity. September, in all its dreamy beauty, failed to allure the worker from his task. The golden month of October found the burden and care and responsibility increasing on Mr. Doutney's shoulders.

IN MUSIC HALL.

The chill of the evenings, together with the increase of the audience, made it essential to have larger and warmer quarters. On the 6th of October the tent was exchanged for Music Hall. Up to this time meetings were held every evening in the tent. From Oct. 6 to Nov. 8 meetings were held every evening except Wednesdays; then again, Nov. 11, 12, and 19. And every night the hall, as well as the tent, has been literally packed: every night but two Mr. Doutney was present, and conducted the meeting. Hundreds of people have attended every meeting, from the first night in the tent to the "benefit." The persistency with which these meetings were carried on shows the noted firmness, force, energy, and endurance of the man. It proves one good thing, — that they have become aroused in gospel temperance work; that their influence was to aid the cause. Besides, we had some of the most eloquent orators and most polished speakers in our Union to address the meetings. Here let me add, never in one single instance have the poor and lowly been turned from the door. They have always been admitted, and enjoyed the same considerate and kind attentions others more prosperous have enjoyed.

THE ACTUAL RESULTS.

More than three thousand people have signed the pledge, and but very few have broken it. Some of the most hopeless cases of intemperance ever known in our city have been reformed. Men who never remember a sober day before, are to-day respectable, sober members of society. Probably no two were approached in the same manner. Could you have seen the number of poor, fallen men who have been

watched and nursed through "delirium tremens," as tenderly and carefully as a mother would have watched a sick child, by Mr. Doutney and his assistants, you would feel this in itself sufficient work for three months. When medical aid was needed, the best physicians have been called and paid by Mr. Doutney. Clothing was provided, food administered to the hungry, husbands returned to wives after years of absence. Hundreds of homes have been made happy. Places of abode have been hunted up, too wretchedly miserable to be dignified by the name of home: they have been made bright, cheerful, cleanly, and comfortable. Then Mr. Doutney, by personal application, gathered in a large amount of provisions for reformed men; and, at his solicitation, one evening a collection of more than eighty dollars was taken up, to be placed in the hands of Henry F. Ferrin, for the needs of the poor who had signed the temperance pledge since the gospel meetings. Besides, other collections have been taken up at different times for outside purposes, — two for a poor cripple-girl, one for two invalid sisters, also one for the proprietor of a coffee-house, and one for the minister and sabbath school of the Gaspee-street Zion M. E. Church (colored). And I venture to say, that, at the time some of the collections were called for, the funds were low, very low, in Mr. Doutney's treasury, to carry on his own meetings.

THE CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

The grand and glorious success of the children's meetings I cannot overlook. The first was on so stormy a day hardly a child could be expected out, but more than five hundred were present. Some of them gave well-rendered temperance recitations. They were entertained with fine music and songs. They were bountifully fed with luscious grapes, the best of cake, and plenty of fresh milk. The next Saturday being fine, nearly fourteen hundred little hearts were made glad by the march through the streets, fine music, and the plentiful repast of good things provided for them. It was a day never to be forgotten by the little ones.

The meeting held by the reformed men was conducive of great good, as was the meeting the night the reformed men spoke for the

prize. I was truly glad when the women were given an opportunity to speak, if only for five minutes. They showed much natural talent, and no small amount of ability.

DOUTNEY'S ELOQUENCE.

One of the most potent influences for temperance in these meetings has been the experience lecture, given several times by request. No one who has had an opportunity of hearing it will question the eloquence of the speaker. Probably on Sunday evening, Nov. 12, Mr. Doutney showed his oratorical powers to as good advantage as at any time since his stay in Providence. His remarks were to the point; and his allusion to women, their influence in temperance work, and the good use they would put the ballot to, was earnest, truthful, and respectful in the extreme.

Let me say, in conclusion, that it has been a grand, good Christian work, from first to last. No one person, in my remembrance, has done as much practical good, and as much Christian work, in the same time as Mr. Doutney. Mr. and Mrs. Doutney came amongst us as comparative strangers: they depart counting their friends by thousands. Mrs. Doutney, in her sweet songs, has melted many a hardened heart. Sustained by an unfaltering trust in God, and with a firm determination to do right, Mr. Doutney has gained the confidence of many of our citizens. But some one says, "I thought Doutney had enemies." Show me a person without an enemy, and I will show you a cipher in the world and society every time.

Some incidents in my career in Providence have a personal and human interest. Thus, I became cognizant of a man, or brute in man's form, who passed for a generous-hearted, open-handed individual, a prominent rum-seller in Providence, who, when a poor, misguided, loving creature had become distasteful to him, and had, in her bitterness of spirit, taken to drink, had turned her out of doors. In my manly and righteous wrath I stigmatized this beast as he deserved, and, by so

doing, secured, by my allusions to his case, his enmity and that of his "gang," — for I will not allow myself to say his "friends," for that would be to pollute the sacred name of friendship in this connection. I was threatened with vengeance, but I cared not. And I was right, for such a brute as that is in most cases a coward. The male creature who will maltreat a woman is usually afraid of a man. So his threats came to nothing.

A ripple of excitement, this time of a sentimental character, was also caused during my lectures here by the constant appearance at the meetings of a woman, who wheeled into the midst of the crowd a crippled child, — a young girl, — who found the principal delight of her life in the varied exercises — the songs and speeches and recitations and miscellaneous performances — at my temperance "entertainments." This crippled daughter and devoted mother came in a little while to be looked upon as parts — and very interesting parts — of the "show;" and their presence evoked sympathy, which I soon endeavored to put into tangible shape by crystallizing it into "a collection," which I presented to the cripple, with a kiss.

But perhaps the most sensational incident connected with my course of lectures in Providence had for its chief actor and factor a baby, — a helpless and unconscious baby, — who, in spite of its unconscious helplessness, became a most effective agent in the good work of saving men from the devil of alcohol.

It was one of my farewell services in the gospel temperance-tent, in the early part of October, prior to my removing my meetings to the Music Hall. A large audience was assembled, and the exercises were of a more than usually interesting character. Suddenly the interest was intensified by a baby making its appearance on the platform, — a baby in arms, and such a baby! — weakly, puny, sickly, bloodless, joyless, almost lifeless, thin, emaciated, gaunt, very bony for a baby, an almost skele-

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"The baby was the most effective temperance lecturer of them all" [p. 531].

ton of a baby, with no flesh to speak of, and very nervous; a mere bundle of bones and nerves, — such a baby! All the mothers in the audience who saw it looked at each other pitifully, and said, "Poor thing!" Poor little thing, poor thing, indeed! for it was a baby who had just been taken from the arms of its drunken mother, who had been found in a state of beastly intoxication, — "off on a drunk," as the terrible slang is; while the father had been sent to the State workhouse. Between its two wretched and worthless parents, the "poor little thing" had had no nourishment for some time, and was dying, partly from starvation, but what was worse yet, if worse was possible, partly from *alcoholic poisoning*, — poison imbibed by suckling at the alcohol-befouled milk of the mother.

This is an actual fact, reader. There is not the slightest exaggeration about it, I assure you. I have the word of a reputable physician, who was acquainted with the details of the case, that the child's blood — what little blood it had — was poisoned by the alcohol in its mother's drink. Could any temperance lecture be more impressive than this awful fact? And need it be said that I made the most effective, dramatic, immediate use I could of it, and held that poor little baby there, before that crowded assemblage, as my most effective temperance lesson?

During my stay in Providence I received able assistance from many good men and women, — practical encouragement from all classes of people. Thomas W. Pittman, Justin D. Fulton, and other eloquent speakers, addressed the meetings, J. B. Gibbs of New York lent me his aid; the Rev. Thomas W. Vine, the Rev. W. J. Worth, the Rev. T. C. Goodsell, Benjamin R. Jewell, of Boston, Rev. Mr. Dexter, Rev. Mr. Scribner, all lent me their valuable time, talents, and influence; but —

That baby was the most effective temperance lecturer of them all!

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK. — HOW THE METROPOLIS FORGIVES. — SOME STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS. — WHY NOT WOMAN AS WELL AS MAN? — THE MASONIC TEMPLE, THE CHURCH, AND THE INDIAN WIGWAM. — DAN RICE, HAPPY JACK SMITH, AND POP WHITTAKER. — THE SEARCH FOR JOHN A. TOBIN. — THE NEW-YORK PRESS AND PEOPLE.

THE last place at which I labored in the cause of temperance (up to the date at which this story of my life-struggles, fall, reformation, and triumph terminates, May, 1883) was the greatest, worst, best place of all, — New York. My readers have doubtless noticed ere this, that I have always entertained a peculiar admiration for New York, as well as entertained my own peculiar, but, I am assured, correct, views thereof. I have dwelt upon its varied aspects largely in these pages, and have described, and have let other writers describe for me, its curious and startling phases of existence. I approached New York as an avowed temperance advocate with diffidence, — a modesty partly personal and partly professional. I had been once known here in the metropolis as a rum-drinker, — ay, and a rum-seller, and now I had what seemed to me the assurance, almost the impudence, to appear before it as a temperance lecturer. How would it receive me in my new character? Would it not remember me only in my old? Would it not force me to pay the penalty of my erring past by refusing to acknowledge me in my repenting present? So much personally.

Again, professionally, New York had already enjoyed all the intellectual efforts of a Father Mathew, a Gough, and a Murphy. What further need had it, then, of a Doutney? All

that is greatest on earth in art, science, literature, politics, finance, religion, and morals, comes of itself, or is brought, to New York. What need, then, to swell the already overflowing tide of contributions with my little mite? In short, I anticipated in New York comparative obscurity and failure. But on the contrary I found a liberal welcome, and, from the start, success.

As for my *past*, New York, God bless it! had, in its bigness of size and soul, forgotten all about it, save where I myself chose to tell about it. This is characteristic of New York. It knows no past. It cares nothing for "ancient history." It looks only at the direct present, and only towards the immediate future. "To-day" is by far the favorite word in its language. "To-morrow," too, is quite a common term; but "yesterday" is seldom referred to.

New York asks not, cares not, *What a man may have been?* all it wants to know, and *that* it will find out and determine for itself at once, is, *Who and what is the man?* So New York never "bothered" about recollecting the old Tom Doutney the inebriate, — save when and as far as Tom Doutney himself mentions it, — but only set to work, saw, heard, and made up its mind in regard to, Thomas N. Doutney, the converted rum-seller and temperance lecturer. And I am sincerely grateful, profoundly glad, and not a little proud, to have reason to think that the latter Doutney impressed the metropolis favorably.

And while I am on this point, to which I have been directing attention, — the indifference of New York to the past, its tendency to forget, — let me remind the reader, that if there is an evil side to it, — as there undoubtedly is, — if it leads to a quick, complete obliteration of all records and relics, so that in New York to-day there is hardly a building remaining that stood in New York fifty years ago, — there is also a magnificent side, — a noble and a Christ-like side.

The tendency to *forget* is accompanied by the tendency to *forgive*. The former is human, and the latter is *divine*.

True, there is perhaps too much of this in New York, as instanced by the notorious fact, — already alluded to, I think, elsewhere in this volume, — that I have met in the course of one day, in the streets of New York, four or five men, each of whom has killed his man, and who, in almost any other country, would have been hung, or would have been confined in State prison for life, but each of whom, in the American metropolis, is enjoying all the comforts and respect of the average free and well-to-do citizen.

But then, on the other hand, there are hundreds of men, — men who have sinned and suffered, but repented and reformed, — who, in any other city almost in the world, would have been ostracized, pointed at with shame, and ruined, but who in New York, their very crimes forgotten, are leading respectable lives, and are themselves respected.

And God bless, I say, from the bottom of my heart, the great and great-hearted city of which this can truly be said! Such a city is pre-eminently adapted for the *home* of any *reformed* man, whether he be a criminal or drunkard. And let me here breathe the earnest prayer, that some day the fulness of time and justice shall come, when not only shall all other cities imitate New York in its tendency to forgive, but when this forgiveness shall be extended, *not only to men, but to women;* when there shall be hope, not only as now, for a penitent thief, forger, or drunkard, truly trying to reform, but also for an erring woman who grieves over her error, and has ceased to err, and who is striving to recover the ground that she has lost.

Jesus Christ forgave, ay, loved Mary Magdalene. He has commanded us to forgive *all* sins committed by others, — all: he has specified no one exception. Who, then, what mere man

or what mere woman, has the right to pronounce any one sin in either sex unpardonable?

But to return to my more immediate subject, — my own lecture experiences in New York. I found them generally and steadily successful; and I have therefore the right to conclude that the metropolis, familiar as it was with the burning eloquence of a Gough and a Murphy, accustomed as it was to the glowing earnestness of a Moody, yet found something different from these, and something commendable, in the efforts to please, amuse, instruct, and reform his fellow-men, made by Thomas N. Doutney and those associated with him.

I began my work at the splendid Masonic Temple, corner Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, with Thomas W. Pittman, Esq., for my chairman, and assisted by my dear wife as solo singer, my dear friend, Miss Florence E. Bacon, as elocutionist, and a fine corps of colored jubilee singers, the Olympian Quintet, C. C. Cornish, manager, and the great and wonderful Gilbert family (Mr. O. C. Gilbert director and leader), and William B. Stone. These were great "hits" in New York, and always received hearty and genuine *encores*. The papers at first were comparatively "non-committal" in regard to my "movement." It requires time for the Press of New York to make up its metropolitan mind. But in due season, after detailing reporters to carefully attend and watch the progress of my "meetings," the editors of New York came to the conclusion that I was really in earnest in the first place, and that I had solved the problem of presenting moral reforms in an attractive light, and arraying Prudence and Principle in the garb of Pleasure.

Consequently, from the time they arrived at that conclusion, I was thoroughly indorsed and sustained by the Press of New York The papers reported fully my meetings, and occasionally honored me with "editorial mention." This, from

New York, was honor indeed. As for the people, I carried them with me in New York as elsewhere. They thronged my meetings at the Masonic Temple, where on several occasions I appeared in conjunction with my esteemed friend Mr. J. B. Gibbs, the whole-souled temperance advocate.

Having fulfilled my season at the Masonic Temple, finding the absolute importance of a larger hall to hold my increasing audiences, I made an arrangement with the representatives of the old aquarium property, corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway (then used as "an Indian circus and wigwam" on week-days), for regular monster temperance mass-meetings, as it were, accompanied by, and alternating with, a miscellaneous sacred meeting every Sunday afternoon and evening. I also made arrangements with the Rev. George J. Mingins for the use of his sacred edifice (the Union Tabernacle, on West Thirty-fifth Street, near Broadway) on week-day evenings.

With these places, I was enabled to give constant entertainments for temperance, and met with great encouragement.

I introduced several new features into my temperance meetings. One of them was the appearance of the famous circus-clown, Dan Rice, in his new character of "the deformed transformed;" or, "the reformed drunkard."

Dan Rice was always a popular man in his days of dissipation; and his reception, under my management, showed that he had lost none of his former hold upon the public. If the people had liked him drunk, they now heartily welcomed him sober.

That able paper, "The New-York Times," in its leading reportorial article in its issue of Monday, April 9, 1883, thus describes Dan Rice's reception and first appearance at the Indian wigwam: —

Col. Dan Rice, ex-clown, ex-circus proprietor, evangelist, and temperance advocate, lectured last evening upon "Moral Reform and

Temperance" in the Indian wigwam at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. His audience, which completely filled the house, was highly enthusiastic, and was made up in part of the noble red men who nightly perform in the ring upon the stage, and whose gloomy demeanor indicated that they were not in sympathy with any abbreviation of their supply of fire-water. Several persons were in the auditorium whom the speaker might have utilized as his "horrible examples," to illustrate the lecture. Some of the audience were horrified to observe two men lying prone across the rafters in the flies above the stage, and were only relieved when they learned that they were wax lay-figures, which perform tragedy parts in the wigwam dramas, and were taking a sabbath rest before another week's work. Col. Rice, being introduced, remarked, after a *basso-profundo* "ahem," which made the audience start, that there was a destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may. Mr. Rice continued that he felt nervous, because some friends had rattled him by alleging that he was going back into the circus-ring, simply for the reason that he was going to lecture in the wigwam. That did not deter him from appearing, however; for he had lectured all through the South for charity, and paid his own bills, except when he was able to stand 'em off (murmurs of sympathy). Here the colonel said that he had been a very bad man in his time, but had made a departure from the tents of the wicked. "Moody and Sankey and Dan Rice," said the speaker, "will be spoken of as a trio who only lived to do good to their fellow-men." He recalled the days when he used to partake of the cup which simultaneously cheers and inebriates, and said that he used to think he could drink more than anybody else without showing it, until he tried conclusions with a man named Jewell, who belonged to the custom-house, and a fellow named Morse. They got him under the table, and went home sober themselves; and he had always regretted it. Col. Rice's advice to young men was not in accordance with the orthodox belief expressed by temperance lecturers. The colonel said, "If any young man wants to be a true temperance man, let him go out and get the delirium tremens; and that will settle it." He further held out en-

couragement to youths so disposed, by telling of a young fellow he knew in Evansville, Ind., who had delirium tremens so terribly that he thought he had been in hell fifteen years; and, when he gave up drinking, the ladies took an interest in him, and bought him a gold watch and chain. The speaker had never yet seen a man get so drunk as he had been himself. "Talk of seeing snakes!" said he, "I've seen anacondas, hyenas, elephants. Talk about your Pilots and your Jumbos! why, I've seen, I've seen" — And the colonel left the audience to infer that his vision was preposterous beyond his powers of description. He related a touching tale of a gentleman residing in Illinois, who got up one morning, after he had been on a "racket," and, finding his money all gone, looked through the house, discovered a quarter in a drawer, appropriated it, hied him to a saloon, invited two friends to drink with him, and paid the quarter aforementioned for three drinks. They were just wiping their mouths when the rum-seller's little daughter came in, and said, "Paw, gimme a quarter to buy a beefsteak for breakfast:" and her devoted parent handed over the coin he had just received for the three drinks. Then the gentleman, revived and refreshed, went home to his matutinal meal: on the table naught but bread and coffee. He inquired the reason of his wife. She replied that somebody had stolen the quarter, *ergo* she had been obliged to do without. The gentleman pondered, and then registered a mental vow he would purchase no more steak for a rum-seller's breakfast. He has never drank a drop since, and is now worth a fortune, and wore a plug-hat on Sundays and legal holidays. The speaker related other incidents in which virtue was always rewarded, and vice punished, and withdrew amid thunders of applause.

I also on another occasion introduced, in the novel *rôle* of temperance lecturers, two well-known "sports," — Pop Whittaker, the veteran referee of prize-fights and sporting-matches, and "Happy" Jack Smith, the well-known trainer. These two gentlemen made their appearance together at my last meeting in the "Indian wigwam." "Truth," a daily paper, under the

"On the table naught but bread and coffee" [p. 538].

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management of "Josh" Hart, the well-known ex-theatrical manager, thus alludes to this occasion: —

Yesterday's meetings at the big Indian wigwam were the last of the Doutney temperance movement; and Mr. Doutney may leave with a good conscience, that he has done much good for the cause. In the afternoon "Happy" Jack Smith, the well-known trainer, made a long and interesting address. He advised his hearers, if they wished to enjoy the benefits of health and friendship, to become total abstainers. Pop Whittaker made an eloquent and droll speech, full of anecdotes which convulsed his hearers. He had been apprenticed to a circus-rider when a boy, and had been in professional life ever since. Though he acted as referee, he did not say he was a fighter, "a buffer," or a bummer. He had lost his arm two years ago, and he must live. He would not beg. For forty years he had not drank a drop; yet he associated with those who drank, and, when asked to drink, invariably took a cigar. To amuse himself and friends, he had in Philadelphia, in 1839, signed the pledge sixty times in one day. A few days after, he signed it under oath for one year, and kept it. At the end of that time he had more money than he knew what to do with, and felt in splendid condition. Then, on the invitation of some friends, he took some sarsaparilla, which tasted queer, and warmed him up. "As cunning as I was, they rung the changes, and had put in enough liquor to take away the heavy taste of the sarsaparilla. In about an hour I was booming down Chestnut Street as though I owned it, and in a week I hadn't a cent in my pocket. At one time P. T. Barnum worked for me for twenty-five dollars a-month, and now he's a millionnaire. He was always a temperance man, too, and is so to-day."

After recitations from the Reynolds children, the meeting was adjourned.

During my stay in New York I also made every effort to find the whereabouts of, and to lay my friendly hand on, poor John Tobin, the man who had once been the president of the

New-York Central Railroad, but who, for some years past, had been a homeless tramp, brought to his shame and sorrow by improvidence and rum.

Had I found John Tobin, the tramp, he would have made an even more effective temperance lecture in New York than my baby in Providence. But all my efforts in this direction were vain. I regret it deeply, alike for my own sake, Tobin's sake, and the sake of temperance. But it was not to be.

Of course, all was not rose-color with me, all sunshine, here in New York, any more than elsewhere. During my campaign in the great metropolis I encountered misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and opposition. I was censured by some oversensitive people for introducing a certain lady before my audiences, — the "certain lady" being a woman, who, with a peculiar experience of the life and habits of the "unfortunates" of her sex, had devoted herself to their reformation. This "specialty" of this "certain lady's" was not altogether savory in the nostrils of many, and they resented my indorsement of her; but I, for one, have never regretted it, and never will. I am the friend, the true friend in Christ, of every erring sister, as well as every erring brother.

Then a little unpleasantness arose between myself and two or three members of the Manhattan Temperance Association of this city, and other minor disagreements occurred from time to time. But this was simply duplicating past experiences, and terminated, I am glad to say, in duplicating past successes.

And one of the main features of my New-York campaign was in connection with theatres and actors. New York has become the great theatrical centre of the United States. Right or wrong, this is a simple fact, which no one but a fool will deny. And, seizing upon this fact, I made a sensation among the theatrical profession which brought me prominently before

the public, and thus enabled me, in my way, to do the public and my cause good.

I ordered a circular to be printed on "The Damning Influences Surrounding the Theatrical Profession," and sent several thousands of these circulars to the actors, actresses, singers, managers, dancers, variety troops, dramatic and theatrical agents, theatrical doorkeepers, stage-hands, etc., throughout New York, accompanied by an invitation to attend my afternoon and evening Sunday meetings at the Indian wigwam.

This circular was regarded in various lights by various people and papers. "The Star" pronounced me "an insulting demagogue;" others styled me a "played-out sensationalist," whatever that might be; others regarded the affair as a joke. But, at any rate, it created a stir, and filled the wigwam. The following report of the lecture delivered on the basis of this circular, published in "The New-York Herald" of Monday, March 26, 1883, will show that my remarks were really to be construed as "a defence of, or a plea for, actors," rather than an attack upon them. It will also show how my remarks were received: —

IN DEFENCE OF ACTORS.

SOME WORDS SPOKEN IN THEIR FAVOR BY THOMAS N. DOUTNEY.

The usual large crowds assembled yesterday at the "wigwam," corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, to listen to the medley of exercises forming the attractive features of the meetings held there by Thomas N. Doutney. Intermingled with serious discourses by the Rev. William Whitfield and Dr. Ball, upon the evils of intemperance in general, and the license question in particular, there were recitations, banjo-playing, and playing on the bones. The grand feature was an address by Mr. Doutney upon "The Damning Influences Surrounding the Theatrical Profession." In opening his discourse, Mr. Doutney desired the audience to remember that the

theme related, not to the damning influences of the theatrical profession, but to those surrounding it; although, he said, the Rev. Dr. Talmage and the Rev. Dr. Crosby had belittled the profession, and those who belonged to it, he would not belittle or malign these eminent divines. He did think it better, however, that those taking upon themselves to condemn the profession should be persons who knew something about it. One of the gentlemen he had named had gone to Buckingham, and visited dives; but no one should be mistaken by the idea that the singers and clog-dancers at those places, and at Billy McGlory's, belong to the theatrical profession. Personally he had had considerable experience with people in the theatrical profession, and he spoke only what he knew. In the name of God he would tell all parents not to let a boy or girl of theirs to enter the profession; and he would tell them more, to keep boys and girls away from the theatre altogether. He then proceeded to explain the "damning influences," as he regarded them. The great danger was, the temptation to drink exhausting stimulants after exhausting labors. The best and brightest in the profession had yielded to this temptation, and gone to the dogs. But all did not yield. He urged beef-tea and oysters as substitutes for wine and whiskey. Another danger was, the sociability so characteristic of the profession. They all, as a rule, died poor. They received good salaries, but spent their money as fast as they earned it. There was not a skinflint among them. If he was dead broke, he would go to an actor for aid, sooner than to a minister of the gospel. They were always ready to help in any good work, as recently shown in their noble assistance in swelling to its gigantic proportions the "Herald" Ohio-flood fund.

On the whole, what with my jubilee singers, my sacred songs and glees, Miss Bacon's recitations, my wife's sweet singing, my own addresses, the humorous remarks and pathetically profound utterances of Dan Rice, Pop Whittaker, and "Happy" Jack Smith, the eloquent appeals of Thomas W. Pittman, the assistance lent me by the Rev. George T. Mingins and other clergymen and gentlemen, by J. B. Gibbs and other tem-

perance workers, and last, but not least, the support afforded me, wherever and whenever I deserved it, by the New-York press, my temperance campaign in the great American metropolis was satisfactory to all concerned, and resulted in large gains for man, for temperance, and for God.

And now farewell.

I have now reached that point in my life-story where the past merges into the present, and history terminates in "to-day." I am still living, thank God! and working in the cause to which I have solemnly yet cheerfully devoted my best energies. I have been even more successful in my late visits to Providence and the New-England States than formerly; my preparations for my future work have been all made on a more elaborate scale than ever before; but all this deals with life, — not a life-*story*. My story itself is done.

What remains of my career has yet to be worked out, and only God knows "what will the harvest be."

But I sincerely trust that I have, in the pages of this truthful life-narrative, shown enough of my better self to the reader to impel him to wish me "God-speed."

I trust that I have given him glimpses enough of a man struggling to reform himself and others, to cause him to breathe a "God bless you!" over me and mine.

I have not palliated my own enormities. I have written myself down in this book as for years a reckless wine-bibber and a heartless rum-seller. And I trust the reader will take warning from the terrible and disgusting aspect in which I have appeared in those two characters.

I have shown, as forcibly as I could, the manifest and manifold evils, horrors, and curses of intemperance. Let me hope the reader will, from what I have suffered, learn to avoid them.

I have shown incidentally, yet truthfully and fully, the life that is led in the great metropolis; the varying and fearfully

contrasted phases of existence which are to be found in New York. I hope and believe, that the reader will be able to derive from this part of my book alike a more vivid and more accurate picture of metropolitan life than can be procured elsewhere.

In short, I trust and hope that the reader of this volume has had *more than his money's worth*, partly in the pen-pictures of New York, partly in the information imparted in regard to temperance work, and the warnings conveyed concerning intemperance, and, lastly, in the interest inspired by the unvarnished narrative of the life-struggle, fall, and reformation of Thomas N. Doutney, who trusts and hopes, ay, and feels assured, that, through the grace and in the might of God, he is indeed "the converted rum-seller," "the reformed drunkard."

IT WILL WELL REPAY YOU TO READ THIS AND THE NEXT PAGE.

BABIES.

I LIKE IT. I WANT IT.

Remember that with feeble infants who do not thrive on their mother's milk or the best prepared foods in the market, WE REQUEST NO CHANGE OF FOOD, but add 5 or more drops four times daily of Murdock's Liquid Food, and you will find that their lost or needed vitality will be restored to them in less than thirty days.

Not a case of Cholera Infantum known where Murdock's Liquid Food has been used, nor a death from Cholera Infantum where it has been prescribed by a physician.

Pain is the prayer of a nerve for healthy blood, and on it our life depends. Murdock's Liquid Food will make new blood faster than all foods or preparations known. A tablespoonful four times a day will make 10 pounds new blood monthly, and the system contains 24 to 28 pounds, — *showing how easy it is renewed, and how necessary when diseased.*

Murdock's Liquid Food will assist all classes of chronic cases. It is the only Raw Food in the world. It is free of insoluble matter, and can always be retained by the stomach, and when given for INJECTIONS it is equally valuable, and can always be retained.

It is Beef, Mutton, and Fruits condensed. Raw food is three times as nutritious as cooked food, when cooked food can be retained by the stomach; *when not, there is no comparison.*

Remember all acknowledge the value of Fruits for a patient. We use them in Liquid Food: —

1st, For their own properties.

2d, They relieve the meats of their heating properties, making it safe and valuable in cases of fever, as relapse never follows when used.

3d, They preserve our meats, enabling us to offer the only Raw Food known, and it will keep in all climates when not exposed to heat, air, or sun.

MURDOCK LIQUID FOOD CO., Boston.

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A GOOD RECORD

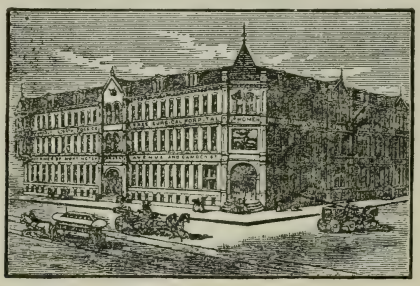
For the year ending April 1. Between one hundred and two hundred surgical operations have been performed at the Free Hospital for Women, supported by the Murdock Liquid Food Co., Boston, without the Loss of a single patient, and all restored to usefulness.

Liquid Food was given before and after the Operations.

What other hospital that does not use Murdock's Liquid Food can show such a record?

By its use we can build up any patient who is too reduced for an operation, so that not only a safe but successful operation can be made, and in common cases the patient can be made convalescent in three-quarters of the time usually required.

With what we have been and are doing, we shall be able in our new Free Hospital that we are now building corner of Huntington Avenue and Camden Street, to perform in the surgical half of the Hospital **500 OPERATIONS ANNUALLY.**



Until then we shall remain in our old home.

The surgical staff at Murdock's Free Hospital for Women, at 30 Leverett Street, are in daily attendance to examine patients and assign beds, Saturdays excepted.

Its value in cases where limbs have been broken surprises every physician who has ordered its use, as it restores the broken limbs to health and strength in a few weeks.

TO SUSTAIN OUR CLAIM, we never wish Liquid Food used until all other treatments and foods fail; then the results are quickly seen, generally in twenty-four hours.

From the fact that no two beeves or sheep are alike is the reason of our different brands being different in flavor. All brands are made by the same formula. The letter represents the day of make, and the figure the tank. If richer, it is stronger in smell and flavor, and will bear a greater reduction.

The Question often asked, — How does Murdock's Liquid Food compare with other foods and tonics? We refer to the State Inspector of Foods for Massachusetts in his Annual Report for 1886.

	Albumen.	Alcoholic matter.	Organic matter.	Ash.
Murdock's Liquid Food	14.10	1.97	16.45	0.42
Liebig's	Not any.	54.87	52.16	23.74
Valentine's	do	28.67	22.62	11.09
Johnston's	do	20.13	47.16	3 30
Delacre's	do	56.13	69.50	19.24

Murdock's Liquid Food contain's 14.10 per cent of albumen; all the other foods do not contain any. Common food does not contain over one per cent that is available. It contains less organic matter than common food, and common food contains 16.85; the other preparations from 22.62 to 60.50 per cent. It contains 0.42 of ash, which is indigestible matter. The others contain from 3.30 to 23.74 per cent. In **alcoholic extracts, 1.97.** The other preparations are all TONICS, as they contain from 20.13 to 56.13 per cent.

These facts show why Murdock's Liquid Food excels all other foods and preparations in making new blood and cleansing the system of disease.

MURDOCK LIQUID FOOD CO., Boston.

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NEVER FAILS.

NEVER FAILS.

THE BEST
Kidney and Liver Medicine.

PAINS in the Back, Side, or Loins are cured by **Hunt's Remedy**,—the great Kidney and Liver Medicine. It is not a new compound, having been used by all classes for thirty years, and has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians. **Hunt's Remedy** cures all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine. **Hunt's Remedy** cures Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, General Debility, Female Weakness, Nervous Diseases, Intemperance, and Excesses. **Hunt's Remedy** cures Bilious Headache, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, strengthens the Bowels and Stomach, and makes the blood perfectly pure. **Hunt's Remedy** is prepared expressly for these diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. **Hunt's Remedy** is purely vegetable, is used by family physicians, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it. **Hunt's Remedy** encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result. Send for pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY COMPANY, Providence, R.I.

"Having witnessed the wonderful effects of Hunt's Remedy in my own case, and in a great number of others, I recommend it to all afflicted with Kidney Diseases or Dropsy. Those afflicted by disease should secure the medicine which will cure in the shortest possible time. Hunt's Remedy will do this. Respectfully yours, E. R. DAWLEY."

"A member of my family had been troubled for several years with Kidney Disease, and had tried numerous remedies without relief. She used Hunt's Remedy, and was completely cured. Respectfully yours, S. A. ALPIN."

"I have suffered twenty years with severe disease of the kidneys before using Hunt's Remedy two days I was relieved, and am now well. JOSHUA TUTHILL."

"My physicians thought that I was paralyzed on one side. I was terribly afflicted with rheumatism from 1869 to 1880. I was cured by Hunt's Remedy." STEPHEN G. MASON."

"My doctor pronounced my case Bright's Disease, and told me that I could live only forty-eight hours. I then took Hunt's Remedy, and was speedily cured. M. GOODSPEED."

"Having suffered twenty years with Kidney Disease, and employed various physicians without being relieved, I was then cured by Hunt's Remedy. SULLIVAN FENNER."

"I have been greatly benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy. For diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs there is nothing superior. A. D. NICKERSON."

ALBERT HOLT, Esq., Paymaster Boston and Albany Railroad, writes, "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do."

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Capt. S. J. Roe.

NEW DEAN RICHMOND,
Capt. Thomas Post.

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FOOT OF CANAL STREET,

Near Jersey-City Ferry . . . . . Desbrosses Street,

AT	6.00	P. M.

Connecting at ALBANY with Trains of the New York Central for the WEST; Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's Roads for all points NORTH; Albany & Susquehanna for HOWE'S CAVE, COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO LAKE, RICHFIELD SPRINGS, SHARON SPRINGS; and Boston, Hoosac Tunnel, & Western R.R., Boston & Albany R.R, for LEBANON SPRINGS, PITTSFIELD, and the East. Local Trains for TROY every half-hour, connecting with Troy & Boston R.R.

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IS THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO

Lake Winnipesaukee, Plymouth,
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PROFILE, TWIN MOUNTAIN, FABYAN, MT. PLEASANT,

AND CRAWFORD HOUSES.

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THIS IS THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

MAKING DIRECT CONNECTION WITH THE

Pemigewasset Valley Railroad,
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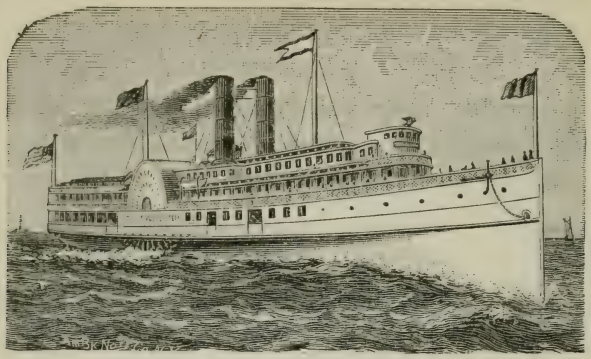
DRAWING-ROOM CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

All Trains stop at Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, for Dinner.

Be sure your tickets read via Boston & Lowell R.R.

For sale at all principal ticket offices, 216 Washington Street, Boston, and Company's Station, Causeway Street.



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BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

STEAMERS

CITY OF WORCESTER,
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Steamers leave Pier 40 North River, foot of Watts Street, next pier above Desbrosses-street Ferry, at 4.30 P.M. in Winter, and 5 P.M. in Summer, daily, except Sunday.

These elegant steamers also make direct connection at New London with the New London Northern Division C. V. R.R. for Brattleboro', Windsor, Bellows Falls, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, Quebec, and all points North.

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OLD AND FAVORITE NEW ENGLAND ROUTE

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The Rolling-Stock and Equipment of the CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD is second to no Road in this country. It is the only line running

Pullman Sleeping-Cars between Chicago and Boston Without Change,

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Steel Rails, Iron Bridges, with Westinghouse Automatic Brake, Miller Platform, Coupler, and Buffer on every train, assure safety while passing swiftly through Mountain, Lake, and River Scenery of the most beautiful and varied description.

The Train Service of this Road is so arranged, that sure connections are made with the Grand Trunk Railway, and with Railroads in New England to and from all the principal cities, villages, and towns in

MASSACHUSETTS, RH DE ISLAND, CONNECTICUT, AND VERMONT.

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The Favorite Route from New York to Buffalo and the West.

The only Railroad running direct to the Catskill Mountains.

Road-bed and rolling-stock first-class in every particular. Palatial day and night coaches. The far-famed Wagner Sleepers, Buffet, and Dining cars.

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The popular low-priced line to all parts of the West. Three thousand (3,000) miles of line under one management.

Choice of Routes via Niagara Falls, Montreal, or Portland.

No Examination of Baggage by Custom-house Officials.

Pullman Palace, Parlor, Sleeping, and Dining Cars on all Through Trains.

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FIRST-CLASS HOTEL,

Centrally located for all points of interest and business purposes.

Rooms elegantly furnished. Table service second to none in the country. Every detail is superintended in person by Mr. Henry Hogan, proprietor, so well and so favorably known throughout the world as a host of long and practical experience and much deserved popularity.

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STEAMERS "TREMONT" (NEW), "JOHN BROOKS," OR "FOREST CITY,"

LEAVES INDIA WHARF, BOSTON, FOR PORTLAND,

Every Evening, Sundays excepted, at 7.00 P.M.,

Connecting, on arrival, with Maine Central, Knox & Lincoln, Portland & Ogdensburg, Grand Trunk, and Portland & Rochester, Railroads, and with Bangor & Machias Steamers for points on the coast of Maine.

THIS LINE AFFORDS A MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

LEWISTON, OLD ORCHARD BEACH, Poland Spring, Rangeley Lakes, MOUNT DESERT, Bethel, Gorham, N.H., North Conway, Crawford's, Fabyan's, etc.

Finest Ocean Trip on Eastern Coast, and best Route to WHITE MOUNTAINS, and Inland and Seaside Resorts of Maine.

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Leave PORTLAND for Boston EVERY EVENING (Sundays excepted) at 7.00 O'CLOCK, connecting, on arrival, with the earliest trains on all diverging lines.

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Is the most direct route from Albany, Troy, and the West to Worcester, Providence, Boston, and all Eastern cities, and is also the most direct route from all Eastern points to the West, *via* Albany and Troy.

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The only line running through the

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Passengers for Montreal, Quebec, and points farther north should see to it that their tickets read via Central Vermont R.R., and not via any other road.

This is the only route from New York, Albany, or Troy, passing through the cities and principal towns in Vermont, and the only route offering a full view of the

FAMOUS ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

The mountain scenery along this route, together with the

Views of Lake Champlain,

go to make up a picture that beggars description.

This line is also the favorite route from Boston to the West via Montreal, and the *only* direct line from Boston to Ogdensburg, N.Y., as well as a favorite route from New York City to Ogdensburg.

Quick time, low fares, elegant rolling-stock, princely palace sleepers, royal drawing, dining room, and buffet cars.

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COMFORT, SPEED, AND SAFETY.

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COMMENCING NOV. 22.

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